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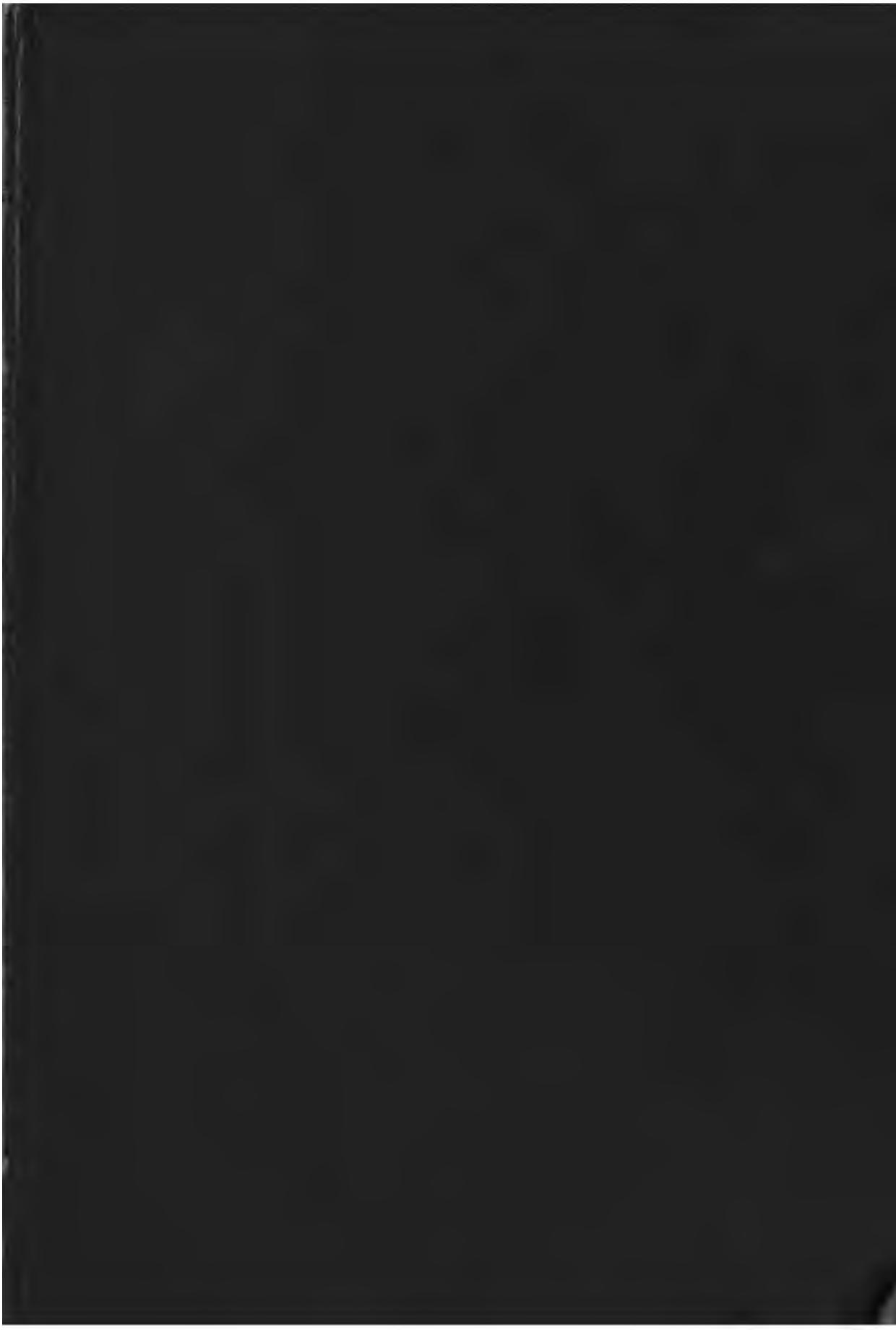


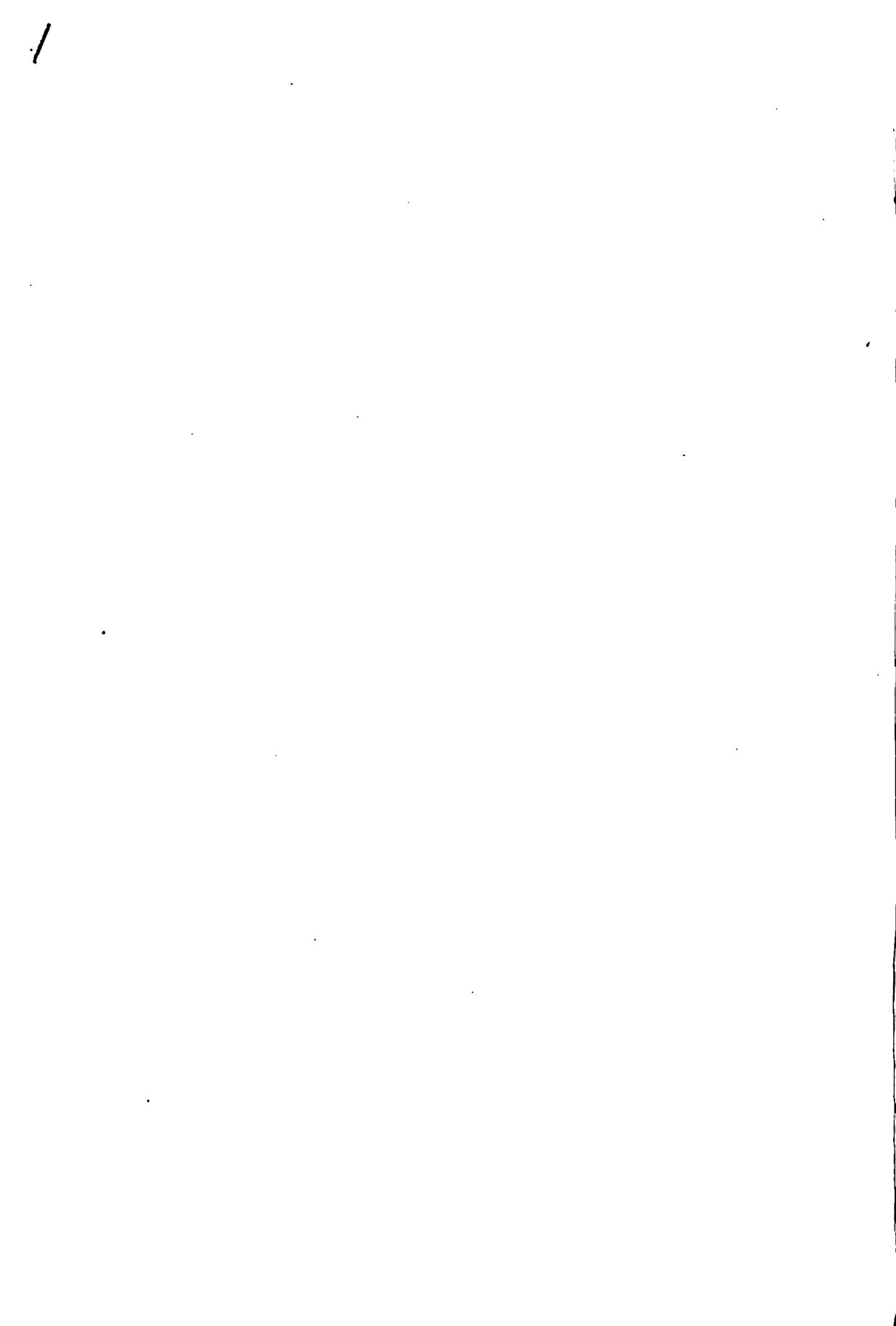
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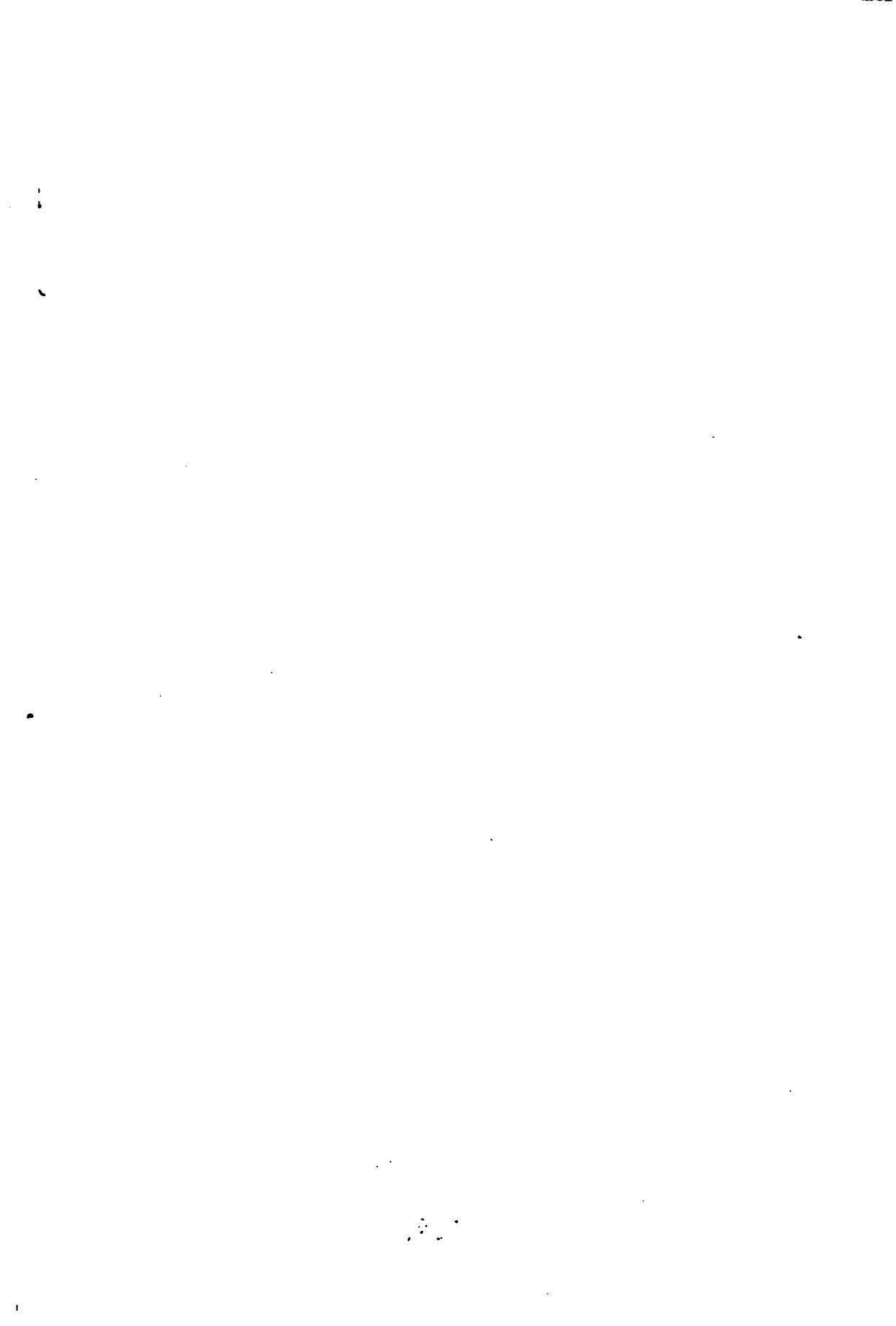


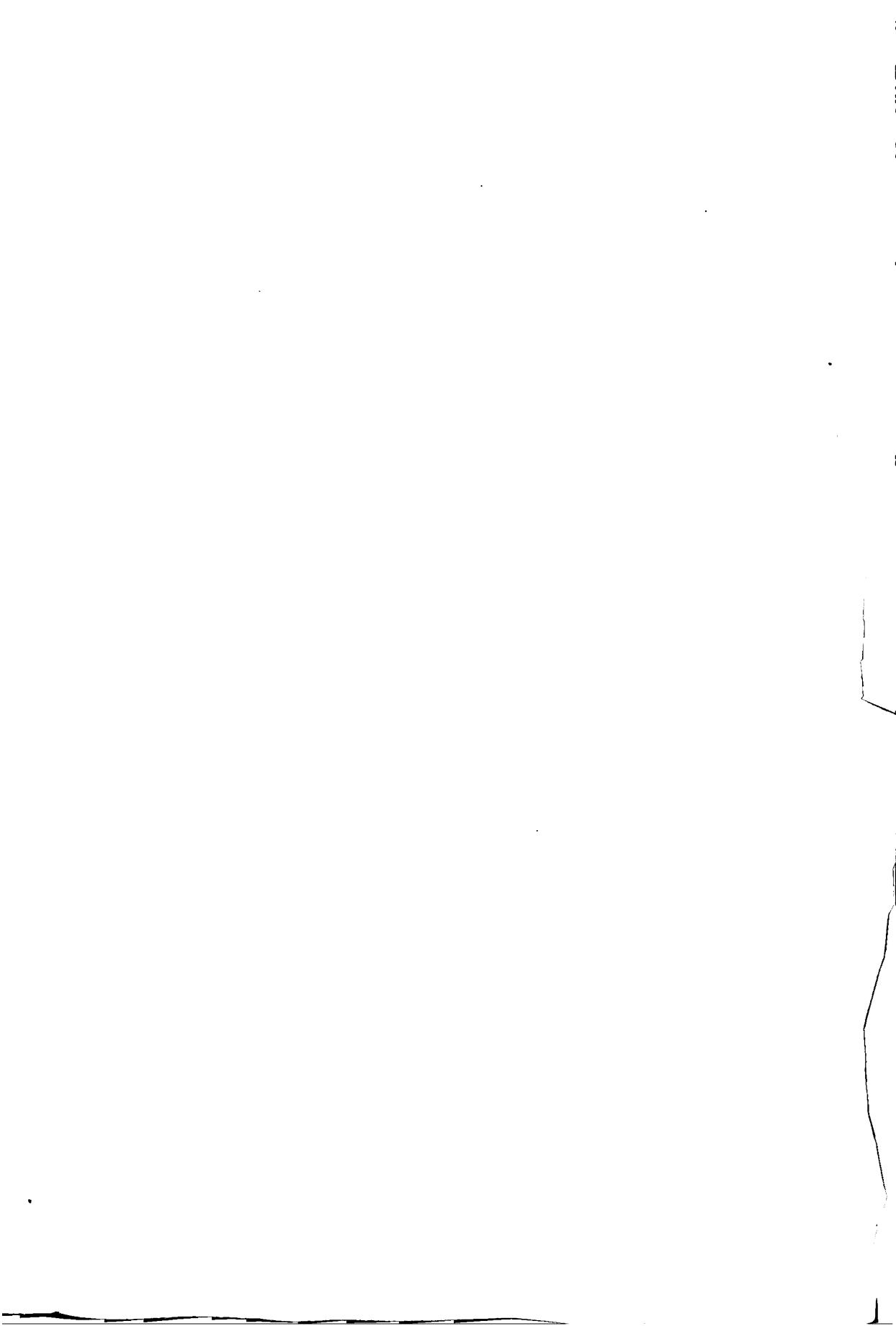
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# Franklin Square Song Collection:

Two + HUNDRED

Favorite Songs and Hymns for Schools and Homes,  
Nursery and Fireside.

No. 8.

SELECTED BY J. P. McCASKEY.

When she passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.—*Longfellow.*

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.—*Auerbach.*

If I can put some touches of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, be it by kindly word or act, by sentiment or by song, then I feel that I have walked with God.

Music softens and subdues the rebellious disposition ; it refines and soothes the wayward and turbulent passions ; it nerves the heart to deeds of valor and heroism ; it gives joy and consolation in the hour of affliction and carries the soul captive across the rough and stormy sea of life, and stands beyond the vale of Time to welcome with angelic voice the wandering spirit to its final home.—*John Hall.*

NEW YORK.  
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1892

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FROM J  
THE BEQUEST OF  
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL  
1918

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;  
    No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;  
Yet ere we part one lesson I can leave you  
    For every day.  
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;  
    Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
    One grand, sweet song.

"A Farewell."

*Charles Kingsley.*

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous. A spirit all sunshine is graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Our thanks are due to Publishers for copyright favors, and to Prof. CARL MATZ for invaluable aid here gratefully acknowledged. The compiler may be addressed through Messrs. Harper & Brothers, in reference to Old Songs that have been popular favorites, and will be glad to have suggestions from any persons who are interested. Some of the best selections in the various Numbers have been suggested by lovers of song in different parts of the country, often widely separated. The full list of contents of the several Numbers may be had on application to the Publishers.

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# THE SONG COLLECTION.

## OLD EASY-CHAIR BY THE FIRE.

JAMES C. BECKEL.

*Moderato espressivo.*

1. The days of my youth have all si - lent - ly sped, And my locks are now grown thin and  
 2. Oh, she was my guardian and guide all the day, And the angel that watched round my  
 3. How ho - ly the place, as we gathered at night Round the al - tar where peace ev - er  
 4. The cot - tage is gone which my in - fan - cy knew, And the place is despoiled of its

gray. My hopes like a dream in the morning have fled, And nothing remains but de -  
 bed. Her voice in a murmur of prayer died away For blessings to rest on my  
 dwelt, To join in an anthem of praise, and unite In thanks which our hearts truly  
 charms; My friends are all gathered beneath the old yew, And slumber in Death's folded

accel.

cay: Yet I seem but a child as I was long a - go, When I stood by the form of my  
 head. Then I thought ne'er an angel that Heaven could know, Tho' trained in its own peerless  
 felt! In his sa - cred old seat, with his locks white as snow, Sat the ven - erable form of my  
 arms; But oft - en with rapture my bo - som doth glow, As I think of my home and my

sire, And my dear mother sang, as she rocked to and fro In the old easy-chair by the fire.  
 choir, Could sing like my mother, who rocked to and fro In the old easy-chair by the fire.  
 sire, While my dear mother sang as she rocked to and fro In the old easy-chair by the fire.  
 sire, And the dearest of mothers, who sang long ago In an old easy-chair by the fire!

A DREAM OF YOUTH.—“And here’s to you and your family, and may you all live long and prosper.” For the last time during the evening the words fell from Rip Van Winkle’s lips, and then there was a putting on of cloaks, and a grasping for hats, and a crowding towards the doors of the Grand Opera House, which had been packed to see the great comedian. Only the gamin in the gallery lingered, casting a look at the curtain, which had shut out the fairy-land behind; and it was a longing look only the young can feel. . . It was quite a number of years ago—rather a larger number than one cares to think about, even though years

do not matter—when Jefferson was announced to appear in a Southern theatre. It was not much of a theatre. It had the small stage, the contracted auditorium and the gallery set aside for negroes. But it answered all the purposes. A plank, with Jefferson, would be stage enough. And there were two brothers, one suggesting to the other that they take some little money that had been saved for childish purposes and go to the theatre. It was a breath-absorbing proposition—but it was a fascinating one. They had read of the vagabond of the Catskills, and they longed to see him in life. Vagabond Rip, and the children climbing over

### FLOW, RIO VERDE.

1. Flow, Rio Ver - de, in mel - o - dy flow; Win her that weep - eth to  
 2. Bear her lone spir - it a - far on the sound, Back to her childhood, her  
 3. Dark, glassy wa - ter, so crim - soned of yore, Voi - ces of sor - row are  
 slum - ber from woe. Bid thy wave's mu - sic roll thro' her dreams, Grief ev - er  
 life's fairy ground. Pass like the whis - per of love that is gone, Pass like the  
 known to thy shore. Thou shouldst have echoes for grief's deepest tone, Thou shouldst have  
 lov - eth the kind voice of streams; Flow, Ri - o Ver - de, in mel - o - dy  
 whis - per of love that is gone. Flow, Ri - o Ver - de, soft - ly flow  
 ech - oes for grief's deep - est tone. Flow, Ri - o Ver - de, soft - ly flow  
 flow, Win her that weep - eth to slum - ber from woe!  
 on, Flow, Ri - o Ver - de, soft - ly flow on.  
 \*Ree-o Vare-day.

him, and the village of Falling Water, and the scolding wife, and little Meenie—all these had fastened themselves upon their imaginations and they hungered to see them live, and move, and have their being. So they stole down the whiteness of a Kentucky pike, to where the straggling streets of Lexington begin—one rather proud in a roundabout, and the other still in the humiliation of an old-fashioned white waist which buttoned to the trousers—and wandered on with flushed cheeks and a sense of wrong to the dismal building

which walled fairyland. And the elder, with half a tremble, but with a certain daring, nevertheless, pulled the other up the stairs, and they pushed forward with the crowd and bought tickets in the gallery. There were whistles and shouts, and the curtain went up, and the village of Falling Water was before them, and Rip Van Winkle and the hurrying children and the scolding wife, and ghostly crew of Hendrick Hudson, and the awakening, and the weary way down the mountain, and the ribaldry of the children who had

hung about Rip's neck as children, but who scoffed at him as men, and the Meenie, who had become a woman, and the wife who had become repentant—all these were photographed on the minds of the little fellows in the gallery, and they sobbed and laughed, and laughed and sobbed. Ah, how true and tender it was! The great mountains and the dream of the Hudson slipping away to the sea in the darkness, and the life that flashed and faded in the fairy ring, rounded by the dim stage lamps! It was not what Irving wrote, but what he dreamed, that they saw. It was not his expression, but his thought. And poor, old,

ragged Rip was greater than even Washington Irving had made him. . . The turf is over the elder brother with the roundabout. The stone leans over his grave in an old Kentucky cemetery as though it also would like to lie down and be at rest. God kissed him into silence many years ago. His sleep has been as long as Rip Van Winkle's—twenty years—and it will be much longer. It may be thought that, at times, he sobs through the coffin-lid and green turf to the younger brother who has become the elder: "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?" Oh, if one could only be the little boy in the gallery again for just one night!

## LONE STARRY HOURS.

Espressivo.

JAMES POWER.  
MARSHALL S. PIKE.

In repeating the Chorus sing the grace notes.

However strongly well-written hymns may appeal to our minds, and may aid us spiritually in quieter, more reflective moods, it is unquestionably true that the genuine heart-songs—those oftentimes that breathe forth unstinted, unmeasured, unmetred devotion—do lift us out of ourselves and our refined culture into a realm of devotion far above and beyond it. We all know something of this from having heard the Jubilee Singers and others of their class; but their comparatively cultivated music is nothing, in this respect, to the "shouts"

and the "spirituals" of the Southern negroes, which have neither rhyme nor metre, which have but one idea, expressed in scarcely more than a score of words, repeated over and over again, but whose irresistible faith and unquestioning, unknowing spiritual power cannot fail to touch the hardest heart. The comparatively untutored singing of some camp-meetings also shows how much greater is the power of genuine praise from the soul than can be the product of the most delicately cultured voice when the heart is lacking.

If to be effective the work of education must have regard to all the powers of the human soul, it should not neglect the imagination, or phantasy, which most certainly enters into the activities of will and intelligence in our earliest youth as well as in our ripened age. The world of art is no less real than the world of thought. While truth is searched often by a process of analytic thought, demanding on this account a thorough discipline of the intellect; the beautiful is grasped by an aesthetic intuition, demanding for this purpose a careful culture of the phantasy. In the one case we have the process of science; in the other, the process of art. Why neglect either, when their source is the

same? For when, by the phantasy, we see through and beneath the build of things, the primordial form governing all and in all manifesting its presence, what is this but the same truth in form which we reach through the analysis of thought? The same glory is in it after all, in the one case authenticating itself as truth through the activities of intellect; in the other case, looking out through the form, and revealing itself therein as the beautiful, through the intuitive glance of the phantasy. To the sphere of art, thus briefly characterized, music belongs, and addresses itself to that soul power which realizes the beautiful. The form material here in which the idea enshrines itself, and

## JOY! JOY! FREEDOM TO-DAY!

*Allegro.*

1. Joy! Joy! freedom to-day! Care! care! drive it away! Youth, health and vigor our senses o'er-power;  
2. Ring! ring! merrily, bells! Swing! swing! onward your swells! Telling of hope, love and joy to the world.

*Fine.*

Trouble! count it for naught! Banish, banish the thought. Pleasure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour.  
Triumph proud ye proclaim! Freedom! what can we name Fairer than Fatherland flag here unfurled?

*D. C.*

Joy to - day! joy, joy to - day! and care, care, drive it far a - way! Joy to - day! joy,

joy to - day! and care, care, drive it far a - way! away, away! away, a - way!

joy to - day! and care, care, drive it far a - way! away, away! away, a - way!

through which it is made to reach in upon the soul, is in itself almost spiritual—viz., sound; and this is the chief medium through which the infinitude and indefiniteness of feeling can come to an expression. Therefore, we may say, in brief, that music is the utterance, under sound forms of sense, of the beautiful in those sentiments and aspirations which fill the heart, and thence gush forth like crystal waters from deep hidden springs. It is the outflowing of the feeling heart. While giving body to emotion and sentiment, with their power made tangible, as it were, it penetrates the soul, awakening depths of feeling and affection slumbering

there, and leading the whole enclasped spirit into sad or joyful communings with itself, or into wondrous and visionary excursions into the vast past of its hopes, and loves, or into the vaster future that lies before it like a far-off landscape in the evening twilight.—*E. E. Higbee.*

Let us meet our gracious God with cheerful songs. Give him warm welcome to our hearts and homes. Yield him, O yield him, the honors due to his holy name. Praise him for His goodness, now and forever—in time, as you are able; in eternity, with sweet-voiced, perfect praise. “Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people.”

We all know how agreeable it is in a strange place to encounter a person with a soft voice and a gracious manner of using it. Whether well or ill advised, we are drawn to such person, and we feel like placing confidence there: for we often imagine that we can tell something of the speaker's moral condition from the voice—one rough to brutality, one soft to hypocritical silliness; here with a snarly petulant cry in it, there with a clear, natural ring that bids and compels trust. Almost always, too, does the voice betray something of the social status and ability of the speaker; for one of the indisputable signs of good breeding is the management of the voice in speaking—a harsh, guttural

croak, noisy explosions, nasal intonations, rough and strident sounds, and indistinct enunciation most frequently denoting, if not positive vulgarity in birth and surroundings, at any rate great inattention to the finer points of personal care in relation to manners. Of course, there are some with whom physical obstruction in tongue, teeth, throat, or palate prevents any fine development of the organs of speech and song, but with the greater number of us the trouble lies in the absence of effort on the part of teachers and parents to secure correct enunciation and perfect development. Annoying as the explosive speaker is, and his reverse, the speaker who bites off the beginning and end of

## HERE'S THE BOWER.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

*Moderato con espress.*

1. Here's the bower she loved so much, And the tree she planted; Here's the harp she  
 2. Spring may bloom, but she we loved Ne'er shall feel its sweetness; Time that once so  
 used to touch, Oh, how that touch enchanted! Ro - ses now unheeded sigh; Where's the hand to  
 fleetly moved, Now hath lost its fleetness; Years were days when here she strayed, Days were moments  
 wreath them? Songs around neglected lie; Where's the lip to breathe them? Here's the bower she loved so  
 near her; Heav'n ne'er formed a brighter maid, Nor earth e'er wept a dearer. Here's the bower she loved so  
 And the tree she planted; Here's the harp she used to touch: Oh, how that touch enchanted!

words and leaves you to guess the middle, yet they are not positively painful; but the high shrill voice that seems to have no regard for your ears, and that publishes its owner's affairs to the wide atmosphere, goes through the head like a screw auger, while it announces the coming of the power behind the voice before the eyesight has been saluted. The voice of precisely the opposite qualities is perhaps nearly as bad, for that rumbles away as if it had some connection with the bowels of the earth, appalls you with all sorts of lugubrious associations, and tempts you to stare at the organism which produces it. A voice that has nothing to do with these extremes, unless in a capacity to touch

them on some necessary occasion, is the voice of pleasant daily life, of polite social life; the voice that never tires you, that always pleases you, sweet and soothing as the whisper of the brook, the murmur of the southwest wind, neither too high nor too low in its register, allowed exit from the throat unhindered by cheeks or lips or teeth, never affecting you with a consciousness of the speaker's weariness or weakness, but always seeming the expression of a full vitality, and deceiving you if it is not also the expression of a sound nature.

"The voice is the personal, vital, and only organ of the soul. Its sounds are living human pulses. They are the incarnation of the spirit that is within us."

Science will supply the natural man with wonders uncounted, among these may be noted the movements of the nerves and muscles of a skillful performer in playing a piece of music. We once heard Mile. Janotta play a *presto* by Mendelssohn in which five thousand five hundred and ninety-five notes were struck in four minutes and three seconds. Each note involved certain movements of fingers, at least two, and many involved an additional movement laterally as well as those up and down, also repeated movements of the wrists, elbows and arms, altogether probably not less than one movement for each time. Thus there were three distinct movements for each note. As there were twenty-four notes per second and each involved

three distinct musical movements, there were seventy-two movements to each second. Moreover, each of these notes was determined by the will to a chosen place, with a certain force, at a certain time, and with a certain duration. Thus there were four distinct qualities in each of the seventy-two movements in each second. Such were the transmissions outward. And all these were conditional on consciousness of the position of each hand and each finger before it was moved, and by moving it of the sound and the force of each touch. Thus there were three conscious sensations to every note. There were seventy-two transmissions per second, one hundred and forty-four to and fro, and these with constant change of quality.

## SANTA LUCIA.

T. COTTRAU.  
NEAPOLITAN SONG.

Added to this, all the while the memory was holding each note in its due time and place, and was exercised in the comparison of it with others preceding it. So that it would be fair to say that there were not less than two hundred transmissions of nerve force to and from the brain outward and inward every second. And during the whole of that time judgment was being exercised as to whether the music was being played better or worse than before, and the mind was conscious of some of the emotions which the music was meant to inspire in the hearer.—*Sir James Paget.*

In Robert Browning's beautiful poem, *Pippa Passes*, a little girl who is given a holiday and so goes about her Italian town singing happily influences great and

powerful people to better things by the mere beauty and purity of her song. When they hear her young voice chant "God's in his Heaven," they no longer dare break his decrees and scorn his counsels. A story is told of a clergyman who was traveling alone and, having lost his way, suddenly found himself in the power of lawless men. He greeted them politely, and, on inquiring for the road, two of them offered to act as guides. He accepted the favor, though with some misgivings, and walked on with them, trying to make himself agreeable. He sang well, and at last so won upon his companions that they told him, though their purpose had been to take his life, they would instead show him back to his road and out of all danger.

## YOUNG AGNES.

*Andantino con moto.*D. F. E. AUBER.  
From "FRA DIAVOLO."

1. Young Ag - nes, beau - teous flow - er! Sweet as bloom-ing May, . . . One  
 2. The si - lent hour in - vites thee, No star sheds its ray; . . . No  
 even - ing from her tow - er, Thus poured her ten - der lay: The night now has  
 dan - ger, love, affrights thee, Wherefore, then, dost thou stay? When sun - beams il -  
 spread its shade, And 't will hide thee from all; Then haste to thy faith-ful maid;  
 lume the sky, Dan - ger then may ap - pal; But now closed is ev - 'ry eye,  
 Darkness veils bower and hall; Oh! haste beneath her tow - er, Dost thou not hear love's  
 Let thy steps gen - tly fall! The si - silent hour in - vites thee, Dost thou not hear love's  
 call? . . . Dost thou not hear love's call? . . . Dost thou not hear love's call?  
 call? . . . Dost thou not hear love's call? . . . Dost thou not hear love's call?

## RIPPLES TOUCHED BY THE MOON.

ALFRED THOMPSON.

*Moderato.*

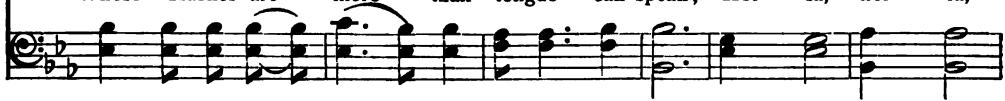
1. The ripples, just touched by the ris - ing moon, Are fring - ing with sil - ver the  
 2. Behind yon - der lat - tice I hear the beat Of a heart that would bid me my

*ad lib.*

shadow creeps o'er the surface, see : A shadow creeps o'er the surface, see !  
 While the breeze of the night gen - tly fans her cheek, gent - ly fans her cheek !



"Tis your own lov - er's gon - do - la com - ing for thee; Hoi - la, hoi - la,  
 Whose blushes are more than tongue can speak; Hoi - la, hoi - la,



hoi - - - - la, Lift her a - long, Gon - do - lier, Hoi - la, hoi - la,  
 hoi - - - - la, Lift her a - long, Gon - do - lier, Hoi - la, hoi - la,



Tun - ing your song as you steer, Hoi - la, Hoi - la, Eyes bright with love, Gondolier,  
 Show yourself off as you steer, Hoi - la, Hoi - la, For glist - ning eyes, Gondolier,



Hoi-la, i-la, Are watching our gon-do-la, our gon-do-la near. Hoi-la,  
 Hoi-la, i-la, Are watching how well, how well we ap-pear. Hoi-la,  
 hoi-la, Hoi-la, ho-hoi-la.

## MY OWN, MY GUIDING STAR.

G. A. MACFARREN.

*Andante cantabile.*

1. Thy gentle voice would lead me on, My own, my guid-ing star,  
 2. Thou need'st not doubt, thou need'st not grieve, I bear a po-tent spell,  
 life were gone, E'en wert thou placed afar. And now thou deign'st so near to shine, With rays that warm and  
 ne'er de-ceive The heart that serves him well. I know my path will lead me right, With such a prize in  
 cheer, The surest, firm-est hopes are mine, My soul is strange to fear. Yes,  
 view, And hap-py o-mens bless my sight, That must, that shall be true. Yes,  
 thy gentle light shall lead me on, My own, my guid-ing star, . . . My own, my guid-ing star.

For the ear everything mellifluous, from the birth hour of our earth, from when Jubal thrummed the first harp and pressed a key of the first organ, down to the music of this Sabbath morn. Yea, for the ear the coming overtures of heaven, for whatever other part of the body may be left in the dust, the ear, we know, is to come to celestial life; else why the "harpers harping with their harps"? For the ear, carol of lark and whistle of quail, and chirp of cricket, and dash of cascade, and roar of tides oceanic, and

doxology of worshipful assembly, and minstrelsy, cherubic, seraphic, and archangelic. For the ear all Pandean pipes, all flutes, all clarionets, all hautboys, all bassoons, all bells, and all organs—Lucerne and Westminster Abbey, and Freyburg, and Berlin, and all the organ pipes set across Christendom, and great Giant's Causeway for the monarchs of music to pass over. For the ear all chimes, all ticking of chronometers, all anthems, all dirges, all glees, all choruses, all lullabies, all orchestration.

## THY FACE IS NEAR.

C. R. MARRIOTT.

*Moderato.*

1. Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-way; It is a beacon.  
 2. The vi-sion bringeth me fond hopes Of bet-ter days in store; It whispers of a.  
 3. Thy face, ah, mel 'tis al-ways near, 'T is nev-er from my sight, It haunts me thro' each.

bright and fair, To cheer me on my way; It is a star to guide me thro' This time to come, When we shall part no more; Then rest with me, O vi-sion bright, My long, long day, And fills my dreams at night; And yet it is a source of joy, It

busy world of pain. A beacon bright, to rest with me, Un-til we meet a-on-ly hope thou art, My on-ly joy; my on-ly grief, Is when we are a-is my heart's great wealth, And on-ly would I lose it, for The vi-sion's own dear

*rallent. > a tempo.*

gain... Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-.  
 part... Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-.  
 self... Thy face is al-ways near to me, Tho' thou art far a-.

way, It is a bea-con, bright and fair, To cheer me on my way.

## HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

*Allegretto.*

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phœ - bus 'gins a - rise, . . . His  
 steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On chalic'd flow'r's that lies, On cha - lic'd flow'r's that

lies. And winking Ma - ry-buds be - gin To ope the gold - en eyes; With  
 ev - 'rything that pretty bin; My la - dy sweet, arise, With ev'rything that

pret - ty bin; My La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My  
 La - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My La - dy sweet, a - rise.

## THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.

ANNE FRICKER.

*Andantino.**Soprano.*

I. There's a sigh in the heart, Tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the

*Both Voices.*

land — the land far a - way. There's a sigh in the heart, tho' the

lip may be gay, when we think of the land — the land far a -

way. Blush-ing gar - lands a - round hang in wreaths from each spray, But the

flow'rs that I lov'd when my spir - it was gay, They are fad - ing un -  
round me is flash - ing the glo - ry of day, But my hopes and my*Both.*pluck'd in the land far a - way. There's a sigh in the heart, Tho' the  
wish - es are far, far a - way. There's a sigh in the heart, Tho' the



lip may be gay, When we think of the land— the land far a - way.  
lip may be gay, When we think of the land— the land far a - way.



Alto.



Sad - ly I gaze on the moon's bright ray, And in No



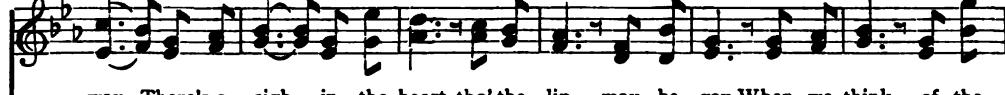
fan - cy I fol - low its track far a - way. Sad - ly I list to the  
hope of to - mor - row to cheer me to - day. While my eye shall grow dim, and my



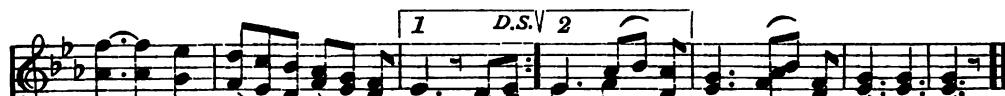
night - in - gale's lay, It a - wakes but a dream of the land far a -  
tress - es grow gray, Still my last thought shall be of the land far a -



Both.



way. There's a sigh in the heart tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the



land— the land far - a - way. A - way, Far a - way, far a - way. . .



## I'M AFLOAT! I'M AFLOAT!

ELIZA COOK.  
HENRY RUSSELL.

*Con spirito.*

1. I'm a - float! I'm a - float! on the fierce rolling tide, The ocean's my home, and my bark is my  
2. The night gath-ers o'er us, the thun-der is heard, What mat-ter, our ves - sel skims on like a

bride! Up, up with my flag! let it wave o'er the sea; I'm a - float! I'm a - float, and the  
bird. What to her is the dash of the storm-rid-den main? She has brav'd it be - fore and will

rover is free! I fear not the monarch, I heed not his law, I've a compass to  
brave it a - gain! The fire-gleaming flash-es a - round us may fall, They may strike, they may

steer by, a weapon to draw; And ne'er as a coward or slave will I kneel, While my  
cleave, but they can - not ap - pall! With light-nings a - bove us, and dark-ness be - low, Thro' the

guns car - ry shot, or my belt bears its steel! Quick! quick! trim her sails; let her  
wild waste of waters right on - ward we go! Hur - rah! my brave boys, ye may

sheets kiss the wind, And I war - rant we'll soon leave the sea - gulls be - hind; Up,  
toil, ye may sleep, The storm-fiend is hush'd, we're a - lone on the deep; Our

up flag with our flag! let it wave o'er the seal! I'm a - float! I'm a - float, and the o - cean is free! I'm a - float! I'm a - float! and the o - cean is free! rah! the rov - er is free! Hur - rah! boys Hur-rah! the rov - er is free!

## WHY LINGER, MOURNER MEMORY.

*Adagio.*

A. MELLON.

1. Why lin - ger,mourner mem -o - ry,Haunt'st thou joy's broken shell,  
2. Thou com'st between me and the light,Thy voice drives rest away?

In los - ing all I  
I hear thee,sad one,

lov'd, I'd be be - reft of thee, be - reft of thee as well. Why, spectre of the  
through the night, I see thee all the day, all the day. With cypress garland

buried past,Wilt thou,wilt thou not share its tomb: Oblivion's mantle round thee cast, Or  
round thy brow,Still bidding,bid-ding me good-bye, But nev - er part-ing pri - thee now, Oh,

mine be in - stant doom,Or mine be instant doom, Or mine be in-stant doom.  
leave or let me die, Oh, leave or let me die, Oh, leave or let me die.

Play in time! The playing of many fashionable performers resembles the walk of a man in a state of intoxication. Do not select these as models. Acquire an early knowledge of the fundamental laws of harmony. Do not be afraid of such words as theory, harmony, counterpoint, etc. They will smile upon you if you do the same to them. Do not strum upon your instrument; always play with soul, and do not stop when you have got half-way through a piece. It is equally faulty to drag or to hurry the time. Endeavor to perform well, and with expression, pieces which are easy; this is better than badly executing a difficult composition. Always be careful that your instrument is perfectly in tune. You ought to be able not only to play your pieces, but to sing them. Let the training of your imagination be such as will enable you to retain the harmony given to a melody, as

well as the melody itself. Even should you have a bad voice, learn to sing at first sight, and without the help of your instrument; by this means your ear for music will be continually improving. But, should you possess a good voice, do not for a moment hesitate to cultivate it, regarding it as the most handsome gift granted you from Heaven. You should acquire the capacity of reading and of understanding all music by simply looking at it. When you are playing, never mind who is listening to you; always play as if you were in the presence of a talented professor. Should any one place before you a composition, asking you to play it off at first sight, glance over it before you play it. When you have got thro' your daily exercises, should you feel tired, do not continue your studies. It is better to rest than to practice without pleasure, and without freshness of mind.—Schumann.

### SWEET MY CHILD.

*Tenderly.*

G. A. MACFARREN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. Home they brought her warrior, dead; She nor swooned nor uttered cry; All her maidens, watching,  
 2. Stole a maid from her place, Light - ly to the warrior stept, Took the grave-cloth from the

—p

said, "She must weep or she will die." Then they praised him soft and low, Called him face; Yet she nei - ther moved nor wept. Rose a nurse of nine - ty years, Set his

wor - thy to be loved, Truest friend and noblest foe; Yet she neith - er spoke nor moved. child up - on her knee; Like summer tempest came her tears, "Sweet my child, I live for thee!"

*a piacere.*

When night draws its curtain gloomily around us, and all the weariness of the day and the sadness of past years are gathered into one hour, forcing tears, idle but real, to our eyelids, deepening and swelling into a burden of despair, how naturally we turn to music for utterance and relief. Some gentle strain is sung by tender lips, or perchance some chord of harmony is wafted from the distance, and the sad spell is broken. Goethe makes a chance strain of an Easter hymn defeat the purpose of a suicide—a thought that Chopin has wrought into one of his Nocturnes. As in nature there is a resolution of forces by which heat becomes light, so emotion, of whatever sort, if entrusted to music, turns into joy. What a fact! Here is the world of humanity tossing with emotions—love, sorrow, hope—driving men hither and thither—and here is music ready to take

these emotions up into itself where it purifies and sublimates them and gives them back as joy and peace. What alchemy is like this? how heavenly, how divine! If, in the better ages to come, there still be weariness, sorrow, disappointment, delayed hope, may we not expect that this transmutation of them into joy which goes on here, will continue to act there? We are moving on towards an age and a world of sympathy, and sympathy is the solvent of trouble. If so, there must be some medium or actualized form of sympathy, for there will never come a time when mind can act upon mind without some medium, and the art-idea is probably eternal. In some supernal sense, then, music will be the vocation of humanity when its full redemption is come. The summit of existence is feeling, the summit of character is sympathy, and music is the art-form that links them together.

## ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

*Larghetto.*

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

1. To - day the earth is dressed in green, And decked with sweetest flowers; And all the sky smiles  
 2. Above the fields of former strife Now starts the wav - ing grain, And all is bloom and  
 3. Plant myrtle and for - get - me - nots, And ro - ses white and red; Twine laurel wreaths a -

o - ver - head To bless this land of ours. No blood - y fields por - tray to - day The  
 light and life, Where heroes brave were slain. Bring sweetest flow'rs to deck the graves Where  
 bout the stones Where sleep our martyred dead. And in the heart and on the lip Let

country's priceless cost, Scarce lovelier could the world have looked Ere Paradise was lost.  
 no - ble forms are laid; Bring amaranths and evergreens, Not those that ear - ly fade.  
 those who lie a - way, Far off in swamps and in the sea, Be crowned with liv - ing bay.

## COME UNTO HIM.

*p Adagio.*

CHARLES GOUNOD.

Come un - to Him, all ye who la - bor! Your Lord will give you rest and

peace, Comfort for all your sor - rows. Ye wea - ry, He will give you, He will

give you rest for your souls. Ye weary, He will give you, He will give you rest for your souls.

## BLOOM ON, MY ROSES.

F. H. COWEN.  
R. E. FRANCILLON.*Allegretto grazioso.*

1. Bloom on, bloom on, my roses, more brightly than be - fore, For un - to you, my  
 2. I go to flower in sun - shine More bright than summer weaves, To drink of pur - er

ros - es, Re - turn I nev - er more. I go, the rose to gath - er Whose fra - grance fills the  
 dew - drops Than glit - ter on your leaves, To float on gales more fragrant Than e'en the ros - es

skies, That fades not e'en in win - ter, Nor dies when summer dies, Nor dies when summer dies. Bloom  
 move, To pluck the rose of Heaven, That blooms on earth as love, That blooms on earth as love. Bloom

on, bloom on, my ros - es, More brightly than be - fore, For un - to you, my ros - es, Re -  
 on, bloom on, my ros - es, More brightly than be - fore, Bloom on, bloom on, my ros - es, I

turn I nev - er - more, Return I nev - er - more, Return, . . . re - turn I nev - er - more.  
 need your bloom no more, I need your bloom no more, Your bloom, your bloom, your bloom no more.

Bloom on, bloom on, Bloom on, bloom on, bloom on, bloom on, . . . bloom on, . . .

## LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA.

A. S. GATTY.

*Moderato con espress.*

1. The sun - set gates were o - pened wide, Far, far in the crim - son west, And  
 2. They glim - mer as the far - off days, That came long years a - go, All

thro' them passed the wea - ried day In rud - dy clouds to rest, In  
 joy - ous with the light of love I would not see or know, I

rud - dy clouds to rest, Now in the gloam - ing and the hush, All na - ture seems to  
 would not see or know. Oh! hap - py days, half dimmed by years, Long years that stretch be -

dream, And si - lent - ly, and one by one The soft lights fit and  
 tween The old sweet love of long a - go, The life that might have

gleam. I sit and watch them from the shore, Half lost in rev - e - rie, 'Till  
 been. So far! yet thro' the dark'ning past, Their brightness gleams to me, As

darkness hides the waves between, The lights far out at sea, The lights far out at sea.  
 o'er the dark and silent waves, The lights far out at sea, The lights far out at sea.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, with lyrics in a mix of first and second person. The bottom four staves are for a piano, providing harmonic support. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal line features eighth and sixteenth note patterns, often with grace notes. The piano accompaniment includes bass and treble clef staves, with various chords and rhythmic patterns.

The generosity of Jenny Lind was unbounded. To say nothing of her numerous heavy benefactions to societies and individuals, amounting to fifty thousand dollars during her brief stay in America, here is an illustration of her sweet tenderness. One night, while giving concerts in Boston, a girl approached the ticket office, and laying down three dollars for a ticket remarked: "There goes half a month's earnings, but I am determined to hear Jenny Lind sing." Her secretary heard the remark, and in a few minutes afterward, coming into Jenny's room, he laughingly related to her the circumstance. "Would you know

the girl again?" asked Jenny, with an earnest look. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, she placed a twenty-dollar gold coin in his hand, and said: "Poor girl! Give her that, with my best compliments." While in the same city a domestic in a family at Roxbury called on her. She detained her visitor several hours, talking about "home" and other matters, and in the evening took her in her carriage to the concert and gave her a seat, and sent her back to Roxbury in a carriage at the close of the performance. Doubtless the poor girl carried with her substantial evidence of her country-woman's bounty.

### RAINFALL FOLLOWS THE PLOW.

*Moderato.*

1. I heard an old far - mer talk one day, Tell - ing his list' - ners  
 2. The earth grows mel - low, and more and more It holds and sends forth to the  
 3. I won - der if that old far - mer knew The half of his sim - ple

how, In the wide new coun - try far a - way, The rain - fall follows the  
 sky, A moisture it nev - er had be - fore, When its face was hard and  
 word, Or guessed the message that, heav'n - ly - true, With - in it was hidden and

plow. "As fast as they break it up, you see, And turn the heart to the  
 dry. And so where-ev - er the plough-shares run The clouds run o - ver -  
 heard? It fell on my ear by chance that day; But the glad - ness lin - gers

sun, As they o - pen the fur - rows deep and free, And the til - lage is be -  
 head; And the soil that works, and lets in the sun, With wa - ter is al - ways  
 now, To think it is al - ways God's dear way That the rain - fall follows the

gun; As they o - pen the fur - rows deep and free, And the til - lage is be - gun.  
 fed; And the soil that works, and lets in the sun, With wa - ter is al - ways fed."  
 plow; To think it is al - ways God's dear way That the rain - fall follows the plow.

## A LAST PRAYER.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

1. Fa-ther, I scarcely dare to pray, So clear I see now it is done, That I have wasted  
 2. So clear I see that I have hurt The souls I might have helped to save, That I have slothful

half my day, And left my work but just begun; So clear I see that things I thought Were right and  
 been, in-ert, Deaf to the call thy lead-ers gave. In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast, Father, the

harmless were a sin; So clear I see that I have sought, Unconscious, selfish aims to win.  
 humblest spot give me; Set me the lowliest task Thou hast, Let me re-pen-tant work for Thee.

## COME, HUMBLE SINNER.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Come, hum - ble sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand thoughts re - volve, Come,  
 2. "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Like moun-tains round me close; I  
 3. "Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con - fess; I'll

with your guilt and fear oppress'd, And make this last re - solve, And make this last re - solve:  
 know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What - ev - er may op - pose, What-ev - er may op - pose.  
 tell Him, I'm a wretch undone With - out His sovereign grace, Without His sovereign grace.

4. "Perhaps He will admit my plea,  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
 But, if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.

5. "I can but perish if I go—  
 I am resolved to try;  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must forever die."

## ALL'S WELL.

J. BRAHAM.

*p Andante.*

1. De-sert-ed by the wa-ning moon, When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon On  
 2. Or sail-ing on the mid-night deep, While wea-ry messmates soundly sleep, The

tow-er, fort, or tented ground, The sentry walks his lonely round, The sen-try walks his  
 careful watch patrols the deck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck, To guard the ship from

lonely round, The sen-try walks his lone-ly round. And should a footstep  
 foes or wreck, To guard the ship from foes or wreck. And while his thoughts oft

haply stray Where caution marks the guarded way, Where caution marks the guarded way, the guarded way,  
 homeward veer, Some friendly voice salutes his ear, Some well-known voice salutes his ear, salutes his ear,  
 [What

there? Stranger, quickly tell! A friend. The word? Good-night. All's... well, All's...  
 cheer? Brother, quickly tell! A-bove. Be-low? Good-night. All's... well, All's...

well. The word, Good-night? All, all's well. well, A-bove, Be-low, All, all's well

*f Allegro.*

*2nd*

*1st*      *2nd.*      *1st*      *2nd* *Adagio.*

*I*      *2nd*      *1st*      *2nd*      *tr*      *2*      *1st*      *2nd*      *Both.*      *tr*

The effect is better when the voices answer each other in duet in the last braces as indicated.

## YOU AND I.

CLARIBEL.

*Moderato.*

1. We sat by the riv - er, you and I, In the sweet summer time long a - go; So  
 2. 'T is years since we parted, you and I, In that sweet summer time long a - go; And I

smoothly the wa - ter glid - ed by, Mak - ing mu - sic in its tran - quil flow; We  
 smile as I pass the riv - er by, And I gaze in - to the shadow depths below; I

threw two leaf - lets, you and I, To the riv - er as it wander'd on, And  
 look on the grass and bending reeds, And I lis - ten to the soothing song, And I

one was rent and left to die And the oth - er float - ed forward all a - lone; And  
 en - vy the calm and happy life Of the riv - er as it sings and flows a - long; For

oh! we were sadden'd, you and I, For we felt that our youth's golden dream, Might  
 oh! how its song brings back to me The shade of our youth's golden dream In the

fade and our lives be sever'd soon, As the two leaves were parted in the stream.  
 days ere we part - ed, you and I, As the two leaves were parted on the stream.

## THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

F. REICHARDT.

*f*

1. Where is the Ger - man fa - ther - land? In Prussia bold? In Swabia old? Or  
 2. Where is the Ger - man fa - ther - land? O let me know its glorious name! Is't

where the Rhine grapes purple bloom? Or seagulls haunt the northern gloom? Oh, no, no,  
 Switzerland, the brave and free, Whose peo - ple die for lib - er - ty? Oh, no, no,

no, The Fatherland is great - er yet, The Fa - ther - land is great - er yet.  
 no, The Fatherland is great - er yet, The Fa - ther - land is great - er yet.

*dolce.*

Where is the German fatherland? O let me know its glorious name! Where e'er the German heart has

poured Its love in song, to God our Lord, There shall it be, There shall it be,  
 There shall it be.

*cres. be, . . . . .*

be, There, comrades brave, there shall it be, There, comrades brave, there shall it be. That  
 There shall it be, . . . . . Yes,

>

dolce.

is the German fatherland. O God above, stretch forth Thy hand, Pro-*t*ect Thy sons so brave and bold, Their

cres.

country with Thy love en-fold. That is thy land, that is thy land, That, comrade

That is thy land, That is thy land, . . .

land! . . .

brave, that is thy land, That, comrade brave, that is thy land, That, comrade brave, that is thy land!

land! . . .

## THE FAITHFUL COMRADE.

F. SILCHER.

*Moderato.*

1. I once had a faith - ful com - rade, Nev - er bet - ter could there  
 2. One ball wing'd by death came fly - ing; Is it sent for me or  
 3. His hand now he strives to give me, I mean - while my gun must

be! The trum - pet ech - oed wide - ly; He firm - ly marched be -  
 thee? Torn a - way from life and dy - ing, As at my feet he's  
 load; No time have I to grasp it, Un - til a - gain I

side me, There step for step with me, There step for step with me.  
 ly - ing, He seems a part of me, He seems a part of me.  
 clasp it, In yon eterne a - bode, In yon eterne a - bode.

## OUR SONGS OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

MEYERBEER.

*pp*

*Con spirito.*

1. Our songs of joy, our songs of joy and gladness, We'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing in cheerful  
 2. Awake, awake! awake sweet notes of pleasure, In song, in song, in full and joyous

lay, No note of pain, no note of pain or sad - ness Shall greet, shall  
 song, Move on, move on, move on in grace - ful meas - ure, To speed, to

greet, shall greet this joyous day, Yes, then hail this joy - ous day.  
 speed, to speed the hours along, Speed the hours, the hours a - long.

Yes, then hail, this joy - ous  
 Speed the hours, the hours a -

Our songs of joy, our songs of joy and gladness, We'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing in cheerful  
 Awake, awake! awake sweet notes of pleasure, In song, in song, in full and joyous

day.  
 long.

lay; No note of pain, no note of pain or sadness Shall greet, shall greet this joyous  
 song; Move on, move on, move on in graceful measure, To speed, to speed, to speed the hours a -

day. This joy - ous day, All hail this joy - ous day, All hail, all hail, all hail this joy - ous  
 long. This joy - ous day, All hail this joy - ous day, All hail, all hail, all hail this joy - ous

*f*

day, all hail this day, all hail this day, this mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry,  
 day, all hail this day, all hail this day, this hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,

*pp*

mer - ry, mer - ry mer - ry, mer - ry day. Our songs, our songs, our songs of joy and  
 hap - py, hap - py hap - py, hap - py day. Awake, awake! awake, sweet notes of

glad - ness, We'll sing, we'll sing, we'll sing in cheer - ful lay; No note of  
 pleas - ure, In full, in full, in full and joy - ous song, Move on, move

pain, no note of pain or sadness, Shall greet, shall greet, shall greet this happy day.  
 on, move on, in graceful measure, To speed, to speed, to speed the hours along.

## HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

*Allegretto.**p*

## I DREAMED A DREAM.

EDITH COOKE.

*Dolce.*

1. I dream'd a dream of an old, old love, And sweet was that dream to me; For it  
 2. I dream'd a dream of an old, old love, And sweet was that dream of bliss; For it

brought me the time of my ear - ly prime, And life as it used to be, We  
 brought me a hand from the spir - it land, The touch of a spir - it kiss, A

*Agitato.*

walk'd once more to the vil - lage church, 'Neath the blue of the Sab - bath  
 sense of hap - pi - ness pure and strange, Like a dove on my bo - som

skies; Down the trysting lane to the sa - cred fane, With the light of young love in our  
 lay; With the breath of a wing and the o - dor of Spring My sor - row had pass'd a -

eyes, And a - gain in the dark pine woods we stray'd, A - way from the noontide  
 way, So I know my' old love as an an - gel lives Beyond where the pale stars

heat, Where on - ly the thrush broke the stil - ly hush, As I lay at my darling's feet.  
 shine, That she came from above on a mission of love, To bring peace to this soul of mine.

## FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

ELIZABETH PHILIPS.

1. Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee, Deep spell of silence had hung o'er thee long;  
 2. Harp of my country! how fair is thy seeming! Thy mem'ries sacred fond hearts e'er enshrine.

Proudly mine own Is - land Harp I unbound thee, Gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!  
 Here, with the mag - ic of love in our dreaming, One wreath of song and the last we en - twine!

Warm lay of pas - sion, the light note of gladness, Lov - ingly wakened thy live - li - est thrill;  
 Say, doth the pulse of the pa - triot or lov - er Throb to my lay?—tis thy glory a - lone!

Oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness; E'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still!  
 I'm but the wind passing heed - less - ly o - ver, All the wild sweetness I wake is thine own.

Dear harp of E - rin, farewell to thy numbers! This sweet wreath of song is the last we en - twine!

Sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers, Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine!

While I asked myself this question, music awoke around me. I listened: it was high noon: the birds were silent in the forest; the shattered columns, the fair-gleaming statues, stood up clear against the broad depth of the summer heaven. Not a breeze rustled, not a leaf shook. Yet around, above, within me, that music gathered; it bore me up as on mighty wings; it carried me I knew not whither; in a moment of time it had taught me the secret of a hundred hearts,—tears and raptures, despairs and exultations, too mighty for

one bounded spirit. It gathered all things within it, as a mother might draw her erring, repentant children unto her bosom; making room for deep confessions, for reconciliations that were still more ample. Here, too, were recognitions of wide relationships, affinities disowned and slighted, that only could meet and kiss each other for a moment while the pitying music sobbed above them. And still the strain awoke and died; still it returned upon itself, as friends, who, meeting after long parting, must again part, come back

## WHEN JACK IS TALL AND TWENTY.

F. LANGBRIDGE.

Cheerfully.

again with some word that can never be fully spoken. It went forth, it returned, then with a firm, soft clasp, as of a little child's hand, it clasped the spirit closely; it held earth compressed in a little space; it brought down Heaven to a point of ecstasy.—*Two Friends*.

A critic says, "The singing of the solos was followed by more applause than the aggregation of music which constituted the festival feature. If these soloists were the great feature why get up a monster chorus and orchestra? Simply because the big sensation is

that which draws the crowd to hear the little sensation of the solo songs. The names of these solo singers are familiar, their fame is established. Enthusiasm is free from doubt when one of these sings. Primitive taste is little moved by music in the abstract; it must have a person as an object of enthusiasm. All this seems to make the vast labor and cost of such a mighty chorus a waste; but this is but a process of forming a taste for music, which in time will enable us to know which are the great features of a festival of music."

## O'ER THE SEA IN MY FAIRY BOAT.

ALEXANDER LEE.

*Allegretto.*

1. O'er the sea, come with me, When 'tis in the moonlight glist'ning; O'er the sea, come with me,  
 2. Ocean's bowers, fragrant flow'rs, Perfume round our shallop streaming; Sense shall steal, soft reveal  
 In my fai - ry boat; O'er the sea, come with me, When 'tis in the moonlight glist'ning; O'er the sea,  
 Music's thrilling note; Ocean's bowers, fragrant flow'rs, Perfume round our shallop streaming; Sense shall steal,  
 come with me, In my fai - ry boat. Love's soft voice, hearts re-joice, Echo's self is  
 soft re - veal, Music's thrilling note. Sparkling waves, cor - al caves, 'Neath the waters  
 gai - ly list'ning; Stars are bright, hearts are light, O'er the wave we'll float, O'er the sea, come with me,  
 gai - ly gleaming; Pearls so fair, rich and rare, Far a - bove we'll float. O'er the sea, come with me,  
 When 'tis in the moonlight glist'ning; O'er the sea, come with me, In my fai - ry boat.

1 (ROUND.)      2      3      4

O be just, O be true; Be kind and ten-der-heart - ed, And mer - ry too.

1 (ROUND.)      2      3      4

Un - der this ground lies Thom - as Round; And, if not gone, will there be found.

The Rounds may be sung by two or four voices.

The point never to be left out of sight is that actions which are known to be preceded and accompanied by sensations do not lose their special character of sentience because they are not preceded and accompanied by that peculiar state which is specially called consciousness. When we see a man playing the piano and at the same time talking of something far removed from the music, we say his fingers move unconsciously, but we do not conclude that he is a musical machine—muscular sensations and musical sensations regulate every movement

of his fingers; and if he strikes a false note, or if one of the notes jangles, he is instantly aware of it, and more keenly than are those listening to his performance. That a particular group of sensations, such as musical tones, will set going a particular group of muscular movements without the intervention of any conscious effort is not more to be interpreted on purely mechanical principles, than that a particular phrase will cause a story-teller to relate a particular anecdote, or an old soldier "to fight his battles o'er again."—*G. H. Lewes.*

## THE HINDOO GIRL.

VINCENTO BELLINI.

*Moderato.*

I cannot help thinking it more philosophical to suppose that those actions which are originally voluntary always continue so, although we may not be able to recollect every different volition. Thus, in the case of a performer on an instrument, I apprehend that there is an act of the will preceding every motion of every finger, although he may not be able to recollect these volitions afterwards, and although he may, during the time of the performance, be all the while employed in carrying on a separate train of thought.—*D. Stewart.*

\* There is a superstition existing among the Hindoos, that a lighted lamp placed upon a stream will show the fidelity of absent lovers. Should the lamp continue to burn until out of sight, all will be well; but if the light should go out, unfaithfulness may be expected. These arks of love are usually formed of the shell of the cocoa-nut, and are decorated with flowers, each of which has some peculiar significance. The Ganges river is sometimes so thickly studded with them that it seems another Oton-tala, or Sea of Stars.

Meyerbeer, when travelling, always carried with him in his coach a small piano which is still carefully preserved in Berlin. When a musical idea occurred to him, his instrument was at hand. But the habit of Beethoven, when struck by an idea, was to sit down wherever convenient, pull out his paper, and go to writing as long as he felt like it; then return the paper to his pocket and proceed on his way without remark to any one. Once he turned in suddenly from the street, sat down at a table in a public restaurant, and

wrote rapidly for awhile. On rising to go away the waiter demanded payment. Beethoven protested that there was nothing to pay for, but the waiter insisted that, as he had occupied a seat, he must pay for a dinner. Taking a coin from his pocket, he threw it on the table with the question, "Do you hear that?" The waiter had heard it. "Well," said the master, as he picked it up again, "I've had the smell of your dinner, you have had the sound of my money—we are quits!" and, laughing, he again sought the street.

## TRUE HEARTS.

W. J. STEWART.  
STEPHEN ADAMS.

Moderato.

1. Oh, they were clear and cloud - less, The days of long a - go, Which shed upon life's  
 2. Our love has not grown cold - er, Since first we learned to woo, For years can ne'er make

spring - tide, A nev - er - dy - ing glow; In that bright dawn of day, love, That  
 old - er, If hearts but still beat true; Those days have passed a - way, love, Yet

woke our heart's first song, When all the world was gay, love, And you and I were  
 not for them we long, Tho' all is not so gay, love, True hearts are ev - er

young, And you and I were young; In that bright dawn of day, love, That  
 young, True hearts are ev - er young; Those days have passed a - way love, Yet

woke our heart's first song, When all the world was gay, love, And you and I were young.  
 not for them we long, Tho' all is not so gay, love, True hearts are ever young.

## THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

D. HIRZ.

*Allegretto.*

1. Day on the mountain, the beau - ti - ful day! And the tor - rents leap forth in the  
 2. Day in the val - ley, the riv - u - let rolls Cloud - less and calm as the

pride of his ray; The chamois\* a - wakes from his wild for - est dream, And  
 home of our souls; The har - vest is wav - ing, and fountain and flower, Are

bounds in the gladness and life of his beam, And the horn of the hun - ter is  
 sparkling and sweet as the ra - di - ant hour; And the song of the reap - ers, the

sound - ing a - way! Light, light on the hills! 't is the beau - ti - ful day!  
 lark's sun - ny lay, Proclaim thro' the val - ley day, beau - ti - ful day! Pro -

Light, light on the hills! 't is the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful day!  
 claim thro' the val - ley day, beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful . . . . . day!

Oh, sol - emn and sad his far set - ing ap - pears, When the last ray de -

\* Sham-my.

*mf*

clines, and the flowers are in tears, When the sha - dows of eve - ning like death banners

*Tempo primo.*

wave, And darkness en - clos - es the world like a grave; Yet the sun like the

soul shall a - rise from de - cay, And again light the world with day, beau - ti - ful

day; And a - gain light the world with day, beau - ti - ful, beautiful day!

## OUT OF THE WINDOW.

J. NORTON.  
MOTION SONG.

1. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Saw I a cob - bler mending to - day;  
 2. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Saw I a tail - or sewing to - day;  
 3. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Saw I the chil - dren in school to - day;  
 4. Out of the win - dow, o - ver the way, Soon will be clos - ing the gates of the day,

Thump went the hammer on Sal - lie's shoe, "Humph," said the cobbler, "I guess you will do."  
 How did he do it? Why to and fro, Ran his great nee - dle through the cloth, so.  
 What were they do - ing? Why, don't you know? Writing straight let - ters on pages of snow.  
 Then will the children in robes of white, Sleepily mur - mur, "Good-night, all, good-night."

By the sudden attack of a band of Indians, one of the frontier settlements was overpowered, and a number of very young children carried into captivity. After some years the Indians brought back a captive girl who, from her long sojourn with them, had lost all memory of her parents and home. The news spread rapidly that a captive had been returned. Two mothers hurried to the place, hoping that the returned one might be their long-lost child. Neither was able to identify her, and both claimed her. All possible

means were used to bring the child to some recollection of her former life, but in vain. The wild forest life among the Indians had obliterated all memory of civilized childhood. Every association of home-life seemed to have perished. At last one of the women, the real mother, remembering how assiduously she had taught her young girl to sing a certain hymn, which had been precious among the memories of her own childhood, seated herself by the child, as was her wont in the years gone by, and began to sing the old familiar hymn.

## NORAH DARLING.

J. RANKIN.  
M. W. BALFE.*p Andante sostenuto.*

1. No - rah, darling! don't believe them, Never heed their flattering wiles; Trust a heart that  
 2. When the stars are round me glist'ning, And the moon shines bright above, Perhaps, my Norah,  
 3. They must love thee, No - rah dar - ling, When they look into those eyes; Oh! thou'lt never

loves thee dearly, Lives but in thy sun - ny smiles. I must leave thee, No - rah darling, thou'lt be list'ning To an - oth - er tale of love; Perhaps they'll tell thee I'll forget thee, let them rob me Of the heart I dear - ly prize; Thou wilt not for - get me, Norah,

But I leave my heart with thee; Keep it, for 'tis true and faithful, true and faithful, Teach thy gentle heart to fear; Oh! my Norah, nev - er doubt me, Don't believe them, When their tales of love thou hearest; Nev - er heed the treach'rous whispers; Don't believe them,

true and faith - ful As a loving heart can be, As a lov - ing heart can be. molto rall.  
 No - rah dear; Don't believe them, don't believe them, Norah, Norah dear.  
 No - rah dearest, Don't believe them, don't believe them, Norah, Norah dear.

At first the child, now almost grown into womanhood, listened intently to the voice. As the singing went on, the child began to tremble. Visions of home seemed to be filling her gaze. Old memories were coming back again. The bonds which a barbarous captivity had thrown around her soul were breaking. Soon, with gushing tears, she cried out, "Oh, my mother, my mother!" Music, which had surrounded her cradle and her infant life—which had entered and thrilled

the depths of her young soul—which had slumbered on the untouched chords of her heart through her long years of exile, now awakened and asserted its presence and power,—music, laden with all the perfume of a mother's love, and the dewy freshness of happy childhood life,—roused the whole soul into harmony with its past existence, and re-bound mother and child in a fellowship of sentiment and emotion far beyond that of thought, and as lasting as life itself.—*E. E. Higbee.*

## MY FRIEND IS THE MAN.

JAMES HOOK.

1. My friend is the man I would copy through life. He harbors no en - vy, He causes no  
 2. His heart is enlarged tho' his income be scant; He lessens his lit - tle for others that  
 3. How charming to find, in his hum - ble retreat, That bliss so much sought, so unknown to the

strife; No mur - murs escape him, tho' fortune bears hard; Con - tent is his portion and  
 want; Tho' his children's dear claims on his in - dus - try press, He has something to spare for the  
 great; The wife on - ly anxious her fondness to prove, The play - ful endearments of

peace his re - ward. Still hap - py in his sta - tion He minds his oc - cu - pa - tion, Nor heeds the  
 child of dis - tress. He seeks no idle squabble, He joins no thoughtless rabble, To clear his  
 in - fan - tine love. Re - lax - ing from his labors Amid his welcome neighbors, With plain re -

snares, Nor knows the cares, Which vice and fol - ly bring. Daily working wea - ri - ly,  
 way From day to day His hon - est views ex - tend. When he speaks 'tis ver - i - ly,  
 gale, With jest and tale, Of Na - ture lord is he; No vain schemes confounding him

Nightly singing cheerily, Dear to him his wife, his home, his country and his king; Daily working  
 When he smiles 'tis merrily, Dear to him his sport, his toil, his honor and his friend. When he speaks 'tis  
 All his joys surrounding him, Dear he holds his native land, its laws and liberty; No vain schemes con -

wea - ri - ly, Nightly sing-ing cheerily, Dear to him his wife, his home, his coun - try and his king.  
 ver - i - ly, When he smiles 'tis merrily, Dear to him his sport, his toil, his hon - or and his friend.  
 founding him, All his joys surrounding him, Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

## THE ROMANY LASS.

S. ADAMS.  
F. E. WEATHERLY.

*Allegro deciso.*

1. The Rom - a - ny sat by his bright tent fire, The Rom - a - ny  
 2. "Why wilt thou crave a Geor - gio's home? Is not the  
 3. She heed - ed not the warn - ing words; The Geor - gi - o

lass came home. . . "Tis sad when thou'rt a - way, my love, 'Tis wide earth best? . . Night has a thou - sand lamps, my love, To still wooed on; But the stars rolled by and their fate was fix'd, And her

sad when thou wilt roam; Trust not the word, the light thee to thy rest. Why wilt thou crave his faith less lov - er gone. But the Rom - a - ny's arms are

Geor - gi - o says, Trust not his shin - ing gold, . . His ways and ours still gold and gems? His words are false as fine; . . Thou hast no need of o - pen wide, She hears him call her name, . . "O Rom - a - ny lass, come

lie a - part, As in the days of old." The gems, my love, With those bright eyes of thine." The back to me, For I love thee still the same." The

hawk un - to the o - pen sky, The red deer to the wold, The

*1st time. allargando.*

Rom-a-ny lass for the Rom-a-ny lad, As in the days of old.

*2nd time.*

Rom-a-ny lass, for the Rom-a-ny lad, As in the days of old, . . . The

*allargando.*

Rom-a-ny lass for the Rom-a-ny lad, As in the days of old!

## FRENCH PATRIOTIC SONG.

*Tempo di marcia.*

1. O al-ien brothers, who have felt The woe and weight of chains, From souls afire with . . .  
 2. O al-ien brothers, who have felt The cap-tor's cru-el blow, Sink on your knees and . . .  
 3. Our brothers ye, for broth-ers all Are we of one greatland, Like children at a

lib-er-ty, Let there a-rise sweet strains Of grat-i-tude, my bro-thers, For praise her Who saved you from such woe; Who gave her best and dear-est, To moth-er's feet, So at her feet we stand; Like chil-dren, we, we praise her, Her

lib-er-ty so sweet, That soars like fra-grant in-cense, The stars of Heav'n to greet. make the captive free, The might-y land whose watch-word Is "home and lib-er-ty." name we glo-ri fy, Whose dear-est dared for free-dom, At her com-mand to die.

## THE RIVER'S MESSAGE.

ALBERT BRAUN.

*Moderato.*

1. In - to the si - lent room the moon Her flood - ing ra - diance pours; Be -  
2. In far - off lands a faith - ful heart The same fair riv - er sees; And



neath the win - dow sings the stream That laps the moon - lit shores.  
greet - ings to the lone - ly maid, It sends o'er dis - tant leas.

The  
O



maid sits by the spin - ning wheel, But the wheel its mur - mur stays, And the  
maid be - side the spin - ning wheel, The lov - ing mes - sage hear, And



tears they rise to her wea - ry eyes, At thought of by - gone days:  
still thy fears, 'Mid trem - bling tears, For low it sounds and clear;



1st time Solo.  
2nd time Chorus.



"Wher - e'er thou art a moth - er's heart and care are ev - er near; Wher -



e'er thou art a moth - er's heart and care are ev - er near."



## WE HAIL THEE, GLAD SPRINGTIME.

D. F. E. AUBER.

*Con spirito.*

1. We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail thee, glad springtime! We hail thee!  
 2. We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail thee, glad springtime! We hail thee!

Spring with warmth and flow'rs, Grass with leafy bow'rs; Songs of love and glee, Ringing mer-ri -  
 Bird-songs, as she goes, Seem to mock her woes; Win-ter wan and gray Sad - ly steals a -

ly, . . All earth and air resound, And join the joyful sound. Then welcome! then welcome! We  
 way, . . All earth and air resound, And join the joyful sound. Then welcome! then welcome! We

hail thee, glad springtime! We hail thee! Azure vio -lets blowing, Limpid waters flowing;

Azure violets blowing, Limpid waters flowing; She comes, she comes, She comes, the glorious  
 spring! She comes, she comes, she comes, the glorious spring! We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail thee!

## WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?

Not too slow.

F. WEILAND.

1. You have told me that you love me, And your heart's thoughts seem to speak, As you  
 2. Tho' our youth may pass un - cloud-ed, In a peace-ful hap - py home, Yet as

look on me so fond - ly, And the life-blood, and the life-blood tints your cheek. May I  
 year on year ad - vanc-es, Changes must, changes must up - on us come, For the

trust that these warm feel - ings Nev - er will grow cold and strange, And that  
 step will lose its light - ness, And the hair be changed to gray, Eyes once

cres.

you'll re-main un - al - tered, In this wea - ry world, this wea - ry world of change, When the  
 bright will lose their brightness, And the hopes of youth, the hopes of youth de - cay, When all

shades of care or sor - row Dim mine eyes and cloud my brow, And my  
 these have passed up - on me, And stern age has touched my brow, Will the

rit. dim. f

spir - it sinks with - in me, Will you love me, will you love me then as now?  
 change find you un - chang - ing, Will you love me, will you love me then as now?

## SPANISH SERENADE.

Moderato.

T. H. BAILY.  
ALEXANDER LEE.

1. Her eyes like clouded stars      Un - der her vail lie hid, While a thousand sweet gui -  
 2. The moon is shining bright,      Come to me, love, oh, come! Who would waste so sweet a

tars      E - cho thro' dear Ma - drid.\*      E - cho thro' dear Madrid, Oh, with cas - ta - net I  
 night      Dreaming of joy at home,      Dreaming of joy at home? Come, with castanets we'll

bound      Thro' the orange-blossom shade, And at midnight hear the sound Of a lover's ser - e -  
 bound      In the orange-blossom shade, And we'll listen to the sound Of a lover's ser - e -

nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade; And at midnight hear the  
 nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade; And we'll listen to the

sound Of a lover's ser - e - nade, And at midnight hear the sound Of a  
 sound Of a lover's ser - e - nade, And we'll lis - ten to the sound Of a

Lentando.

lover's ser - e - nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade.  
 lover's ser - e - nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade, Of a lover's ser - e - nade.

\*Ma-dríd.

## COME WHERE THE SUNLIGHT.

F. CAMPANA.

*Andante.*

1. Come where the sunlight sleepeth, Come to the mountain's brow, Come where the heather bloometh,  
 2. Come where the sunlight sleepeth, And eagles make their home, Where mountains tower above us,  
 With soft and purple glow; There let us roam together, And gaze on the distant sea.  
 And winds unfettered roam; Beneath the blue of heaven, We'll gaze on the distant sea.  
 Come where the heather bloometh, Come roam the hills with me; Come where the sunlight sleepeth,  
 Come where the heather bloometh, Come roam the hills with me; Come where the sunlight sleepeth,  
 Come to the mountain's brow; Come where the heather bloometh, With soft and purple glow; There let  
 And eagles make their home; Where mountains tower above us, And winds unfetter'd roam; Beneath the  
 [us roam to  
 [blue of  
 gether, And gaze on the distant sea; Come where the heather bloometh, Come roam the hills with me,  
 heaven We'll gaze on the distant sea; Come where the heather bloometh, Come roam the hills with me,  
 Come, come, Come where the heather bloometh, Come, come, Come roam the hills with me.  
 Come, come, Come where the heather bloometh, Come, come, Come roam the hills with me.

## MY CHILDHOOD'S LOVE.

VON FLOTOW.  
From "LEOLINE."

*Andante.*

1. My childhood's love, de - light-ful spell, Its rapture clings a - round my heart,  
 2. My childhood's love, tho' fate a while A darksome cloud up - on it shed,

While fee - ble lan - guage fain would tell What hap-pi - ness *ritard.*  
 'Tis past, and now be -neath a smile That cloud hath like it doth im -  
 a shadow

*Tempo.*

part. Like sunshine on the stream, With flow'rets blooming near, It makes one's  
 fled. And oh! the transient gloom Will brighter hues im - part Un - to the

fit - ful dream A life of bliss ap - pear, A life of bliss ap - pear. My  
 hopes which bloom Within my faith - ful heart, With-in my faith - ful heart. My

childhood's love, de - lightful spell, Its rapture clings a - round my heart, Its rapture  
 clings a - round my heart, Ah! its rapt - ure clings a - round my heart,

Boys and girls, both young and older grown, do not miss this secret of happiness for yourselves and others: Be kind—and show your love now! Do not wait until some late to-morrow; or until the eclipse of death has come to eyes that now beam with a light clear and bright and tender. One day I met my father on the road to town. "I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and just out of the hay-field, tired and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper and to dress for singing class. My first impulse was to refuse and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I

think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim," he said; "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day." He walked with me to the road that turned off to town, and as he left he put his hand on my arm saying, "Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim." I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house, I saw a crowd of farm-hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face. "Your father!" he said. "He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you." I am an old man, now, but I have thanked God over and over again, in all the years that have passed since that hour; and those last words were, "You've always been a good boy to me."

### "FATHER JOE."

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW.



1. Gliding 'mid the poor and low - ly, With his voice so sad and low, On a mission pure and ho - ly
2. Tho' the life ebb fast and fast - er, Tho' the Reaper Death be nigh, Still he whispers of his Mas - ter
3. I have seen him earnest pleading Till his winning voice did fail; And the lost sheep gently leading,
4. I have seen him tired returning Thro' the lonely midnight way, I have known him till the morning



Goes, contented, Father Joe. When the sunbeams gild the river, When the clouds are black with ruin, Ever watching from the sky, And the crown that waits in Heaven—"Come, my brother, ere too late!" Tho' his cheek was wan and pale. "God shall raise the meek in spirit, He the haughty shall bring low, Seek and guide, and toll and pray. Oh! God grant that where the fountains Of His mercy ev - er flow,



Sits he by the couch of fever, By the weary bed of pain, By the wea - ry bed of pain. Till the sin - ner stands forgiven At the bright, eter - nal gate, At the bright, e - ter - nal gate. And the poor rich joys inherit!" Hear our loving Father Joe, Hear our lov - ing Father Joe. Far beyond the distant mountains I may meet dear Father Joe, I may meet dear Father Joe.



The hands are such dear hands; they are so full; they turn at our demands so often; they reach out, with trifles scarcely thought about, so many times; they do so very many things for me, for you—if their fond wills mistake we may well bend, not break. They are such fond, frail lips that speak to us. Pray, if love strips them of discretion many times, or if they speak too slow or quick, such things we may pass by; for we may see days not far off when those small words may be held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear, because the lips are no more here. They are such dear, familiar feet that go along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, and trying to keep pace—if they mistake, or tread upon some flower that we would

take upon our breast, or bruise some reed or crush poor Hope until it bleed, we may be mute, not turning quickly to impute grave fault: for they and we have such a little way to go—can be together such a little while along the way—we will be patient while we may. So many little faults we find; we see them, for not blind is Love. We see them; but if you and I perhaps remember them some by-and-by they will not be faults then—grave faults—to you and me, but just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—remembrances to bless.

Days change so many things—yes, hours;  
We see so differently in suns and showers.  
Mistaken works to-night  
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.  
We may be patient: for we know  
There's such a little way to go.

## LITTLE SUNBEAM.

H. FARMER.  
J. E. CARPENTER.*Allegretto.*

1. We called her Little Sunbeam, She seemed so fresh and fair, Her smile it was the one beam, For  
 2. My Sunbeam, had you seen her, With eyes so blue and mild, No an - gel e'er se - re - ner, And  
 3. When wint'ry winds bereft us Of flow'rs the summer spread, My lit - tie Sunbeam left us, I

all to love and share; But when she from the wildwood Brought simple flow'rs to yet in grace a child; You then had known that beau - ty Springs not from pride of know not where she fled; But still fond mem - ry lin - gers Up - on those hap - py

me, She gave me back my childhood, With all its mirth and glee. It seemed that with the birth, And felt there was a new bond To bind you to the earth. To call back brighter hours, When first with fan - cy fin - gers, She culled the woodland flowers. And still her smile is

flow - ers, The songbird's joy - ful strain, And all youth's hap - py hours, Came back to me a - hours, Where darkness else would be, As she, with those sweet flowers, That told so much to one beam, That speaks of Heav'n to me; - God shield my lit - tie Sunbeam, Wher-ev - er she may

gain, And all youth's hap - py hours Came back to me a - gain. It seemed that with the me; As she, with those sweet flowers, That told so much to me. To call back brighter be! God shield my lit - tie Sunbeam, Wher - ev - er she may be. And still her smile is

flow-ers, The songbird's joy - ful strain, And all youth's happy hours, Came back to me a - gain. hours, Where darkness else would be, As she, with those sweet flowers, That told so much to me. one beam That speaks of Heav'n to me, God shield my little Sunbeam, Wherev - er she may be!

The origin of the song-habit in birds is to be found in various sources, among which is the joy of life, manifested in an irresistible determination to announce itself in melody; and the song is more perfectly brought out in proportion as this feeling is more highly developed in the organization. Birds in freedom begin to sing long before pairing, and continue it subject to interruptions long afterward, though all passion has been extinguished; and domesticated birds sing through the whole year without regard to breeding time, though no female or companion ever be in sight. Such birds, born in captivity, never feel the loss of freedom, and if they are well taken care of are always hearty and in good spirits. The bird sings to a large extent for his own pleasure, for he frequently lets himself out lustily when he knows he is all alone. In the spring-time of love, when all life is invigorated and the

effort to win a mate by ardent wooing is crowned with the joy of triumph, the song reaches its highest perfection. But the male bird also sings to entertain his mate during the arduous nest-building and hatching, to cheer the young, and if he be a domesticated bird to give pleasure to his lord and the providence that takes care of him, and in doing so to please himself. Lastly, the bird sings by habit, as we call it, because the tendency is innate in the organs of song to exercise themselves. Under these circumstances they sing all through the year and more than they would do if they had their freedom.—*Dr. Placek.*

Good, kind words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are seeds of flowers or fruitful trees falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar, happily thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lonely wilderness.

### CHIMES OF ZURICH.

*Andantino affectuoso.*

C. E. HORN.  
H. S. VAN DYKE.

1. The sun his part-ing ray had cast O'er ver-dant hills and dells, And  
 2. The shades of eve were on the wave And twi-light's fai-ry dells, Whilst

o'er the lake sweet mu-sic passed From Zu-rich's eve-ning bells;  
 Ech-o an-swered, from her cave, The dis-tant eve-ning bells;

Wild birds were singing, Flow'rets were springing, Sweet chimes were ringing, I hear them yet;

Wild birds were sing-ing, Flow'rets were spring-ing, Sweet chimes were ring-ing, I can

ne'er for-get, Sweet evening chimes, Sweet evening chimes, I can ne'er for-get.

## HAPPY SUMMER.

PLANQUETTE.  
HENRY S. LEIGH.

Moderato.

1. When the leaves from the tree are fall - ing, In the fad - ing Oc - to - ber time, When the  
 2. We are sad for the withered ros - es, And the fields that were fresh and fair; When thy

birds, to each oth - er call - ing, Fly to seek a sum - mer clime; 'Tis then, a -  
 reign, hap - py summer clos - es, There are sighs breathed ev - ry - where; Thro' all the

las! in hours of sad - ness, We fond - ly lin - ger o'er the past; 'Tis then we  
 win - try time be - fore us, We pine to greet thee once a - gain; Our days are

dream up - on the gladness Of summer days too dear to last. All things a -  
 drear till thou re - store us Thy happy smile o'er wood and plain. All things a -

dore thee, all things implore thee, Bring back thy sunshine, sweet Summer, to earth; Nature, with

yearn - ing, waits thy re - turn - ing, Season of brightness and light - ness and mirth.

## THE DAWN IS BREAKING.

M. W. BALFE.  
THOMAS MOORE.*Con espressione.*

1. The dawn is breaking o'er us, See Heaven hath caught its hue! We've  
 2. But see, while we're de - cid - ing What morn - ing sport to play, The  
 3. A - las! why thus de - lay - ing, We're now at evening's hour; Its

day's long light be - fore us, What sport shall we pursue? The hunt o'er hill and  
 di - al's hand is gliding, And morn hath pass'd away! Ah, who'd have thought that  
 farewell beam is playing O'er hill and wave and bower; That light we thought would

lea? The sail o'er summer sea? Oh! let not hour so sweet Un -  
 noon Would o'er us steal so soon? That morn's sweet hour of prime Would  
 last Behold! e'en now 'tis past,— And all our morning dreams Have

*ritard.*

wing'd by pleasure fleet. The dawn is breaking o'er us, See Heaven hath caught its  
 last so short a time? But come, we've day be - fore us, Still Heaven looks bright and  
 vanished with its beams! But come, 'twere vain to borrow A les - son from this

hue! We've day's long light be - fore us What sport shall we pursue?  
 blue; Quick! quick! ere eve come o'er us, What sport shall we pursue?  
 lay, For man will be to - mor - row Just what he's been to-day.

## THE STAR OF HOPE.

THOS. POWER.  
FRANCIS RHIZA.*Andante.*

1. How dark and drear this world would be If Hope had rest - ed  
 2. Should friends we prize to cold - ness grow, And joy be turned to

here, . . . For ev - 'ry smile of joy we see Is shad - ed by a  
 pain, . . . The heart, one grate - ful throb may know And gen - tle peace re -

tear. The dear - est tie of love we know, The dear - est dream of  
 gain. For Hope will shed one gen - tle beam, On sor - row's troub - led

bliss, . . . Must gath - er yet its pur - est glow Be - yond a scene like  
 sea . . . And still the faint-ing heart re-deem, What - e'er that sor - row

this. Then be the star of Hope our light, In time's un - cer - tain  
 be. Then be the star of Hope our light, In time's un - cer - tain

way, . . . To bring its joy in sor - row's night With pure and gen - tle ray!

## THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT.

F. H. COWEN.  
RUTHVEN JENKINS.*Andante con moto.*

1. Sweetheart, farewell, the flutt'ring sail Is spread to waft me far from thee, And soon before the  
 2. Sweetheart, farewell, one last embrace; Oh, cruel fate! two souls to sever; Yet in the heart's most

*p*

wav'ring gale, And soon be - fore the wav'ring gale, My ship shall bound upon the sea. Per -  
 sa - cred place, Yet in the heart's most sacred place, Thou a - lone shalt dwell forever. And

*cres.*

chance all des - o - late, for - lorn, These eyes shall miss thee ma - ny a year; . . . But  
 still shall re - col - lec - tion trace In fan - cy's mir - ror, ev - er near. . . . Each

*rit.*

un - for - got - ten ev - ry charm, Tho' lost to sight, to mem' - ry dear. . . . . Sweet  
 smile, each tear, that form, that face, Tho' lost to sight, to mem' - ry dear. . . . . Sweet

*a tempo.*

heart, fare - well! sweet - heart, fare - well! Tho' lost to sight, tho' lost to sight

*cres.*

to mem'ry dear, Sweetheart, farewell! sweetheart, farewell! Tho' lost to sight, to mem' - ry dear.

## WELCOME, PRETTY PRIMROSE.

CIRO PINSUTI.

*Allegretto moderato.*

1. Welcome, pretty primrose flow'r, That comes when sunshine comes, When rainbows arch the sil-  
2. Gaz-ing on the ear- ly flow'r, I seem to hear the spring That calls the sunshine ev - 'ry

*cres.*

shower Of ev - 'ry cloud that roams, Of ev - 'ry cloud that roams. I joy to see thy  
hour, And tells the bird to sing, And tells the bird to sing. And as I dream, my

*a tempo.*

promise bloom, That tells of spring's new day! And in my thoughts a - far I roam, O'er  
dream is rife With thoughts a - kin to thee; Of glad spring - life, a sweet spring-life, That's

*rinf.*

*cres.*

sun - ny haunts a - way! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! primrose flow'r! Welcome, pretty  
ver - y dear to me! Welcome! Welcome! Welcome! primrose flow'r! Welcome, pretty

*Allegretto moderato.  
elegante.*

primrose flow'r, To me thy coming, seems To wake again the springtime hour, With sunshine in its dreams.

*cres.*

*staccato con grazia.*

*rit.*

*cres.*

Ah! . . . Ah! . . . Welcome, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty primrose flower, With sunshine in its dreams!

## HOPE BRIGHTLY GLEAMS.

G. DONIZETTI.  
"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

Hope brightly beams before us now; Ah! day of joy and gladness, Heav'n sheds its sunlight  
o'er us now, No more of grief or sadness; Dark tho' the clouds did gath - er round  
Fierce tho' the storm did low - er, Each dreaded portent ban-ish - ing, Hope reasserts its  
power; Our star, but so late de - clin - ing, Ris - es with tenfold glo - ry,  
Radiantly forth 'tis shining In this thrice happy hour. Here, friend, we joy to  
meet thee; As brother here we greet thee! Ever may this our union In friendship's bonds com-


 bin - ing, In friendship's bonds entwining, Prove prosperous unto thee, This hand I give thee, shall  
 henceforth, shall henceforth thy defender be! Ah! Hope brightly beams before us now, Ah! day of joy and  
 glad - ness; Heaven sheds its sunlight o'er us now, No more of grief or sad - ness;  
 Dark tho' the clouds did gather round, Fierce tho' the storm did low - er, Each dreaded portent  
 ban - ish-ing, Hope re - asserts her power. Our star, but so late de - clin - ing,  
 Rises with ten-fold glo - ry, Radiantly forth 'tis shin - ing In this thrice hap - py hour.

In German opera the orchestral part and the choruses and declamatory sections are just as important as the lyric numbers, and many of the most exquisite passages in the operas of Weber and Wagner are a kind of superior pantomime music during which no voice at all is heard on the stage. Much of the talking in opera boxes, and here and there through the main audience, is simply due to ignorance of this fact. Vocal music is much more readily appreciated than instrumental music, and those who have no ear for instrumental measures do not realize that others are

at times enraptured by them. Hence they begin to talk as soon as the singing ceases, apparently unconscious of the fact that they are greatly annoying those who wish to listen to the orchestra.—*Cosmopolitan*.

The taste of the solo singer is shown in so emphasizing words and syllables as to bring out the sentiment without loss to the melody. Time, emphasis, pause, with good enunciation, must be given in a manner at once easy, natural, and calculated to produce the best effect, even though all the verses be not sung precisely as the first is marked and pointed.

## EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

JOHN READ.

*Moderato.*

1. My Uncle Jack is what some people call a jolly tar, And I should think that he was born be-  
 2. "One night," said he, "while out at sea there came a dreadful gale, It washed me overboard and I was  
 3. Now, if you wish to pass a merry hour or two a-way, Just call and see old Uncle Jack, and

neath a luck-y star, If all is true that he's gone thro', a wonder he must be; He's ev'ry inch a swallowed by a whale, And there I lived for twenty days a-wandering about, Then seized the whale all then I think you'll say, He's ev'ry inch a sail-or, and as jolly as can be, So many years a'

sailor, and was born upon the sea. Jack is ev'ry inch a sail-or, Five and twenty years a whaler, by the tail and turned him inside out." Jack is ev'ry inch a sail-or, Five and twenty years a whaler, whaler, quite a hero of the sea. Jack is ev'ry inch a sail-or, Five and twenty years a whaler,

Chorus.  
 Jack is ev'ry inch a sail-or, Born upon the bright blue sea. Jack is ev'ry inch a sail-or,

Five and twenty years a whaler, Jack is ev'ry inch a sail-or, Born upon the bright blue sea.

## THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

J. HUTCHINSON.

*Solo.*

*Lively.*

1. What's the use of your complaining, Or de-tain-ing, or re-strain-ing, For the world is onward
2. Ho! ye emp'rors, kings, and nobles, 'Tis the e - rs of your troubles, For we're climbing, climbing,
3. Ho! ye might-y men, con-sid - er, For your pow-er here's a bid - der, With a thousand new in-
4. Still the world is roll - ing, roll-ing, In its or - bit ceaseless bowl-ing, Bearing onward all the

*Chorus to each Verse.*

roll - ing, And you cannot keep it still? 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an climbing, And you cannot keep us down. 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an ventions, We are bound the world to change. 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an na-tions, In its course about the sun. 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an

age of progress, And you cannot keep us down, 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an age of progress, 'Tis an

*For last Verse only.*

age of progress, And you can - not keep us down. You can - not keep us down.

1 (ROUND.)

2

The spring has come, the birds I hear, They sing from bush to bush; The

blue-bird and rob-in, the black-bird and sparrow, the yel-low-bird, lin-net, and mu-si - cal thrush.

3

Hark! hark! The song of the birds I now hear; For

1 (ROUND.) 2

Let us en - deavor to show that whenev - er we join in a song we keep time to-gether.

Music is a language; it has all the characteristics of one. It is read, it is written, it is taught, it is learned. Like all other languages, it is perceptible to the eye and the ear. One thing only distinguishes it from the languages, properly so called—one feels it, or does not feel it. Still, although it has not, like speech, the special privilege of the word which is a precise representation of its object, yet those who speak it understand it by the signs of which it is composed, if not by the thoughts or sentiments expressed. Now, if one reflects on the prodigious facility, the surpassing promptitude, with which children learn languages, not only their mother tongue, but several languages at the same time, without confounding one with another, it will be easy to admit what I say about an early musical education. I literally

drank in music with my mother's milk. She was an excellent musician, possessing the melodic precision and clearness so necessary in a teacher. Courageous and intelligent, when she was left a widow, she commenced her task. I soon found myself a part of a group of pupils which the interest of her position, as well as her character and talent, enlarged every day around her. Spite of my age—I was only five—I was looked upon as an advanced scholar. My mother had made me her pupil as well as her nursling, familiarizing my ears with sounds and words. Hence my perception of airs and the intervals composing them was quite as rapid as my perception of words, if not more so. Before I could speak, I distinguished perfectly the different airs with which my ears were lulled. Here is a curious

## ONLY TO SEE THEE.

FABIO CAMPANA.

1. On - ly to see thee, dar - ling, On - ly to hear thy voice, Even its faintest whis - per  
 2. Gone is the sunlit fu - ture, Visions of joy too bright, Now ev'ry gleam hath fad - ed,  
 Would make my heart rejoice. Vainly I crave the sunshine Thy love would e'er impart; Hoping to see thee, Van - ished in darkest night. Too late, alas! I know thee, Ah, let my poor heart tell, Breathe out its bitter  
 loved one, Trusting thy faithful heart! Only to see thee, darling, Only to hear thy voice, an - guish In that last word, farewell! Only to see thee, darling, Only to hear thy voice,  
 Even its faintest whisper Would bid my heart rejoice. Only to see thee, my love!

proof. Everybody knows there is a note which is called *ut* or *do*, and that the scale consists of a fundamental note, which is reproduced in the octave. We all know, too, that the scale is major and minor, according as the third and the sixth form major or minor intervals, and that the major is more gay and joyful, the minor scale more sad and melancholy. One day when listening to the street criers beneath our windows, I turned to my mother and said: "Mamma, he sings the *do* that weeps," meaning that the sad expression of the cry belonged to the minor scale, as it really did. I was then only three years old. When about six, a musician named Jardin called at our house. "I have a little boy," said my mother, "who seems to be well organized for music. If you will try his musical per-

ception, it will, I think, interest you." I was placed with my face in the corner of the room like a naughty boy. "Now," continued she, "improvise, play anything you like, he will tell you in what key you play, and through what keys you pass." Jardin was much surprised at the unerring exactness with which I followed and indicated the different modulations which his improvisation had traversed. It is certain that one can initiate the ear to musical language, and develop the musical sense in a much larger number of children than is commonly done. I have known children to sing false because their mothers and nurses sang false and spoiled their ear. It is not the voice which is false, it is the perception of the intervals which has been falsified by vicious expression.—Charles Gounod.

## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

B. COVERT.  
R. TANNAHILL.

1. Gloomy winter's now a - wa', Soft the westlin' breez - es blaw: 'Mang the birk<sup>1</sup> o'  
 2. Come, my las - sie, let us stray O'er Glenkillock's sun - ny brae,<sup>4</sup> Blithe - ly spend the  
 3. Round the syl - van fai - ry nooks, Feath'ry breckans<sup>7</sup> fringe the rocks, Neath the brae the

Stane - ly - shaw<sup>2</sup> The mavis<sup>3</sup> sings fu' cheerie O. Sweet the craw-flow'r's early bell  
 gowd - en<sup>5</sup> day 'Midst joys that nev - er wearie O. Soar - in' o'er the New - ton woods,  
 burn - ie<sup>8</sup> jouks,<sup>9</sup> And il - ka thing is cheerie O. Trees may bud, and birds may sing,

Decks Gleniffer's dew - y dell, Blooming like thy bonnie sel', My young, my artless dearie O.  
 Lav'rocks<sup>6</sup> fan the snaw - white clouds, Siller saughs, wi' downie buds, Adorn the banks sac brierie O.  
 Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring, Joy to me they canna bring, Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

<sup>1</sup>Beeches. <sup>2</sup>woods. <sup>3</sup>thrush. <sup>4</sup>hillside. <sup>5</sup>golden. <sup>6</sup>lark. <sup>7</sup>brakes or ferns. <sup>8</sup>streamlet. <sup>9</sup>turns suddenly.

## CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

1. { Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, O give the ba - by one; } Babies are too young to choose;  
 { Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, But baby shall have none; }  
 2. { Up in the tree, Rob - in I see, Picking one by one; } Robins want no cherry pie,  
 { Shaking his bill, Getting his fill, Down his throat they run; }  
 3. { Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, But we will let them fall. } Gladly follow mother's will,  
 { Cherries are ripe, Cherries are ripe, But bad for babies small. }

Cherries are too sour to use; But by and by, Made in - to pie, No one will them re - fuse.  
 Quick they eat and off they fly. My little child, Pa - tient and mild, Surely will not cry.  
 Be o - bedient soft and still, Waiting awhile, Delighted you'll smile, And joyous eat your fill.

A sea captain who was asked by his wife to look at pianos while he was in the city, with a view of buying her one, wrote home to her: "I saw one that I thought would suit you, black walnut hull, strong bulk-heads, strengthened fore and aft with iron frame, ceiled with white-wood and maple. Rigging, steel wire double on the rat lines, and whippedwire on the lower stays, and heavier cordage. Belaying pins of steel and well driven home. Length of taffrail over all, six feet two inches. Breadth of beam thirty-eight inches; depth of hold fourteen inches. This light draft makes the craft equally serviceable in high seas or low flats. It has two martingales, one for the light airs and zephyr winds, and one for the strong gusts and sudden squalls. Both are worked with foot-rests, near the kelson, handy for the quartermaster, and out of sight of the passengers. The running gear from the handrail to the cordage is made of white-wood and holly; works free

and clear; strong enough for the requirements of a musical tornado, and gentle enough for the requiem of a dying dolphin. Hatches black walnut, can be battened down proof against ten-year-old boys and commercial drummers or can be clewed up, on occasion, and sheeted home for first-class instrumental cyclone. I sailed the craft a little, and thought she had a list to starboard. Anyhow, I liked the starboard side better than I did the port, but the ship-keeper told me the owners had other craft of like tonnage both on sale or charter, which were on just even keel."

At a trial in the Court of King's Bench as to an alleged piracy of the "Old English Gentleman," one of the first witnesses put into the box was Cooke. "Now, sir," said Sir James Scarlett, in his cross-examination of Cooke, "you say that the two melodies are identical but different. What am I to understand by that, sir?" "What I said," replied Cooke, "was that the notes in

### MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Moderato.*

the two arrangements are the same but with a different accent, the one being in common while the other is in triple time; consequently the position of the accented notes is different in the two copies." "What is a musical accent?" Sir James flippantly inquired. "My terms for teaching music are a guinea a lesson," said Cooke, much to the merriment of the court. "I do not want to know your terms for teaching," said the counsel, "I want you to explain to his lordship and the jury what is musical accent." Sir James waxed wroth. "Can you see it?" he continued. "No" was the answer. "Can you feel it?" "Well," Cooke drawled out "a musician can." After an appeal to the Judge, the examining counsel again put the question: "Will you explain to his lordship and the jury—who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent?" "Musical accent," rejoined Cooke, "is

emphasis laid on a certain note just in the same manner as you would lay stress on any word when speaking, in order to make yourself better understood. I will give you an illustration, Sir James. If I were to say 'you are a *donkey*,' the accent rests on *donkey*; but if instead I said 'you are a *donkey*,' it rests on *you*, Sir James, and I have no doubt that the gentlemen of the jury will corroborate me in this." The story is more personal than polite, nevertheless it is well worth telling as an instance of forcible illustration. It is useful, too, since it may serve to impress upon the minds of that very large circle of people who plume themselves on being musical some faint notion of what accent in music really is. It is the outcome of that wonderful invention, the division of music into bars, but for which music might still be only the magical accomplishment of a few.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.

WELSH AIR.

Allegretto.

1. Not in halls of reg - al splendor, Not to princes of the earth, Did the her - ald  
 2. Not by world - ly wealth or wisdom, Not by power of law or sword, But by ser - vice  
 3. Bid the new-born Monarch welcome; Pay him homage, ev - 'ry heart! Hal - le - lu - jah!

an - gels ren - der Tid - ings of His birth. Not to statesman, priest, or sage,  
 to win freedom, Ser - vice of the Lord. Born to pov - er - ty and pain,  
 let His kingdom Come and ne'er de - part. Jus - tice hath on Mer - cy smiled,

They proclaimed the golden age 'Twas the poor man's heritage! In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!  
 Born to die and thus to reign, Freeing men from death's domain, In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!  
 God and men are recon - ciled Thro' Emmanuel, wondrous Child. In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!

For on shepherds low - ly Burst the an - them ho - ly! In ex - cel - sis  
 Lo! from earth as Heaven Praise shall aye be giv - en: In ex - cel - sis  
 Blend we then our voices, Earth with Heaven rejoic - es, In ex - cel - sis

glo - ri - a! War - ring strife shall cease, Selfishness its slaves re - lease,

Love shall reign and white-robed Peace! In excelsis glo - ri - a! In ex - cel - sis glo - ri - a!

## HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

LOWELL MASON.  
J. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap -  
 2. He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who suf - fer wrong, To help the poor and  
 3. He shall descend like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth; And love, and joy, like  
 4. O'er ev - 'ry foe vic - to - rious, He on His throne shall rest, From age to age more

point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun! He comes to break op - pres - sion, To  
 need - y, And bid the weak be strong; To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their  
 flow - ers, Spring in His path to birth; Be - fore Him, on the moun-tains, Shall  
 glo - rious, All - bless - ing and all - blest; The tide of time shall nev - er His

set the cap - tive free; To take a - way transgres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.  
 darkness turn to light, Whose souls condemned and dy - ing, Were precious in His sight.  
 Peace, the her - ald, go; And Righteousness, in foun-tains From hill to val - ley flow.  
 cov - e - nant re - move; His name shall stand for-ev - er, That name to us is Love.

## RISE, GLORIOUS CONQUEROR.

"ITALIAN HYMN."  
M. BRIDGES. GIARDINI, 1760.

1. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise! In - to Thy na - tive skies, As - sume Thy right:  
 2. Vic - tor o'er death and hell! Cher - u - bic le - gions swell Thy ra - diant train:  
 3. Li - on of Ju - dah, hail! And let Thy name pre - vail From age to age;

And where in many a fold The clouds are backward rolled, Pass thro' those gates of gold, And reign in light.  
 Praises all Heav'n inspire, Each angel sweeps his lyre, And waves his wings of fire, Thou Lamb once slain.  
 Lord of the rolling years, Claim for Thine own the spheres, For Thou hast bought with tears Thy heritage!

## PRAISE TO GOD.

ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1773.  
L. MASON. "SABBATH MORN."

## THE SPIRIT IN OUR HEARTS.

H. U. ONDERDONK, 1826.  
H. G. NAGELL. "DENNIS."

I. Grace! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.

2. Grace guides my wandering feet  
To tread the Heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet  
While pressing on to God.

3. Grace all the work shall crown  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in Heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

## GLORY BEGUN BELOW.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.  
REV. DR. HAYNE, "CHALVEY."

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with  
 2. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low; Ce - les - tial fruits on  
 3. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We'remarching thro' Im -

sweet ac - cord, And thus surround His throne. Let those re - fuse to sing Who  
 earthly ground From faith and hope may grow. The hill of Zi - on yields A  
 manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high; Then let our songs a - bound, And

nev - er know our God, But servants of the Heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
 thousand sacred sweets, Be - fore we reach the Heavenly fields, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
 ev - 'ry tear be dry; We'remarching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

## SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.  
THOS. A. ARNE, "ARLINGTON."

1. Am I a sol - dier of the Cross, A follower of the Lamb,  
 2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 3. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war  
 Shall conquer, though they die;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 By faith they bring it nigh.

When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all Thine armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be Thine.

## THE STARS ARE FADING.

T. MARZIALS.

*Allegretto.*

1. The stars are fading one by one As ro - sy morning breaks; A - gain to greet the  
 2. The herdsman gai - ly blows his horn, Which all his flock o - bey; The mil - ler's up and  
 3. "Thou who art sit - ting on Thy throne A - bove both man and star, Who watch'd me thro' the

*Sing 3rd verse more slowly.*

ris - ing sun, The twitter-ing swal - low wakes. The watchman with his spear and horn, Stands  
 grind-ing corn, Work ush - ers in the day, And thou, dear child, be bus - y too—This  
 night just flown And kept all e - vil far; Be -neath Thy guid - ance just and mild, Oh,

gaz - ing at the sky, While ris - ing from the ripe - ning corn, The lark is soar - ing high.  
 thy first morn - ing care With grateful heart to God, as due, Be sure to say thy prayer:  
 let me ev - er pray As hum - bly as a lit - tle child And grateful as to - day."

*rit.*

## HOLY SPIRIT.

NAUMANN.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, source of glad - ness, Shine a - mid the clouds of night,  
 2. Send us thine il - lu - mi - na - tion, Ban - ish all our fears at length,  
 2. Let that love, which knows no meas - ure, Now in quick'ning showers de - scend,  
 3. Hear our earn - est sup - pli - ca - tion, Ev - 'ry struggling heart re - lease;

O'er our wea - ri - ness and sad - ness Breathe thy life and shed thy light.  
 Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion, Spir - it of un - fad - ing strength.  
 Bring-ing us the rich - est treas - ure Man can wish, or God can send,  
 Rest up - on this con - gre - ga - tion, Spir - it of - e - ter - nal peace!

Our national hymn, to which is given the name of the country itself, was the result of a single spontaneous burst of patriotic eloquence. The author is an eminent Baptist minister, now (1885) living within a few miles of Boston. He is Rev. S. F. Smith, D. D., and he is also the author of some thirty other hymns. It is in "America" that his name will live, however; and, the better to give an idea of the origin of his great hymn, his own words may be quoted: "One day, I think in the month of February, 1831 or 1832, in

turning over the leaves of music books, I fell in with the tune, "God Save the King!" though I did not know it at that time to be the English national air. I at once wrote a patriotic hymn in the same measure and spirit, and soon after gave it to Mr. Lowell Mason, together with other pieces, and thought no more of it. On the next 4th of July, I found that the piece was brought out for the first time at a children's celebration of the day, in Park Street Church, Boston. This was the beginning of its course. It gradually found its way in-

## AE FOND KISS.

ROBERT BURNS.

to music books for children, and into public schools in various places; and thus, I cannot but think, may have had an influence in infusing into many childish hearts a love of country, which prepared them to battle for what they believed to be the right, when the time of peril to our institutions and our country came. I have often remarked that if I had supposed the piece would have been so popular, I should have taken more pains to perfect it. 'Yes,' says some one, 'and thus, perhaps, you would have spoiled it.' It has won its way, most

unexpectedly to myself, into the hearts of the people. I have heard most gratifying narratives of the places where and circumstances under which it has served as the expression of heart-felt love of country,—in schools, in huts, on Western prairies, in churches, on the eve of battle, and in soldiers' hospitals. I never designed it for a national hymn. I never supposed I was writing one."

\* It is of this tender love-song, widely known, that Sir Walter Scott said: "'Had we never loved sae kindly' contains the essence of a thousand love poems."

## AS THE WIND BLOWS.

RICHARD GENEER.

*Allegretto non troppo.*

1. The wind blows north, the wind blows south, The wind blows east and west; No matter how the free wind  
 2. "Oh, wind," I said, "why dost thou blow, And out to ocean roar, When I would steer my little bark  
 [blow.]

Some ship will find it best. Out on the wide sea, the wide sea, the wide sea,  
 To-ward some pleasant shore?" "Out on the deep sea, the deep sea, the deep sea,  
 a tempo.

One shouts with happy air, "Trim all the sails, the wind is blow - ing fair." One ship is sail-ing a-  
 Op - pose my will no more; When I blow shoreward, turn thou to the shore, Yet if thy will with  
 down the west While winds are fair, and waves at rest, See all her white sails are gai - ly set; Home -  
 mine must strive, Against my might set all thy skill; Do thou the best that a mor - tal can, And  
 a tempo.

rall. a tempo.

speed-ing bark, Hope smil - eth yet! One ship is toil-ing far to the east, With masts all bare, thro'  
 fight me brave - ly like a man; Stand by thy wheel, and on - ward go, Keep watch around, a -

foam-ing yeast, Strug-gle all fierce, and stern, and wild, By wind and wave op - pressed.  
 bove, be - low; Such hearts will make the ports they seek What-ev-er wind may blow."

PIANO MUSIC.—The following represents sound the echo of the sense, and is an amusing illustration, in metrical rhythm, of rampant piano playing. "First a soft and gentle tinkle, gentle as the rain-drops sprinkle, then a stop, fingers drop. Now begins a merry thrill, like a cricket in mill; now a short, uneasy motion, like a ripple on the ocean. See the fingers dance about, hear the notes come tripping out; how they mingle in the tinkle of the everlasting jingle, like to hailstones on a shingle, or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle of a sheep bell! Double, single, now they come in wilder gushes, up and down the player rushes, quick as squirrels, sweet as thrushes. Now the keys begin to clatter, like the music of a platter when the maid is stir-

ring batter. O'er the music comes a change, every tone is wild and strange; listen to the lofty tumbling, hear the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling, like the rumbling and the grumbling of the thunder from its slumbering just awaking. Now it's taking to the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking, heads are aching, something's breaking. Goodness gracious! Ain't it wondrous, rolling round above and under us, like old Vulcan's stroke so thunderous? Now 'tis louder, but the powder will be all exploded soon; for the only way to do, when the music's nearly through, is to muster all your muscles for a bang, striking twenty notes together with a clang; hit the treble with a twang, give the bass an awful whang, and close the whole performance with a slam-bang-whang.

## ON TO THE FIELD!

V. BELLINI.

1. On to the field! the foe is there; Flaunting his ban - ners kiss the air;  
 2. Peace bless'd each home-stead, plen-ty's smile Beamed in the eyes of hon - est toil;

On to the field, with sword and brand, And drive him from our fath - er - land!  
 Love told to love its truth - ful tale, And songs of joy rang thro' the vale.

Shame not the deeds your sires have done; Blight not the wreaths they wore! No!  
 Rest now the plow - share, grasp the sword; Breathe not of love a word! No!

Free - dom forbid, for not to be, Were bet - ter far than want - ing thee.  
 Sons of the mountain, leave your spoil; Sons of the val - ley, cease your toil!

Stead - y of heart, and 'firm of hand, Strike for our glorious fath - er - land!

## THE STANDARD BEARER.

P. V. LINDPAINTER.



1. The Stand - ard watch up - on the bat - tle plain The minstrel holds, and on his arm is  
 2. The night has past, the bat - tle morn's at hand, Firm to his flag, in fe - al - ty so  
 1. Der Sän - ger hält im Feld die Fah - nenwacht; In sei - nem Ar-me ruht das Schwert das  
 2. Die Nacht verrinnt Kampf bringt der jun - ge Tag, Der Sän - ger will nicht von der Fah - ne



swinging His keen-edged sword, he sings a cheerful strain, His blood-stain'd fingers o'er the harp-strings  
 strong, His sword it flash - es, 'tis the lightning's brand! He fights to death, yet yields his life in  
 schar - fe, Er grüßt mit hel - lem Lied die stil - le Nacht, Und spielt da - zu mit blut'ger Hand die  
 wei - chen, Es blitzt sein Schwert, doch ist's ein Blitz und Schlag, Und singend schlägt er Lebende zu



fling - ing: "I will not name my love - ly La - dy bright, But bear the  
 song: "I will not name my La - dy - love so bright; Stained on my  
 Har - fe: "Die Dame, die ich lie - be nenn' ich nicht, doch hab' ich  
 Leichen: "Die Dame, die ich lie - be nenn' ich nicht, Kommt nur he -



col - ors she has chosen for me; I fight with joy for lib - er - ty and light, Still  
 heart, her col - ors chosen for me; I die with joy for lib - er - ty and light, Still  
 ih - re Far - ben mir er - ko - ren Ich strei - te gern, für Freiheit und für Licht, Ge -  
 ran die Brust mir zu durch boh - ren, Ich ster - be gern, für Freiheit und für Licht, Ge -



faith - ful to the Standard that floats o'er me, Yes, faithful to the Standard that floats o'er me."  
 treu der Fah - ne der ich zu ge - schworen, Ge - treu der Fah - ne der ich zu - ge - schworen."



## ALL THAT GLITTERS.

J. L. ROECKEL.  
F. E. WEATHERLY.*Allegretto semplice.*

1. He was born of high de - gree, On - ly a vil - lage maid - en she; He  
 2. Rough and poor, in fus - tian clad, Robin was but a vil - lage lad,

wooed her long in court - ly tone, Said he "loved but her a - lone, For her dear sake would  
 Wooed her in his sim - ple way, But she lightly said him nay; Said he teased her,

glad - ly die;" All was sweet when she was nigh. Sim - ple village maiden she : : : : :  
 bade him go, Laughed to see his hon - est woe,— Sil - ly lit - tle maiden fair!

Simple village maiden,  
 Sil - ly, sil - ly, maiden

Trusted him so faith - ful - ly! . . . . . Sim - ple vil - lage maid - en she  
 Words are many, love is rare, . . . . . Sil - ly, sil - ly, sil - ly little maid - en fair!

Trusted faithful - ly.  
 And love is so rare,

rall. Slower, sadly.

Trust - ed him so faith - ful - ly! 3. Ere the summer time had fled, He she  
 Words are ma - ny, love is rare.

rall.

loved so well was wed; Robin too had found a wife Worthy of his love and life!

*Allegretto, come prima.*

Little maiden, chide not fate! . . . Learn the lesson ere too late! Hearts are cast in  
 Little maiden, chide not! Learn no lesson late!

many a mould; All that glitters is not gold! All that glitters is not gold!

## THE EVENING-BELLS.

C. S. VON SECKENDORF.

*poco cres.*

1. See how the glo - ri - ous sun - set Col - ors the grove with its gold! See how the bright stars of  
 2. Safe - ly till morning dawns smil-ing, Rest we in Heaven's own care; Praising, on joy - ous - ly

even - ing Shine out in num - bers un - told! In the dis - tance, bells toll for the  
 wak - ing, Morn-ing so wondrously fair. In the dis - tance, bells toll for the

death of the day; Sing on, bells, ring on, bells, The

sad self - same way,— Toll -ing, when twilight has fled, The death of the mirth - ful day.

## FAIR LAND OF HOPE.

F. SCHIRI.

*Andante sostenuto.*

1. Fair land of hope! strong and united, Thy golden stars, a nation's faith plighted; All azure their  
 2. Oh, flag of stars, float on in thy beauty, Inspire thy sons with courage for duty! Thy bright silken

*ritard.*

field as the blue up above! Thine ev'ry blessing to man be e - ter - nal as  
 folds flash the glad light of day. To each far distant clime whose deep darkness, whose deep gloom knows no

*Fine.* *p ritard.* *ff con anima.*

love. Prove e - ter - nal, e - ter - nal as His love. Dear land of Freedom! Dear land of Freedom!  
 ray, Flash the glad light where the gloom knows no ray. Dear land of Freedom!

Home-land, we love thee! Bravely for thee we fain would die! Dearly we enshrine thee!

*dim.* *a tempo.* *ff con entusiasmo.*

Brave - ly for thee we fain would die! Loy - al, loy - al to thee, our

*con delirio.* *stentate. e marcato.* *con forza.*

love we have given, Only by death shall our hearts, Shall our true hearts e'er from thee be riv'n.

## HUSH, MY DARLING.

*Andantino grasiioso, tranquillo.*J. PLOUVE.  
C. J. SPRAGUE.

1. Hush, my dar - ling, re - pose thee, Up - on thy moth - er's breast;

An - gel arms shall en - close thee, and watch a - bove thy rest.

*Amabile.*

1. Far to the woodland birds all are fled; Bright is the moonshine high o - ver - head;  
 2. Oft - en, they tell us, God, in His love, In our dream-fan - cy bears us a - bove;  
 3. Let not thy slum-ber be then so brief! From hu - man sor - row sleep gives re - lief,

Soft - ly it shi - noth o'er all be - low, Where they are sleep - ing peacefully now.  
 There all the an - gels joy - ful - ly sing, Glo - ry and prais - es to Heaven's King.  
 When thou a - wak - est thy dream shall be Blessed il - lu - sions granted to Thee.

Hush, my darling, re - pose thee up - on thy moth - er's breast; An - gel arms shall en -

close thee, and watch a - bove thy rest. Sleep! Sleep!

Paderewski passed the early years of childhood in the country. He was motherless, but "him by the hand kind Nature took." She showed him her gracious silences, her sounds of forest, field, and brook, her stir of living growth, her various skies and motions. To this first, best music-lesson his imagination owes much of its objective material. From earliest infancy he could "hear." At three he stole to the piano to touch the keys and to listen. At six he began to study. The teacher was a fiddler who gave lessons on the piano, which he could not play. It did not even occur to

him to bestow upon his pupils that peculiar treasure of his own instrument, the power of recognizing tones. But it was not necessary. Young Ignace knew the pitch of every sound he heard. He could identify not only the notes in every chord, but each separate set of vibrations that go to make up that variable compound we call tone. "I *must* hear them, because I try to color my tone," said he, when the writer put the question, and added, "I do that largely with the pedal." The creative instinct was alive in him as soon as he could think at all. He did not long to stir his fancy

## QUEEN OF THE NIGHT.

Maestoso.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

by singing and playing the literature of music, but to make the music himself—to express his ideas and emotions through his own musical forms. After a year or two another teacher was engaged, an old man who came down into the country once a month. He had as little notion of technique as his predecessor. He thought it sufficient to bring with him a collection of four and six-hand pieces—potpourris from popular operas—which the little boy and his sister played at sight. There his instruction ended. The children

were left to find their own way among the keys, and to stumble as they went. But though genius may stumble it does not stick in the bog. "Art," says Emerson, "is the path of a creator to his work," and certainly genius is the faculty of making a short cut thither. Within, it has the image of the object to be arrived at clear and bright; and it has the wood-man's instinct to thread the jungle of ways and means. Always knowing what he wanted to do; he played, listened, compared, and thought till he found the way.

## I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The Church, our blest Re-  
 2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend; To her my cares and  
 3. Je - sus, Thou Friend di - vine, Our Sav - iour, and our King, Thy hand from ev - 'ry

deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be -  
 toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end. Beyond my high - est joy I prize her  
 snare and foe, Shall great de - liv - 'rance bring. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on

fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.  
 heavenly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.  
 shall be given The brightest glo - ries earth can yield, And brighter bliss of Heaven.

## SUABIAN'S SONG OF HOME.

1. Down in the Neckar vale 'Tis warm and fair; Snow in the O ber-land,  
 2. Down in the Neckar vale All goes so well; Here I am tired and dull,  
 3. Cold, cold in O - ber-land, Nev - er 'tis warm; Here are all men so proud,  
 4. But in the Un - der-land, Hearts are so warm! Peo - ple tho' poor they be,

Grapes in the Un - der-land; Oh! in the Neckar vale 'Tis fine and fair.  
 Languid and sor - row - ful; But in the Neckar vale All goes so well.  
 Hearts are not soft and good; So cold in O - ber-land, Nev - er is warm.  
 Are all so kind and free, That makes in Un - der-land Heart always warm.

Oberland, Prussia and Northern Germany; Underland, Suabia and Southern Germany.

Charles Dickens was very fond of music, and not of classical music only. He loved national airs, old tunes, songs and ballads, and was easily moved by anything pathetic in a song or tune. He never grew tired of hearing his special favorites sung or played. He used to like to have music of an evening, and duets were often played for hours together, while he would read or walk up and down the room. A member of his family was singing a ballad one evening

while he was apparently deep in his book, when he suddenly got up, saying, "You don't make enough of that word," and he sat down by the piano, showed her the way in which he wished it to be emphasized, and did not leave the instrument until it had been sung to his satisfaction. Whenever this song was sung, which became a favorite with him, he would always listen for that word, with his head a little on one side, as much as to say, "I wonder if she will remember."

## SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

SIR JOHN GOSS.

Moderato.

*Solo. (Treble or Tenor alternately.)*

1. See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,  
 2. Lo, with - in a man - ger lies He who built the star - ry skies;  
 3. Say, ye ho - ly shep - herds, say, What your joy - ful news to - day;

See the ten - der Lamb ap - pears, Prom - ised from e - ter - nal years.  
 He, who throned in height sub - lime, Sits a - mid the Cher - u - bim!  
 Where - fore have ye left your sheep On the lone - ly moun - tain steep?

*Chorus. ff*

Hail! thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, Re - dep - tion's hap - py dawn!

Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

"As we watched at dead of night,  
 Lo, we saw a wondrous light;  
 Angels singing peace on earth,  
 Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Sacred Infant, all divine,  
 What a tender love was Thine;  
 Thus to come from highest bliss  
 Down to such a world as this!

Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,  
 By Thy face so meek and mild,  
 Teach us to resemble Thee,  
 In Thy sweet humility!

## WE MET, 'TWAS IN A CROWD.

TROS. H. BAYLY.

*Expression.*

1. We met, 'twas in a crowd, And I thought that he would shun me; He came, I could not  
 2. And once a - gain we met, And a fair girl was near him, He smiled and whispered

breathe, For his eye was up - on me; He spoke, his words were cold, And his  
 low, As I once used to hear him; She leaned up - on his arm.—Once 'twas

smile was un - al - tered; I knew how much he felt, For his deep - toned voice  
 mine, and mine on - ly, I wept for I de - served To feel wretch - ed and

fal - ter'd; I wore my bri - dal robe, And I ri - valed its white - ness, Bright  
 lone - ly: And she will be his bride! At the al - tar he'll give her The

gems were in my hair, How I ha - ted their brightness, He called me by my name, As the  
 love that was too pure For a heart - less de - ceiv - er; The world may think me gay, For my

bride of an - other,— Oh! thou hast been the cause of This an - guish, my mother.  
 feel - ings I smother, Oh! thou hast been the cause of This an - guish, my mother.

## COME TO THE FOREST.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

*Allegro vivace.*

Come, to the forest let us go, And trip it like the bounding roe; The fauns and satyrs will do so, And

freely thus they may do. The fairies dance, And satyrs sing, And on the grass Tread many a ring, And

to their caves their ven'son bring, And we will do as they do, And we will do as they do, And

we will do as they do. Then shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fauns, For thee will trip it o'er the lawns,

Shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fauns, For thee will trip it o'er the lawns, For thee, for thee will trip, will trip, will

trip it o'er the lawns, For thee, for thee will trip, will trip, will trip it o'er the lawns. Our

food is honey from the bees, And mellow fruits that drop from trees; In

chase we climb the high degrees Of many a steepy mountain, In chase we climb, In chase we

climb, we climb the steepy mountain. In chase we climb, in chase we climb, we climb the steepy

mountain, And when the weary day is past, We at the evening hie as fast, And after this, our field re -

past We drink, we drink the pleasant fountain, And after this, our field repast We drink, we drink the pleasant

foun - tain, And after this, our field re - past We drink, we drink the pleasant foun - tain.

D. C.

It was late in April or very early in May, that I first heard the "dropping song;" for the crab-apple trees, on the Georgian hills, were in full bloom, and spring had come to stay. I had been out since the first sparkle of daylight. The sun was rising, and I had been standing watching a mocking-bird singing in a snatchy, broken way, as it fluttered about in a thick-topped crab-apple tree thirty yards distant from me. Suddenly the bird, a fine specimen, leaped like a flash to the highest spray of the tree and began to flutter in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half spread and its feathers puffed out. Almost im-

mediately there came a strange, gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped, with a backward motion from the spray, and began to fall slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs. Its progress was like that of a bird wounded to death by a shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering, and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations, but strikingly, almost startlingly, individual and unique. The bird

## OUR CHRISTMAS ROSE.

THOMAS COOKE.

appeared to be dying of the ecstasy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time, after its song had ended, crouching where it had fallen, with its wings outspread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted, then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket. I can half imagine what another ode Keats might have written had his eyes seen and his ears heard that strange, fascinating, dramatically-rendered song. Or it might better have

suitably Shelley's powers of expression. It is said that the grandest bursts of oratory are those which contain a strong trace of reserve of power. This may be true; but is not the best song that wherein the voice sweeps, with the last expression of ecstasy, from wave to wave of music, until with a supreme effort it wrecks its fullest power, thus ending in a victory over the final obstacle, as if with its utmost reach? Be this as it may, whoever is fortunate enough to hear the mocking-bird's "dropping song," and at the same time see the bird's action, will at once have the idea of genius, pure and simple, suggested to him.—*Atlantic*

## BESIDE A GREEN MEADOW.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. Be - side a green meadow a stream used to flow, So clear one might see the white pebbles below. To  
 2. "Take a seat," said the cow, gently waving her hand; "By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you  
 3. Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done, And then, "Not presuming to teach," he began: "That  
     [2. stand." Then,

this cooling brook the warm cattle would stray, To stand in the shade, on a hot summer's day. A  
 stooping to drink, with a good-natured bow, "Ma'am, your health," said the ass. "Thank you, sir," said the  
 you're of some service to them is quite true; But sure - ly they are of some service to you. 'Tis  
     [2. cow. Then

cow, quite oppress'd with the heat of the sun, Came here to refresh, as she often had done, And,  
 with a deep sigh she directly began: "Don't you think, Mister Ass, we are injured by man? 'Tis a  
 their pleasant meadow in which you regale; They feed you in winter, when grass and weeds fail. For my  
     *rall.*

standing quite still, leaning over the stream, Was musing perhaps, or perhaps she might dream. But  
 subject that lies with a weight on my mind: We certainly are much oppress'd by mankind. I've no  
 own part, I know I receive much from man, And for him in return shall do all that I can." The  
     *a tempo.*

soon a brown ass of re - spect-a - ble look Came trotting up al - so, to taste of the brook, And to  
 will of my own, but must do as they please, And give them my milk to make butter and cheese. I've  
 cow, upon this, cast her eyes on the grass, Not pleased at reproof so direct from an ass; And she  
     *Slower.*

nib - ble a few of the daisies and grass. "How d'ye do?" said the cow. "How d'ye do?" said the ass.  
 of - ten\* a good mind to kick down the pail, Or give Suke a box on the ear with my tail." thought,  
 as she had the fair meadow in sight, "I firm - ly believe that the fel - low is right."

*\*offen.*

The author of "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, was walking with a friend in the city of London, and pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfair, said: "Under those windows I composed the song as I wandered about without food, or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words, that issued out of my heart from absolute want of a home, have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from within those gilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own. I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or elsewhere, and heard persons singing Home, Sweet Home, without a penny in my pocket to buy the next meal, or

a place to put my head in. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread." This pathetic little story, which has often been reprinted, may be true, but the following is more authentic: "After a long controversy in 1835, as to the origin of the melody, Mr. Payne wrote to Mr. James Rees, of Philadelphia: 'I first heard the air in Italy. One beautiful morning as I was strolling along amid some delightful scenery my attention was arrested by the sweet voice of a peasant girl carrying a basket laden with flowers and vegetables. This plaintive air she trilled out with so much sweetness and simplicity that the melody at once caught my fancy. It was this air that suggested the words of Home, Sweet Home.'"

## OLD HOUSE AT HOME.

E. J. LORRA.

*Andante con espressione.*

1. Oh, the old house at home, where my fore-fathers dwelt, Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt, Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page, Which, if no-bble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwined, And the forth it must be; And ne'er shall I view it, or rove as a guest, O'er the in-fan-cy lisps is the sol-ace of age; My heart 'mid all changes, wher-sweet-scented jes-sa-mine waved in the wind; But dear-er to me than proud ev-er-green fields which my fa-thers pos-sessed; Yet still in my slumbers sweet ev-er I roam, Ne'er los-es its love for the old house at home. tur-ret or dome, Were the halls of my fa-thers, the old house at home. vis-ions will come Of the days that I passed at that old house at home.

## DON'T KILL THE BIRDS

E. L. WHITE.

*Animato.*

1. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds That sing about your door Soon as the joy - ous  
 2. Don't kill the birds, the lit - tle birds That play among the trees; 'Twould make the earth a  
 3. Don't kill the birds, the happy birds That bless the field and grove; So in - no - cent to

spring has come, And chill - ing storms are o'er. The lit - tle birds, how sweet they sing! Oh!  
 cheerless place, Be - rest of songs like these. The lit - tle birds, how fond they play! Do  
 look up - on, They claim our warmest love. The hap - py birds, the tune - ful birds, How

let them joyous live; And nev - er seek to take the life Which you can nev - er give.  
 not disturb their sport; But let them warble forth their songs Till win - ter cuts them short.  
 pleasant 'tis to see! No spot can be a cheerless place Where'er their presence be.

## GENTLE BREEZES SIGHING.

G. DONIZETTI.

*Allegretto.*

1. Gen - tle breezes now are sigh - ing O'er the meadow and the lea; While the sparkling mountain  
 2. Flowers are springing in the wildwood, And within the si - lent glen; Far away from strife and

streamlet Swiftly glides toward the sea; Birds are singing in the for - est, Songs of  
 tu - mult, Far from all the haunts of men. Earth is filled with wondrous beau - ty, Day by

freedom and of cheer, Tell - ing us that winter's end - ed, And that gentle spring is here.  
 day it grows more dear, Welcome, leaf and bud and blossom! Lo! the gentle spring is here.

During a song service for young men, led by Ira D. Sankey, at the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, the evangelist told how the song "Ninety and Nine" sprang into existence. "The words," he said, "were written by a lady of Scotland during an inspired moment some years ago, and sent to the editor of a little out-of-the-way newspaper, who had them published in his journal. They were copied into many English and afterward American papers; and it was while traveling one time through Scotland that I picked up a newspaper and my eyes fell upon that bit of poetry, stuck away in one corner of the sheet. It impressed me quite forcibly, and, tearing the verses out, I pre-

served them. I was to address a religious meeting in a town of Scotland that evening, and when I stepped inside the doors of the church it was filled with shepherd lads and lassies, all trembling with expectation and suppressed excitement. I walked to the pulpit and immediately commenced singing the words of that beautiful little poem from memory and inspiration, the air coming to my mind as I went along. Those shepherds understood it and grasped its full meaning, as of personal experience. That vast congregation listened in perfect silence until the conclusion of the song, and those honest shepherds went forth from that meeting, I trust, with a new feeling in their hearts."

## WHERE ROSES FAIR.

PRINCE GUSTAVUS.

Andantino. (IM ROSENDUFT.)



1. Where ro - ses fair around our path are lying, And fragrance breathe to the soft gen - tle  
 2. Ask not what's bliss within the fond heart springing? Ask not where joy on the lone earth is  
 1. Im Ro - sen - duft, vom Blüthenhain um-fangen, Wo Frieden wohnt inmitten Thal - und  
 2. O fra - ge nicht, was sind denn Seelig-keiten? O fra - ge nicht, was ist Zu - frie - den -



gales, We'll dream of bliss, tho' swiftly time be flying, And seek for joy'mong the green hills and  
 found? The murmur'ring stream, the wild bird gaily singing, All na - ture now joyful-ly speaks a -  
 Berg, Im Ro - sen - duft, vom Blüthenhain um fangen, Wo Frieden wohnt inmitten Thal - und  
 heit? O fra - ge nicht, was sind denn Seeligkeiten? O fra - ge nicht, was ist Zu - frie - den -



dales. Oh! there, we'll ban - ish all re - gret, The bo - som's gloom and  
 round. Oh! lis - ten to her gladsome voice, It bids the droop-ing  
 Berg, Lass uns ver - träu - men Le - bens - lust, Den Schmerz ver - ges - sen  
 heit? Lausch nur - der Stim - me der Na - tur, Und birg ihr Wort im



pain for - get; Each peace - ful pleasure shar - ing, For the world no lon - ger caring. Oh!  
 heart rejoice, Her charms let us be shar - ing, For the world no lon - ger caring. Oh!  
 in der Brust. Nicht nach der Welt ver - lan - gen Nicht nach der Welt verlangen. Lass  
 Herzen nur. Und su - che dir's zu deu - ten, Su - che dir's zu deuten. Lausch



## OUR MOTHER'S WAY.

DAVID LEE.

*Andantino.*

1. Oft within our lit - tle cottage, As the shadows gently fall, While the sunlight touches softly  
 2. If our home be bright and cheery, If it hold a welcome true, Opening wide its door of greeting  
 3. Sometimes when our hearts grow weary, Or our task seems very long, When our burdens look too heavy,

One sweet face up - on the wall, Do we gather there together, And in qui - et tender tone,  
 To the many— not the few; If we share our Father's bounty With the needy, day by day,  
 And we deem the right all wrong, Then we gain anew fresh courage, As we rise, to proudly say:

Ask each other kind forgiveness For the wrong that each has done, Should you wonder at this custom  
 'Tis because our hearts remember This was ever mother's way. Thus we keep her mem'ry precious,  
 "Let us do our duty bravely, This was our dear mother's way." Thus we keep her mem'ry precious,

At the ending of the day, Eye and voice would quickly answer, "It was once our mother's way."  
 While we never cease to pray, That the evening find us waiting To go home our mother's way.  
 While we never cease to pray, That the evening find us waiting To go home our mother's way.

## CLOVER SO WHITE.

1. There is a little perfumed flow'r, The clover so white, clover so white, It might well grace the loveliest bow'r,  
 2. Nature perchance, in careless hour, Oh, clover so white, clover so white, With pencil dry did paint thy flow'r,

Yet poet ne'er hath deigned to sing Of this fair, humble rustic thing, Clover so white, clover so white.  
 Yet instant blushed, such fault to be, And gave thee double fragrancy, Clover so white, clover so white!

## THE SEA.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.  
BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

*Allegro.*

1. The Sea, the Sea, the o - pen Sea! The blue, the fresh, the ever free, the  
 2. I love, oh, how I love to ride On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide, on  
 3. The waves were white, and red the morn, In the noisy hour when I was born, the

ev - er, ev - er free! Without a mark, without a bound, It runneth the  
 the fierce, foaming tide! When ev - 'ry mad wave drowns the moon, Or whistles a -  
 hour when I was born; The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled, And the dolphins

earth's wide re - gions round. It plays with the clouds, it mocks the  
 lost his tem - pest tune, And tells how goeth the world be -  
 bared their backs of gold; And nev - er was heard such out - cry

skies, Or like a cradled creature lies, Or like a cra - dled crea - ture lies.  
 low, And why the sou - west blast doth blow, And why the sou - west blast doth blow!  
 wild As welcomed to life the Ocean child, As welcomed to life the O - cean child.

*f* I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea! I am where I would  
 I nev - er was on the dull, tame shore, But I loved the great sea  
 I have lived, since then, in calm and strife, Full fif - ty summers a

ev - er be, With the blue above, and the blue below, And si - lence where - so - e'er I  
 more and more, But I loved the great sea more and more, And backward flew to her billowy  
 sail - or's life, With wealth to spend, and a power to range, But nev - er have sought or sighed for

go. If a storm should come and a - wake the deep, What matter? what  
breast, Like a bird that seek - eth its moth - er's nest; And a mother she  
change: And Death, when - ev - er he comes to me, Shall come on

matter? I shall ride and sleep. What matter? what matter? I shall ride and sleep.  
was, and she is to me, For I was born on the o - pen sea.  
the wide, unbounded sea, Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea.

## FAINT AND WEARILY.

*Allegro moderato.*

DR. ARNOLD.

1. Faint and wea - ri - ly the way-worn travel - er Plods on cheer - i - ly a - fraid to stop;  
2. Tho' so mel - an - choly day has passed by, 'Twould be fol - ly to think on it more;

Wan - d'ring dreari - ly, and sad un - rav'l - ler Of the mazes t'ward the mountain top;  
Blithe and jol - ly he the can holds fast by, As he's sitting at the goat-herd's door,

Doubting, fearing, while his course he's steering, Cottages ap - pearing as he's nigh to stop;  
Eat - ing, quaffing, at past labors laughing, Better far by half in spirits than be - fore;

O how briskly then the way-worn trav - el - er Threads the mazes t'ward the mountain top!  
O how merry then the rest - ed trav - el - er Seems while sitting at the goat-herd's door.

## IN THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

J. HARROWAY.  
CHARLES JEFFERYS.

*antico con espress.*

1. Fare - well to the home of my child - hood, Fare - well to my cot - tage and  
 2. No friend came a - round me to cheer me, No pa - rent to soft - en my

vine; I go to the land of the stran - ger Where pleas - ure a - lone will be  
 grief; Nor broth - er nor sis - ter were near me, And stran - gers could give no re -

mine. When life's fleet-ing jour - ney is o - ver And earth a - gain min-gles with  
 lief. 'Tis true that it mat - ters but lit - tle, Tho' liv - ing the thought makes one

earth, I can rest in the land of the stranger As well as in that of my  
 pine, What - ev - er be - falls the poor rel - ic When the spir - it has flown from its

birth. Yes, these were my feel - ings at part - ing, But ab - sence soon al - ter'd their  
 shrine; But oh! when life's jour - ney is o - ver, And earth a - gain min - gles with

tone, The cold hand of sickness came o'er me, And I wept o'er my sorrows a - lone.  
 earth, La - ment - ed or not, still my wish is To rest in the land of my birth.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The tempo is marked 'antico con espress.' The lyrics for the first two lines are provided. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the third and fourth lines are provided. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the fifth and sixth lines are provided. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the seventh and eighth lines are provided. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the ninth and tenth lines are provided. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the eleventh and twelfth lines are provided. The seventh staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the thirteenth and fourteenth lines are provided. The eighth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the fifteenth and sixteenth lines are provided. The ninth staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the seventeenth and eighteenth lines are provided. The tenth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. The lyrics for the nineteenth and twentieth lines are provided. The piano accompaniment is indicated by a bass clef and a treble clef on the first staff, followed by a bass clef and a treble clef on the second staff, and so on. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines and includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed below the corresponding musical staves.

## DOL-OROUS DITTY.

*Animato.*

NONSENSE RHYMES.

1. Oh, dear me, with all its goodness, Sally's doll is on - ly woodness; Bo - na fi - des,  
 2. Oh, ta - os, tap - sos, to - rus, tax - en, Dora's doll is wholly wax - en, Hair all yel - low  
 3. De cir - ca, ce - re - bellum, centum, Laura's doll it cost ar - gentum, But she drops it

quadra ri - des, Nelly's is but bran; Fi fo fiddle fum fee, fag - end - o, Nelly's ba - by's  
 like a Saxon, Eyes one blue, one gray; Weight of lead nor weight of feather, Norah's doll is  
 with momentum When she runs away; August, Mars, July, and Ju - no! There's my doll torn

all rag - end - o, For re - pairs where I send - o? To the tin - ker man.  
 made of leather, War - rant - ed for an - y weath - er But a rain - y day.  
 up by Bru - no, Naughty dog - gie, lit - tie you know! What will mamma say!

## TRIP IT LIGHTLY.

*mp*

1. Trip it light - ly a - long, Singing gai - ly a song; Keeping measure, you know, As to -  
 2. Happy, hap - py are we! Full of brightness and glee, As the birds are that sing On the  
 3. Not a sorrow or care, Nor a trou - ble we wear; And we fear not a foe, But en -

geth - er we go! Trip it light - ly, singing gai - ly, Keeping measure as we go.  
 bright days of spring; Happy, hap - py, full of brightness, As the birds are in the spring.  
 joy as we go. Not a sor - row, nor a trou - ble, And we fear not an - y foe.

*Fine.**D. C.*

1. (ROUND.)

2.

3.

4.

Whether you whisper low Or whether you loudly call, Distinctly speak, distinctly speak, Or do not speak at all.

## HAPPY AND LIGHT.

M. W. BALFE.  
From "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

1st time.

*p Lively.*

Happy and light of heart are those, Yes, Happy and light of heart are those who in each other faith repose,

*ad time.* *f* *p*

er faith repose, Hap - py and light, and light of heart are those,

*p* *>*

Who faith re - pose, in each oth - er faith repose, ah, Hap - py and light of

*p* *>* *>*

heart are those, who in each oth - er faith repose. Who in each oth - er, Who in each

*p*

other, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Happy and light of heart are those, Who

*cntr.* *p*

in each oth - er faith repose, Who in each oth - er faith repose, repose, yes, Hap - py and

light of heart are those, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Happy and light, Happy and  
 light, Who in each oth - er faith re - pose, Their faith re - pose.

## ALL THINGS LOVE THEE.

CHARLES E. HORN.

*Allegro moderato.*

1. Gen - tle waves up - on the deep Murmur soft when thou dost sleep; Lit - tle birds up -  
 2. When thou wak'st the sea will pour Treasures for thee to the shore; And the earth, in  
 on the tree Sing their sweetest songs for thee, their sweet - est songs for thee;  
 plant and tree, Bring forth fruit and flow'rs for thee, bring fruit and flow'rs for thee;  
 Cool - ing gales with voices low, In the tree-tops gently blow; When thou dost in slumber lie,  
 Whilst the glorious stars above Shine on thee like trusting love; When thou dost in slumber lie,  
 All things love thee, so do I! When thou dost in slumber lie, All things love thee, so do I!  
*ad lib.*

## THE MERRY BIRDS.

FRED. GOMBERT.

*Allegretto.*

1. The mer - ry birds are singing gay In mead and grove their cheery lay; Two wings have  
 2. Down in a vale where sparkling springs Fill the cool air with murmur - ings, Where flowers

they with which to fly O'er land and sea and moun - tains high; And voi - ces  
 sweet and beauteous grow, And gent - ly to the zeph - yrs bow, There is my

*Andante con molto espress.*

sweet to sing with might Their joyful praise from heart's de - light. Oh, say, ye lit - tle  
 own love's cot - tage dear, There springtime laughs thro' all the year. Oh, say, ye lit - tle

mer - ry birds, Oh, say, ye lit - tle mer - ry birds, Will

none, will none of ye a mes - sage bear for me?

*Agitato.*

3. Ah! could I fly instead of you, I'd tell her how my love is true; My pain to her I would com -

plain, That far from her I must re - main! Upon her love I then would rest, With hope and

D. S.

joy be sweetly blest. Oh, say, ye lit - tie merry birds, will none, will none its bear - er be!

Fine.

## CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

CHARLES E. HORN.  
From "As You LIKE IT."

*Moderato con espress.*

1. Crab - bed age and youth Can - not live to - geth - er; Youth like sum - mer  
 2. Age is full of care; Youth is full of pleas - ure; Age like win - ter

*con energia.*

morn, Age like win - ter weather. Age I do ab - hor thee!  
 bare; Youth like sum - mer weather. Age I do ab - hor thee!

Youth, I do a - dore thee! O sweet shepherd, hie thee; For me-thinks thou stay'st too

*ad lib.*

long, me-thinks thou stay'st, thou stay'st too long, me-thinks thou stay - est too long.

It was once my privilege, toward the end of a lovely day in June, to stand upon the ramparts of Windsor Castle, and to gaze in mute wonder and rapture over that delicious landscape—the hallowed realm of learning and taste—which environs the stateliest and most majestic of the royal palaces of England. The glory of sunset was fading in the west. The soft and mellow light of the gloaming was just beginning to creep over the emerald velvet of the meadows and the dense foliage of the slumbering elms. Far below lay the quaint city, so beautiful in its carved and timber-crossed antiquity, so venerable with historic associations and with martial and poetic renown. At a little distance the “antique spires” and lancet casements of Eton glimmered in the last faint rays of sunset gold. Many church towers, gray and solemn and ancient, were dimly visible on the darkening plains. The old

Thames, black and shining, flowed in sweet tranquility through the peaceful scene. The evening wind was laden with fragrance of syringa and jasmine. Over and around the great central tower of the castle a multitude of birds, warned homeward by impending night, circled with incessant motion and strange, melodious cries. And out from the sombre, mysterious sanctity of St. George’s Chapel, borne tremulous on the perfumed twilight air, came the sobbing organ music of the vesper hymn. In that solemn hour it was again, and more deeply than ever, impressed upon my mind that the divine privilege of art, and the supreme obligation of every intellect engaged in its ministry, is to diffuse and to secure for all people this superb exaltation of soul—to set upon the familiar face of our every-day lives the immortal seal of spiritual refinement, the sacred radiance of gentleness and beauty.—*William Winter.*

## THE MINSTREL'S REQUEST.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*Andante.*

Many have stood aghast as the laws in different States have forbidden the reading of the Bible in school, and we have heard the fear expressed that America would eventually become a godless country of godless schools. But such doubters have not looked beneath the surface, else they would have seen the slow and steady progress of goodness and truth, whose resistless forward march no laws of man can impede. If we may not read the Bible, no law forbids that we make the right way the pleasant way, no one objects when beauty and truth are made the object of the child's efforts, no voice protests when we teach obedience from lofty motives. Is not this teaching morality? The day is fast passing when children may grow up in civilized communities with the barbarous idea that all good things are disagreeable and all evil

attractive. We have learned that where this idea has taken root the fault was not in the essence of the good thing, but rather in the false light in which it was presented to the childish intellect. An element which helps to make the school-room a pleasant, cheerful place, which makes obedience a pleasure, and creates a love for the good, the true and the beautiful, assists in the moral training of the young. That music does this none can deny. Did you ever see a room full of children as they joined in singing a song they thoroughly enjoyed? If you have, there remains no doubt in your mind as to whether or not those children were made happy by their music. Good music arouses a spirit of good will, creates a harmonious atmosphere, and where harmony and good will prevail, the disobedient, unruly spirit finds no resting place.—*J. E. Crane.*

## WAITING FOR ME.

ROBERT HANCE.  
HORACE B. DURANT.

1. I know there are some that are waiting for me, Some gone to a kingdom above, Where  
 2. Just o - ver the riv - er, she waits me to-day, She said she would think of me there, Un-  
 3. 'Tis thus our de - parted re - member us still, And wait on the beauti - ful shore, To



partings come not, and no sor - row can be, And life is an E - den of love; It  
 til the good Shepherd should call me away From earth to the fold of His care - The  
 welcome us home with a rap - turous thrill, When Je - sus shall carry us o'er; Ah!



seems but a day since the dear - est and last, Went down to that dim-flowing tide, And  
 mist of the riv - er is hiding those gates Mere mor - tal can never be - hold; Yet  
 why should we speak of them on - ly as dead? Why miss them de - spair - ing - ly so? Un -



bade me "come soon" as she hope - ful - ly passed A - cross to the heav-en - ly side;  
 hope - ful - ly there for my com - ing she waits, I know, by those por - tals of gold.  
 seen may they oft - en not si - lent - ly tread Much closer to us than we know?



## Chorus.



[ Just o - ver the riv - er, Just o - ver the riv - er, How joy - ous our meeting will



be! When life here is end - ed and glad - ly I go, How joyous our meeting will be!



## THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

LUIGI ARDITI.

*p* stac.

Tempo di Valse.

1. O the banks of the Lee, O the banks of the Lee, And fond love in a  
 2. There so green is the grass, and so clear is the stream, There so mild is the

*p* dolce. stac.

cot - tage for Ma - ry and me! There is not, in the land, not a love -  
 mist and so rich is the beam That fair beau - ty should never to lands

1 stac. cres. *8f* *a tempo.* 2

li - er tide, And I know that there's no one so fair as my bride. dis - tant

*rit.* *cres.* *a tempo.* *rit.* *egrasioso.*

roam, But should make on the banks of our river, on the banks of our river its home. Sweet sounds, sweet  
 sounds fill

*p*

all the air, 'Neath sun - ny skies All things are fair, all things are fair, all things are

*p e tranquillo.*

fair. There how soft falls the twilight shade Round my gentle maid! And the moon's fair light  
 There how sweet falls the morning ray Round her happy way! Oh, my Ma - ry dear,

poco cres. *p* Gilds the mountain height; There the scent of flowers Fills the midnight hours, And the  
 Do but bend thine ear! That the ro - ses grew All the long night thro', 'Tis to  
 sweeter seems For the stars' bright beams; There the scent of flow'rs Fills the midnight hours And the  
 look at you As they drip with dew; That the ro - ses grew All the long night thro', 'Tis to  
 sweeter seems For the stars' bright beams, For the stars' bright beams.  
 look at you As they drip with dew, As they drip with dew. So come weal or  
 sor - row. What chance brings the mor - row, With hearts firm, u - nit - ed, With  
 hands, with hands true love plighted, We'll greet that glad morrow, We'll greet that glad  
 morrow, Nor fear when the loud tempests rage, No, nor fear when loud tempests rage.

Bryan Waller Procter ("Barry Cornwall") produced a great variety of literature, but he is most widely known and best appreciated for his exquisite songs. Of these, his song of "The Sea," is perhaps the best remembered. He was born in London, in 1790, spent a long and outwardly uneventful life there among warm friends and admirers, and there died, October 4, 1874. The air of this song was composed by a singular musical character, who went to London in 1830, and became very intimate with Procter. This was Sigismund Neukomm, Chevalier, a German composer, born at Salzburg, July 10, 1778. He was musically educated by Joseph Haydn, who was his relative. He had opportunities for study and travel, and became so well-informed as to receive, among his friends, the

nickname of "Cyclopædia." At the house of Ignatz Moscheles, in London, Neukomm and Mendelssohn met frequently. Moscheles, in his diary, tells us that, although they became friendly, their mutual appreciation was confined to the social virtues; for Neukomm thought Mendelssohn "too impetuous, noisy, and lavish in the use of wind instruments, too exaggerated in his *tempo*, and too restless in his playing;" while the glorious young musical genius would turn impatiently on his heel, exclaiming, "If only that excellent man, Neukomm, would write better music! He speaks so ably, his language and letters are so choice, and yet his music—how common-place!" Chorley, in his musical recollections, gives us a picture which makes us feel that Mendelssohn's judgment was far too lenient. He

### WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

*Moderato.*

SHAKESPEARE.  
From "TWELFTH NIGHT."

1. When that I was a lit - tle ti - ny boy, With a heigh - ho! the wind and the rain, And,
2. But when I came to man's es - tate, With a heigh - ho! the wind and the rain, 'Gainst
3. But when I came, a - las! to wife, With a heigh - ho! the wind and the rain, By
4. A great while ago the world be - gun, With a heigh - ho! the wind and the rain, But

fool - ish thing, was but a toy, For the rain it rain - eth ev - ry day, With a  
thieves and knaves men shut their gate, For the rain it rain - eth ev - ry day, With a  
swaggering nev - er could I thrive, For the rain it rain - eth ev - ry day, With a  
that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you ev - ry day, With a

heigh - ho! the wind and the rain, For the rain it rain - eth ev - ry day.  
heigh - ho! the wind and the rain, For the rain it rain - eth ev - ry day.

says: "Of all the men of talent I have ever known, Chevalier Neukomm was the most deliberate in turning to account every gift, every talent, every creature-comfort to be procured from others; withal, shrewd, pleasant, universally educated beyond the generality of musical composers of his period. A man who had been largely 'knocked about,' and had been hardened into the habit or duty of knocking any one whom he could fascinate into believing in him. Never was any man more adroit in catering for his own comforts—in administering vicarious benevolence. Once having gained entrance into a house, he remained there, with a possession of self-possession the like of which I have never seen. On the strength of a slender musical talent, a smooth, diplomatic manner, and some small insight into other

worlds than his own, he maintained a place, in its lesser sphere, as astounding and autocratic as that of the great Samuel Johnson, when he ruled the household of the Thrales with a rod of iron. For some five years he held a first place in England, and was in honored request at every provincial music-meeting. His most noted song, 'The Sea,' to the spirited and stirring words of Barry Cornwall, made at once a striking mark on the public ear and heart. The spirited setting bore out the spirited words; and the spirited singing and saying of both, by Mr. Henry Phillips, had no small share in the brilliant success." Neukomm became partially blind in his later years, and died in Paris, April 3, 1858. Mr. Phillips, in his Recollections, says: "Neukomm sent me a note, saying he had composed

a song for me—would I come to his apartments and hear it? He was then an attaché of the French ambassador, who resided in Portland Place. I accordingly went, was very kindly and politely received; he sat down to his pianoforte and played, and in his way sang the song. I was unable to make any remark upon it; for I was anything but pleased, and candidly confess I thought he had written it to insult me. I brought the manuscript home, and on singing it over was strengthened in my former opinion. The more I tried it, the more displeased I was. I felt, however, that I was bound to sing it; I could not again refuse his offer. So it was scored for the orchestra, and I was to introduce it at a grand morning concert, given by Nicholson, at the Italian Opera Concert Room. I went very down-

cast, and felt assured that I should be hissed out of the orchestra. This much-dreaded song was 'The sea, the sea, the open sea.' The orchestra led off the long symphony which precedes the air. In an instant I heard the master-hand over the score; I felt suddenly inspired, sang it with all my energy, and gained a vociferous encore. The whole conversation of the day was the magnificent song I had just sung. My friend, Mori, who led the band, asked me if I thought he could obtain it for ten guineas. I told him I did not think five tens would purchase it. 'Well,' said he, 'I'll think of it.' He did; and while he was thinking, Mr. Frederick Beale paid Neukomm a visit, in anxious hope of obtaining the song, while Addison stood watching from the window in Regent street, for

## AN EVENING SONG.

FRANZ ABT.

6765

Moderato. *p*

1. The ev - 'ning softly is steal - ing, The shadows grow dark and long; The  
 2. In pur - ple glo - ry glow-ing, The sun now sinks to rest; The  
 3. The dis - tant clocks tell sweet - ly How quickly time doth fly; And  
 4. And now sweet sleep comes o'er us, Night spreads her sa - ble pall; Still

bells have ceased their pealing, The bells have ceased their peal - ing, Each bird has hushed its  
 moon her soft light throwing, The moon her soft light throw - ing, While stars the heav - ens  
 pi - ous thoughts so meet - ly, And pi - ous thoughts so meet - ly, Are raised to Him on  
 God a - bove cares for us, Still God a - bove cares for us, And watches o - ver

*mf* *p* *poco rall.*

song, Each bird, each bird, each bird has hushed its song.  
 crest, And stars, and stars, bright stars the heav - ens crest.  
 high, Are raised, are raised, are raised to Him on high.  
 all, He watch - es, He watch - es, He watch - es o - ver all.

Beale's return. Presently he caught sight of him, when Beale waved the manuscript triumphantly in the air. It was theirs, and realized a fortune. I believe they got it for fifty guineas."—*Our Familiar Songs*.

The entire party were in the best of spirits, and nature responded to our happiness in its kindest mood. Laughter sounded pleasantly at intervals from the busy groups, each working at some self-appointed industry. The hum of cheerful conversation mingled with the murmurs of the brook; and now and then the snatch of some sweet song would break from tuneful lips, brief, spirited, melodious as a bobolink's dashing upward from the clover-heads. . Ay, ay, thank God for laughter! Thank him heartily and ever, dear friend, blow the winds, run the tides as they may. The sor-

rows of life may be many, and its griefs may be keen, and we who are frosted with years and you who are blooming have felt and will feel the sting of false friends and the burden of losses; but, let us lose what we may, or be pained as we have been and shall be, we are happy in this—we know how to laugh—that we find wings for each burden, solace for pains, and return for all losses, in our sweet sense of humor, thank Heaven! So, whether rich men or poor, healthy or sick, brown-headed or gray, we will go on like children, with eyes for all beauty and hearts for all fun. Let the lilies teach us, and of the birds of the air let us learn. The day that is not shall not make us anxious, for of each day is the evil enough, and the morrow shall take care of itself.—*W. H. H. Murray.*

We heard from a bright woman the other day the expression "a musical snob," and asked what it meant. "A musical snob, my dear, is one of the most insufferable of all snobs. I mean by it an imperfectly-educated amateur, a person who can perhaps play fairly well on some musical instrument, or can possibly sing without serious faults the ordinary run of songs one hears in the parlor or at an amateur concert. When such meagerly educated musicians claim 'to know all,' though they really know little more than nothing; when they profess to have no interest in 'popular music,' but dote on 'the classical,' when such

self-satisfied persons criticise every musician, affect to discover faults where others more competent to give an opinion are free to award credit—why, they are musical snobs, my dear, and the laughing stock of everybody who loves music. Such shallow frauds find fault with the programmes at the summer concerts because they are too light; such meretricious musicians affect to dislike Gericke, to sneer at Thomas, and to dote on Seidl. They can't bear to hear an Italian opera; they must have 'Varkner' or nothing. They like Von Bulow, but 'can't bear' Krebs, and regard Carreno as a mere 'amateur.' They are wild

## JOHNNY SCHMOKER.

Johnny Schmoker, Johnny Schmoker, kann'st du sin - gen? Kann'st du spielen? Ich kann spielen auf der Trom - mel. Rub a dub a dub, das ist die Trommel. Fi - fey. Witty witty wink, das ist die Fi - fey. Rub a dub a dub, das ist die Trommel, Mein Rub a dub a dub, Mein wit - ty wit - ty wink, das ist die Fi - fey. Triangle. (D. C. Johnny Schmoker, for 4th time.)

1st time.

D.C. 2d time.

3d time.—Triangle.

4th time.—Trombone.

f: Ting ting ting, das ist Triangle. :||

p: Witty witty wink, das ist die Fife. :||

f: Rub a dub a dub, das ist die Trommel. :||

f: Mein rub a dub a dub, mein witty witty wink, das ist die Fife. :||

p: Mein ting ting ting, das ist Triangle. :||

(D. C. Johnny Schmoker, for 4th time.)

5th time.—Cymbal.

6th time.—Viol.

7th time.—Doodelsack. (Bagpipe.)

8th time.—Twack twack twack, das ist der Doodelsack. :||

about the 'cello.' If they hear the 'crowd' praising a singer they immediately pounce on his or her 'style,' or 'phrasing,' or 'tones'—anything at all to make precious little knowledge pass as the dictum of an artist, a critic, or a lover of the 'best music.' A musical snob, my dear, is one of the most repulsive of its species, for it persists in pushing its snobbishness upon the sight and hearing of an abused and disgusted public. Be patient with the creature; may be it can't help it."

In the old humorous song here given, sing to first *D. C.* then repeat from the beginning, omitting the

part marked 1st time, passing to part marked 2d time, continue on to *D. C.* of this (second part) then repeat again from the beginning, omitting both first and second time parts, passing to third time, or new part, and so on. Observe that the motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as for example, at "Rub-a-dub," the roll of the drum is imitated, before and after which the arms and hands are motionless. At every *D. C.* let the arms fall. It represents a lively old fellow, a German musician, who is telling his friend Johnny Schmoker about the in-

struments upon which he can play, describing them by motions while he sings. When performed by a chorus, especially of men, the movements being in exact time and all together, the effect produced is unique and entertaining. The motions are made only when the words describing the instruments are sung, as for example at "Rub-a-dub-a-dub" the roll of the drum is imitated, beginning in the case of all the instruments with the first and ending exactly with the last word; of "Witty witty wink," the hands are placed as if playing the fife and the fingers only move; of "Ting ting ting," the right hand strikes three times

under the left as if playing the triangle; of "Boom boom boom," the hand is moved forward and back as if playing the trombone; and so on to the last, which is imitated by crooking both arms and striking with them against the sides as if playing the bagpipe. Observe that the singing in the case of some of the instruments is loud and of others soft; also, that the phrase where each instrument is first mentioned is repeated, and that the first movement which is sung when each instrument is introduced is (to save room) printed but once. The effect of this song with a company of children is highly amusing and greatly enjoyed.

## BARNEY BUNTLINE.

WILLIAM Pitt.  
OLD ENGLISH SONG.

I. One night came on a hur - ri - cane, the sea was mountains roll - ing, When  
 2. "Fool - hard - y chaps as lives in towns, what dan - ger they are all in! And  
 3. "Then, as to them kept out all day on business from their hous - es, And  
 4. "And oft - en have we sea - men heard how men are killed and un - done, By

Bar - ney Buntline turned his quid, and said to Bil - ly Bow - ling: "A  
 now they're quaking in their beds for fear the roof should fall in. Poor  
 late at night are walk - ing home to cheer their babes and spous - es, While  
 o - ver - turns in car - ri - ages, and thieves, and fires in Lon - don; We've

strong sou' - west - er's blow - ing, Bill, O can't you hear it roar now? God  
 crea - tures, how they en - vies us, and wish - es, I've a no - tion, For  
 you and I up - on the deck are com - fort - a - bly ly - in', My  
 heard what risks all landsmen run, from no - ble - men to tail - ors, So

help 'em, how I pit - ies all un - hap - py folks a - shore now!"  
 our good luck in such a storm to be up - on the o - cean."  
 eye, what tiles and chim - ney pots a - bout their heads are fly - in'!"  
 Bill, let us thank Prov - i - dence, that you and I be sail - ors."

Chorus.

Bow, wow, wow, rum - ti id - dy, rum - ti id - dy, Bow, wow, wow,

If it be demanded that every exercise of the school-room shall subserve the purposes of mental discipline, music is still, and in an eminent degree, reliable. As an aid to the memory, it holds the highest rank. Thought wedded to music is enforced, intensified. The songs of our childhood are never forgotten. They become the eternal constituents of the soul. So well aware of this were the ancients that their laws were composed in

verse and inculcated by song. The Greek word for law and song was identical. Aristotle alludes to this fact, and assigns as a reason that, when writing was unknown, the laws were sung that they might not be forgotten. Luther, following in their footsteps, not only translated the ancient Latin hymns, but wrote his catechism and the confession of Augsburg in verse, that the people might thus become familiar with them.

## DO YOU THINK OF THE DAYS?

*Moderato con espress.*HENRY SMART.  
DORA GREENWELL.

1. Do you think of the days that are gone, Jeanie, As ye sit by your fire at  
 2. Do you think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie, As ye sit by the fire at  
 3. Do you think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie, As ye sit by the fire at

night? Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time When your  
 night? Do ye gath - er them up as they fa - ded fast, Like  
 night? Do ye wish they were round you a - gain once more, By the

heart and your step were light? "I think of the days that are gone, Robin, And of  
 buds with an ear - ly blight?" "I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin, And I  
 hearth that they made so bright?" "I think of the friends that are gone, Robin, They are

all that I joyed in then, But the brightest that ev - er a - rose on me, I have  
 mourn not their stay was fleet, For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall And were  
 dear to my heart as then, But the best and the dear - est of them all I have

nev - er wished back - a - gain, I have nev - er wish'd back a - gain,"  
 e - ven in fall - ing sweet, And were e - ven in fall - ing sweet."  
 nev - er wished back - a - gain, I have nev - er wish'd back a - gain."

## THE JEWISH MAIDEN.

*Con dolore.*

F. KUCKEN.

1. The harp is now si - lent, the strings rent in twain, The  
 2. Where are they, the chil - dren of thy hon - or'd race, They're  
 3. The arms of our daugh - ters, in chains they are bound, The

heart's se - cret long - ings no long - er re - main, The tim - id bird,  
 fall - en in bat - tle to save thy dis - grace; The towns lie in  
 once fair and bloom - ing are bow'd to the ground; The day now seems

droop - ing, not up - ward it flies; En - snared by the fowl - er it  
 ash - es, de - sert - ed the plain, In gore they are ly - ing, the  
 drea - ry and chill'd as the grave; De - rid - ed by foe - men, the

flut - ters and dies. Oh, Fa - ther-land dear, Oh, Fa - ther-land mine, I ne'er shall re -  
 brave that were slain. Oh, Fa - ther-land dear, Oh, Fa - ther-land mine, Oh, when will Je -  
 Jew is a slave. Oh, Fa - ther-land dear, Oh, Fa - ther-land mine, The grave will u -

pose on thy bos - om a - gain. Oh, Fa - ther-land dear, Oh, Fa - ther-land  
 ho - vah to vengeance in - cline? Oh, Fa - ther-land dear, Oh, Fa - ther-land  
 nite us, I then shall be thine. Oh, Fa - ther-land dear, Oh, Fa - ther-land

mine, I ne'er shall re - pose on thy bos - om a - gain.  
 mine, Oh, when will Je - ho - vah to ven - - geance in - cline?  
 mine, The grave will u - nite us, I then..... shall be thine.

*sempre cres.*

## SING, SWEET BIRD.

WILHELM GANZ.  
L. M. THORNTON.*Moderato.*

1. Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sor - row, Let me lis - ten to thy strain; From thy warblings  
2. Morn and noon and dew - y e - ven, Anxious-ly for thee I'll wait; Come thou cho - ri -



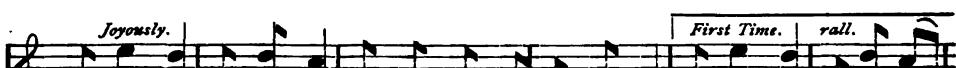
I can bor - row That which bids me hope a - gain. Ho - ver still a - round his dwelling,  
ster of Heav - en, Cheer a soul dis - con - so - late. So shall time fond thoughts a-wak - en,



There is pleasure where thou art; While thy tale of love thou'rt telling, Say—who can be  
Joy once more shall live and reign, And the harp so long for - sak - en, Yields its dul - cet



sad at heart? While thy tale of love thou'rt tell - ing, Say—who can be sad at heart?  
notes a - gain, While thy tale of love thou'rt tell - ing, Say—who can be sad at heart?



Sing, sweet bird, Sing, sweet bird, Let me list - en to thy strain; Sing, sweet bird, Sing, sweet bird,



Let me list - en to thy strain. Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet



*dolce. p*

bird, . . . sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet

*poco rall.*

bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, Ah! sing, sweet bird.

*cres.*

*f*

bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, Ah! sing, sweet bird.

*Lento.*

*Second Time.*

*f accel.*

Sing, sweet bird, Sing, sweet bird, Let me lis - ten, let me lis - ten to thy strain,

*Animato.*

*f graciola.*

*p*

Ah! . . . to thy strain. Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet

*poco rall. colla voce.*

*dolce. p*

bird, Ah! . . . sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet

*f*

*f*

bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, Ah! sing, sweet bird.

The surroundings of the school-room are also exceedingly favorable to real progress. The association of numbers and the laudable ambition to excel, excited by class practice, these afford a powerful stimulus, and give the teacher an advantage which individual tuition can never acquire. The error of postponement to a later period may be readily shown. The organs which produce tone have lost their elasticity, the ear lacks the marvellous delicacy of early childhood, the voice is no longer flexible. The mind, accustomed

to other pursuits, is now unfitted to acquire what to infancy was intuitive, to childhood appropriate, but the aptitude for which has been impaired, if not lost, by neglect. Garcia, the most celebrated singing master of modern times, declares, "I can accomplish far more before the twelfth year than ever afterward." Dr. Mainzer says that the earliest age—that of six or seven years—is the most appropriate for learning to sing, and that those who have not learned the elements of vocal music before the tenth or twelfth

## THE TEMPEST.

NATHAN BARKER.

*Moderato con espress.*

1. We were crowded in the cab-in, Not a soul would dare to sleep; It was midnight on the  
 2. So we gathered there in silence, For the stoutest held his breath, While the angry waves were  
 3. But his lit-tle daughter whispered, As she took his i - cy hand, "Isn't God up - on the

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

waters, And a storm was on the deep; 'Tis a fearful thing in winter, To be  
 rolling, And the break - ers talked of death; And as thus we sat in darkness, Each one  
 ocean, Just the same as on the land?" Then he kissed the lit-tle maiden, And we

shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet thunder, "Cut a - way the  
 bu - sy in his prayers, "We are lost!" the Captain shouted, As he staggered down the  
 spoke in bet - ter cheer,—And we anchored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing

*f*

mast!" And to hear the rattling trum-pet thun - der, "Cut a - way the mast."  
 stairs, "We are lost!" the Captain shout-ed, As he staggered down the stairs.  
 clear, And we anchored safe in har - bor, When the morn was shin - ing clear.

year have lost the most favorable period of their lives,—a loss which nothing but zeal, perseverance, and special musical talent can redeem. Throughout life, the difference between a musician from infancy and one from mature age will be visible at a glance. The latter may possess musical knowledge and taste; the former will possess both, with deep musical feeling, more power, and greater certainty of judgment. With children, the teacher has a power of creation; with adults, he is dependent on circumstances. In

one case, he educates; in the other, he has to mend the defects of education. Usually, with the best efforts of both teacher and pupil, only respectable mediocrity can be attained. The postponement of musical instruction in a great measure accounts for the superficiality in music which so generally prevails, and for the toleration of musical charlatans, novices in musical science, patronized and admired by the multitudes who prefer novelty and brilliancy to a substantial and comprehensive culture.—*E. Tourjee.*

## THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

MRS. CRAWFORD.  
STEPHEN GLOVER.*Moderato.*

1. The midnight moon is beau - ti - ful When, rising from the sea, She guides the wand'ring  
 2. There is no voice or language heard Those radiant orbs a - mong; And yet they breathe, at

ma - ri - ner Across the wa - ters free. The shin - ing stars are el - o - quent With -  
 midnight hour, In sweet and solemn song; To earth and sea's re - motest shores They

in their golden spheres, When oft before the musing mind They bring the lost of years. The  
 tell the power di - vine, That launched them thro' the realms of night, In boundless space to shine. The

midnight moon is beauti - ful When, rising from the sea, She guides the wand'ring mariners A -

cross the wa - ters free; The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful When rising from the

sea; The mid - night moon is beau - ti - ful When rising from the sea.

May be sung as a Duet, Soprano taking first four lines, Alto second four, and both joining in the Chorus.

*rall.*

*Chorus.*

A yearly school musical festival is held in the Music Hall, in Boston, in which about twelve hundred children of each grade participate, and exhibit the progress made during the previous year. I have myself witnessed some extraordinary results of the course of teaching pursued. I have seen children, none of whom were above ten years of age, sing at sight, with entire correctness, a three-part exercise, full of dissonant intervals, improvised on the spot. In another school of young children, the teacher sang rapidly four to six tones of the scale in a given key, and called for the letters. They were given without mistake. Similar exercises in other keys, and with

equal success, followed. Three or four keys of the piano were simultaneously struck, and the children without hesitation gave the corresponding letters. Afterwards, the entire school united in singing at dictation the tones of the scale by their numerals (1, 7, 2, 6, 4, etc.), with precision and correctness of intonation, also the chromatic intervals by letters, proving that the various tones of the scale can be as readily learned and sung by the children as the letters of the alphabet from which they afterward produce the spoken word. The exercise was occasionally varied by calling upon one of the children to act as teacher and with the same remarkable success.—*Eben Tourjee.*

## PITY ONE IN CHILDHOOD TORN.

M. W. BALFE,  
From "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

1. Pi - ty for one in childhood torn From kin - dred, with whom she dwelt; Ri - pen'd in af - ter  
 2. Drive me not back to the life I've led, That life would be lonely now, Since she who cheered its  
 years to love The fond - est that heart e'er felt: For her sake did I faith renew With  
 path before, Is torn from her sa - cred vow. Oh! force me not faith to renew With  
 outlaws chance first link'd me to. As a foe, on my head let your hatred be piled, But de -  
 spise not one who has so loved your child, As a foe, on my head let your hatred be piled, But de -  
 spise not one who has so loved your child, Despise not one who has so loved your child.

## SWEET ROBIN.

*Moderato.*

OLD BALLAD.



1. Oh, where are you going, sweet Robin?  
 2. When summer comes in, lit - tle Robin  
 3. I once had a lov - er like Robin,

What makes you sae proud and sae shy? I  
 For - gets all his friends and his care; A -  
 Who long for my hand did im - plore; At



once saw the day, lit - tle Rob - in, My friend ship you would not de - ny. But  
 way to the fields flies sweet Rob - in, To wan - der the groves here and there. Tho'  
 length he took flight just like Rob - in, And him too I nev - er saw more. But



win - ter again is re - turn - ing, And weather both stormy and snell; If  
 you be my debtor, sweet Rob - in, On you I will nev - er lay blame, I've  
 should the stern blast of mis - for - tune Re - turn him, as Winter brings thee, Tho'



you will come back, lit - tle Rob - in, I'll feed you with moulins my - sel'. Oh,  
 had as dear friends as sweet Rob - in, Who oft - en have served me the same. Oh,  
 slighted by both, lit - tle Rob - in, Your faults I will both for - giv'e ye. Oh,



where are you going, sweet Rob - in? What makes you sae proud and sae shy? I



once saw the day, lit - tle Rob - in, My friend ship you would not de - ny.



## OUR MERRY SWISS HOME.

C. W. GLOVER.

From our merry Swiss home we come, we come, Our hearts are light and free; With a

smile we greet Every eye we meet, Two merry hearts are we! The live-long day we chant our lay, La,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, The live-long day we chant our lay, La,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Two merry hearts, Two merry hearts, Two merry hearts are

we, are we, Two merry hearts are we, are we, Two merry hearts are we.

*Solo. 1st Voice.*

When the advent of morning ap-pears in the sky, We rise, we rise from our

peace - ful re - pose; To the val - ley, the mead, or the mountain we hie, To

cull each fair flow - 'ret, each fair flow - 'ret that grows; To the val - ley, the

mead, or the mountain we hie, To cull each fair flow - 'ret, each fair flow'ret that grows.

## FAREWELL, GOOD NIGHT.

*"ROBIN ADAIR."**Andante.*

1. Kind friends, we meet a - gain, Too soon to part; May friend - ship  
 2. Then, friends, once more farewell, Time bids us part; Fond mem - 'ry

bless this hour, And warm each heart. Tones that we love to hear Shall dwell up -  
 long shall dwell A - round each heart. May Heav'n its blessings send, And peace your

on the ear, As we in ac - cents clear Re - peat, Good night!  
 paths attend, Un - til we meet a - gain, Fare - well, Good night!

## THE LARK.

## MENDELSSOHN.

How love - ly thy note, So clear tho' remote, Sweet lark, as to heav'n thou'rt wing - ing; Thou

tak'st me from earth, I join in thy mirth, We mount in the sky loudly singing, We mount in the sky loudly singing.

How love - ly,

How lovely thy note, So clear tho' re-mote, Sweet lark, as to heav-en Thou

A musical score for a string quartet, showing a single measure of music. The bass line consists of sixteenth-note patterns. The measure begins with a bass clef, a key signature of two sharps, and a common time signature. The notes are grouped into four measures of sixteenth notes each, with a fermata over the first measure and a grace note over the second measure.

How lovely thy note, So clear tho' remote, Sweet lark, as to heaven thou'rt wing - ing; Thou

**W**e mount in the sky.  
**W**e mount loudly

We mount in the sky loudly sing - ing, We mount in the sky loudly

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The vocal parts are in soprano and alto. The lyrics are: "sing - ing! How love - ly thy note, So clear tho' re - mote, Sweet sing - ing! How love - ly thy note, So clear tho' re -". The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The vocal parts are separated by a vertical bar line.

A musical score page showing two staves. The top staff is for strings and the bottom staff is for woodwinds. Both staves show eighth-note chords in common time. The key signature is one sharp. The page number 10 is in the top right corner.

lark, as to heav'n thou'rt wing - ing; Thou tak'st me from earth, I join in thy mirth, We  
How love - ly!

Tenor and Bass of this Canon may be sung by Soprano and Alto voices, an octave higher.

CODA.

mount in the sky loudly sing - ing, We mount in the sky loudly sing - ing. We  
 mount loudly sing - ing, We mount loudly sing - ing.  
 We mount in the sky loud - ly sing - ing.  
 mount, we mount..... We mount in the sky loud - ly sing - ing.  
 We mount loudly sing - ing.

## THE LITTLE VOICE.

TAUWITZ.  
BARRY CORNWALL.

*Tenderly.*

1. Once there was a lit - tle Voice, Mer - ry as the month of May,  
 2. I have pondered all night long, List - ning for as soft a sound;

*p dolce.*

That did cry, Re - joice! Re - joice! Now, ah now, 'tis flown a - way!  
 But so sweet and clear a song Nev - er, nev - er have I found!

Sweet it was and ve - ry clear, Chas - ing ev - 'ry thought of pain -  
 I would give a mine of gold, Could I hear that lit - tle voice,

Sum - mer! shall I ev - er hear Such a tune - ful voice a - gain?  
 Could I, as in days of old, At a sound so dear re - joice!

The following charming bit of history concerning the Emperor Frederick William, of Germany, who died in 1888, and his interest in music is by Mr. R. Von Hagen, and is entitled "The First and Last Adagio." Says the writer: In the year 1844, Frederick William, Prince of Prussia, the future Emperor of Germany, was a lad of thirteen. Reichardt, his music master, composer of many well-known songs and a famous master of harmony, had been giving him a lesson one day, and was about to leave him, when the young prince asked him to wait a moment. "Herr Reichardt," said he, in his pleasant, boyish way, "my father's birthday will soon be here; it is, as you know, on March 22. Now, Doctor Curtius thinks it would be very nice if I were to learn a new piece as a surprise for him on that day. Will you kindly choose something that you think might do? Only, mind, it must be very difficult, so that papa should see I have taken great pains, as that will

please him more than anything else. What he likes best is one of those soft, slow pieces with a great deal of expression in it." "Yes, sir, I quite understand. In that case, perhaps some fine adagio will be best," replied Reichardt, beginning at once to turn over the leaves of some music in order to find what he wanted. He chose out a piece at last, and paused for a moment to consider. "Have you found me something?" asked the prince. "I am afraid your Royal Highness is hardly far enough advanced; this is so very difficult. It is the adagio from Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor. But it won't do, I fear. You see, there is so little time in which to learn it." "Ah, but Herr Reichardt," broke in the prince entreatingly, "I will work so hard! Do please let me have it. It must do—it shall do; if not adagio, why then forte. That is what papa is always saying to me!" By dint of immense trouble and perseverance the mighty task

## SEE AT YOUR FEET.

M. W. BALFE.  
From "BOHEMIAN GIRL."

was finally accomplished, and on March 22 the young prince played Schumann's grand movement quite correctly, and with great expression, much to his illustrious father's surprise and pleasure. As a reward for his industry, Prince Frederick William was given a turning-lathe fitted up with every necessary implement, and great was his excitement and delight when thus the fondest wish of his heart was realized. \*\* Forty-four years later, the noble castle of Friedrichskron stood bathed in bright sunshine and full of majestic beauty. Everything around seemed glad and prosperous. But alas! in a certain room on the ground floor, a man with a white, drawn face lay dying. Magnificent he was in form and feature. In a very short time people would be saying of him—"No picture of him that was ever painted could do anything like justice to the reality." Our beloved Emperor Frederick had only a few more days to live; the sufferings he had borne with such

uncomplaining fortitude were very nearly at an end. Dim and weary were the once joyous blue eyes that used to look with loving approval on everything that was good and beautiful. But they still brightened a little when gazing through the open window on the lovely gardens, the wide shady road leading to Potsdam, the fresh green lawns adorned with marble statues, and all other dear and familiar sights soon to be left behind forever. Presently the empress came into the room, and it was touching to see the effort she made to appear hopeful and cheerful as she sat down by the side of her husband's couch. His face lighted up as he smiled at her affectionately, and made a sign with his hand as if to show her how the fine weather outside revived and cheered him. During the last few days of his life the royal patient was unable to speak except by signs, and his family, as well as those around him, learned at last to interpret these signs so accurately,

that the emperor was almost entirely spared the trouble of writing down anything he wished to say. On his wife's inquiring, as usual, whether there were anything he wished for, he waited a moment, and then with both hands imitated the movement of a performer on the pianoforte. "Who is to play?" asked the empress; adding rather anxiously, "Will it not be too much for you?" The emperor shook his head, and then wrote on his tablet, "I should so like to hear some music. Could not Rüfer, Victoria's master, come and play something?" "I will send at once and ask him," said the empress. "He is in the church close by, giving her a lesson on the organ." A message was promptly given, and the artist and composer of "Merlin" appeared in obedience to his Majesty's desire. In the room next to that of the emperor was a piano, at which Herr Rüfer seated himself, first having opened the folding doors between. The invalid begged for one of his favorite

airs, and listened to it with evident pleasure. The pianist was naturally much affected by the pathetic circumstances, and played one piece after another with deep feeling, and at the conclusion of each, the emperor warmly expressed his thanks, and requested him to go on playing, as it soothed him and gave him so much enjoyment. But at last, as the soft chords of a lovely melody died away, the empress said once more, "Are you sure this does not tire you? I am so afraid the excitement may do you harm." "The emperor smiled, and wrote on his tablets,—"Just one more, I should like an adagio from one of the Sonatas. That shall really be the *very last*." In the next room the musician was waiting sorrowfully, longing to fulfil the least wish of his dying kaiser. He went back to the piano, and began a magnificent adagio. The sick man listened intently with glistening eyes. He beckoned to the empress, and wrote these words with feverish

## O NATIVE LAND.

F. REICHARDT.

dim.

haste: "Forty-four years ago I learnt this very adagio, and played it to my father on his birthday. Of course not so well as he plays it! It is out of the Sonata in F Minor. Very beautiful. Please thank Rüfer. This is the last. Now I will go to sleep." It was indeed the last earthly music to which he ever listened—a tender farewell from the divine art he loved most dearly. Only four days more, and the hour of release had struck for the brave spirit that had suffered so patiently. After his long and grievous trial, rest came at last for the great and good Emperor Frederick, and he passed gently away—so we believe—to the blessed land of pure and everlasting harmony.—*Churchman.*

The watchword used to be in war times, "All quiet along the Potomac." An old soldier was out with a boating party not long ago on that historic stream when one in the company sang, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." When the hymn was finished he said, "I

heard that hymn sung one night on a battle-field under different circumstances. I was a sharpshooter in the Confederate army and was on picket duty close to the Union line. I had my gun raised and drew deadly aim when the soldier at whom I was aiming began to sing it, with a lingering emphasis upon the lines, "Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing."

My gun dropped. He had covered that 'defenceless head.'" How many hearts have found comfort in that sweet hymn! When God's children are in the night, in danger, in heart weariness, in sorrow and distress, the word in sacred song may be and often is a shield, a comfort, a saving covert to the soul. When the shadow of the Divine presence, as wings, is stretched over them, it is more than human shelter. To unknown thousands, when the deadly aim is upon them and unseen danger threatens, the power of God is the defence upon which to rely.

## MERMAID'S EVENING SONG.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

*Moderato.*

Hark! what mystic sounds are those, Stealing soft - ly o'er the sea? Whence that music soft and low,  
*D. C.* List, a - gain the sound draws near, Falling sweetly on the ear; Borne up - on the breeze along,

*cres.*

Sound - ing as the billows flow? 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, Borne upon the breeze a -  
 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, Borne upon the breeze a -

Hark! hark! Hark! hark! 'Tis the

*cres.*

long, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song.

Mermaid's song, Hark! hark! Hark! hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's evening song.

*1st time. Allegro.*

Who would not a Mermaid be, Dwelling 'neath the restless sea! Down among its mystic forms, Cradled by the

*dim.*

rising storms, Where the dolphins play and leap, In a coral cave to sleep! In a coral cave, In a

*cres.*

*rall.*

*D. C. Chorus*

coral cave, In a coral cave to sleep! In a coral cave, In a coral cave, In a coral cave to sleep!

*2d time. Allegro.*

I would be a Mermaid fair, Wreathing pearls a - mid my hair; Pillowed on the billow's crest,

*dim. ad lib. a tempo.*

Ocean gems upon my breast; Lull'd by ev'ry wave that flows, Singing strains as sweet as those, Singing,

*rall.*

sing - ing strains as sweet as those, Singing, singing strains as sweet, as sweet as those!

*a tempo.*

List! the sound now fainter grows, As the Mermaid seeks repose; On the night-wind borne along, Is the

*[Mermaid's*

*cres.*

Hark! hark! hark!

ev'ning song, 'Tis the Mermaid's ev'ning song, 'Tis the Mermaid's ev'ning song,

'Tis the Mermaid's song, hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's song, hark, hark!

Hark! hark! hark!

song, hark, hark! 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mermaid's song, 'Tis the Mer-

*[maid's song.*

## WE ARE FAIRIES OF THE SEA.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

*Allegro vivace.*

We are fair - ies of the sea: With our sis - ter sprites we float, And a  
 mer - ry crew are we, In our ti - ny fair - y boat, In our ti - ny fair - y  
 boat. With a cob - web for a sail, And a pearl-shell for a hull, How we  
 fly be - fore the gale And out - strip the wild sea - gull! We fly, We  
 fly, We fly, We fly, We fly, We fly, We fly, And out -  
 strip the wild sea - gull. We are fair - ies of the sea: With our


 The musical score consists of six staves of music for two voices. The top two staves are for the soprano voice, and the bottom two staves are for the bass voice. The lyrics are as follows:
   
 sis - ter sprites we float, And a mer - ry crew are we, In our
   
 ti - ny fair - y boat. We are fair - ies, fair - ies, fair - ies of the
   
 sea, We are fair - ies, fair - ies, We are fair - ies of the sea.
   
 Scattered wrecks around us lie; Still we dance up - on the foam, Sweeping on 'twixt sea and
   
 sky; For the o - cean is our home, the o - cean, the o - cean, the
   
 ocean is our home, home, home.
   
 ocean is our home, the o - cean, the o - cean, the o - cean is our home.

The score includes dynamic markings such as *cres.* (crescendo), *p rit.* (pianissimo with a ritardando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *D.S. 8:* (D.S. with a circled 8, indicating a repeat).

Other things being equal, says a distinguished physician, there is no occupation so conducive to general good health and long living as singing. It does not argue anything that many professional singers die early in life. The hard lives they lead, travelling about from place to place, keeping all kinds of hours, eating all kinds of food, and enduring all kinds of exposure, would break them down even though they had constitutions of steel. In fact, it is only an argument for the truth of my theory that professional singers are able to live as long as they do and be as healthy as they are.

If they stayed in one place, kept regular hours and lived like civilized beings, they would be the longest-lived class of people in the world, and the healthiest, too; though, of course, as long as there were other singers alive, they wouldn't be the happiest. You see if a person is taught to sing properly in the beginning, and then keeps it up regularly, the effect is certain to be very beneficial to all the vital organs. For instance, to begin with, the pupil is taught to breathe as he should, and as very few persons do; that is, by the deep, abdominal method, lifting and lowering the dia-

### AUNT JEMIMA'S PLASTER.

*Animato.*

1. Aunt Je - mi - ma she was old, But very kind and clever; She had a no - tion  
 2. She had a sis - ter ve - ry tall, And if she'd kept on growing, She might have been a  
 3. There was a thief that, night and day, Kept stealing from his neighbors; But none could find the  
 4. Her neighbor had a Thomas cat That ate like an - y glutton; It nev - er caught a  
 5. Now, if you have a dog or cat, A husband, wife, or lov - er, That you would wish to

of her own That she would marry nev - er: She said that she would live in peace, And  
 gi - ant now: In fact, there is no knowing. All of a sud - den she became Of  
 ras - cal out, With all their tricks and labors: She set a trap up - on her step, And  
 mouse or rat, But stole both milk and mutton. To keep it home she tried her best, But  
 keep at home, This plaster just dis - cov - er: And if you wish to live in peace, A -

none should be her master; She made her living day by day In sell - ing of a plaster.  
 her own height the master, And all because upon each foot Je - mi - ma put a plaster.  
 caught him with a plaster; The more he tried to get a - way, The more he stuck the faster.  
 ne'er could be the master, Un - til she stuck it to the floor With Aunt Jemima's plaster.  
 void - ing all dis - as - ter, Take my advice, and try the strength Of Aunt Je - mima's plaster.

*Chorus.*

Sheepskin and beeswax Made this awful plaster, The more you try to get it off The more it sticks the faster.

phragm and filling out the entire lungs below the chest. That develops the lungs, and brings all their surface into action, insures pure blood, and a strong and regular action of the heart. Then the act of singing, by which the lungs are filled to their utmost capacity in the way I have described and then slowly emptied over and over again, is a splendid exercise for those organs. Nothing, in fact, could be better. Then the action of the diaphragm being pressed strongly downward, and of the walls of the stomach being pressed outward,

have a certain effect upon the digestive organs and help to keep them in tone. Added to all this the public singer, if he or she be endowed with the true artistic instinct, has a kind of physical frenzy in singing that throws off a great deal of magnetism. Of course, it often leaves the performer weaker and exhausted at the end of the programme, but it is like the athlete on the bars. The exhaustion is a good sign, if it is not carried too far. After rest and recreation the performer always feels the better for it.

## ALL ROUND MY HAT.

JOHN HANSELL.  
JOHN VALENTINE.

It's all a-round my hat that I twine the weeping wil-low, All round my  
 hat, for a twelve-month and a day. If an-y one should ask the  
 rea-son why I wear it, Tell them that my true love is far, far a-  
 way. 1. 'Twas a-going of my rounds, in the street I first did meet her, I thought she was an  
 way. 2. For sev-en long years my love and I are part-ed, For sev-en long  
 way. 3. I bought my love a ring on the ve-ry day she start-ed, Which I gave her as a  
 an-gel just come down from the sky; And I never heard a voice more louder and more  
 years my love is bound to stay; Bad luck to that bad day! but I'll never be false-  
 tok-en all to re-member me; And when she does come back, oh, we'll never more be  
 sweet-er When cry-ing, "Buy my prim-roses, my prim-roses come buy."  
 heart-ed, I'll love my love for ev-er, tho' she's far, far a-way.  
 part-ed, We'll mar-ry and be hap-py, oh, for-ev-er and a day.

And Moore went glittering on with criticisms of Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with my delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable reci-

tative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered, by chance, to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and, after two or three songs of

## I'LL WEEP WITH THEE.

THOMAS MOORE.  
J. A. STEVENSON.

1. Has sor - row thy young days shad - ed, As clouds o'er the morning fleet? Too  
 2. Has love to that soul so ten - der Been like the de - cep - tive mine, Where  
 3. Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry That flitted from tree to tree With the  
 4. If thus the sweet hours have fleet - ed, When sorrow herself looked bright; If

fast have those young days fad - ed, That ev - en in sorrow were sweet? Does  
 spar - kles of gold - en splen - dor All o - ver the sur - face shine? But  
 tal - is - man's glitter - ing glo - ry - Has Hope been that bird to thee? On  
 thus the fond hope has cheat - ed, That led thee a - long so light; If

Time with his cold wing with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? Come,  
 if in pur - suit we go deep - er, Al - lured by the gleam that shone, Ah!  
 branch af - ter branch a - light - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, And, when  
 thus the un - kind world with - er Each feel - ing that once was dear; Come,

child of mis - for - tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.  
 false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone.  
 near - est and most in - vit - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way?  
 child of mis - for - tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Lady Blessington's choice, he rambled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took the hand of Lady Blessington—of whom he was a lover when she was sixteen, and to whom some of the sweetest of his songs were written,—said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door no one spoke. I could have wished

for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart. "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"—N. P. Willis.

Have a care for the tone of your voice. All cannot have voices that are "tender and sweet and low," but each is able to make his voice a pleasure to hear. There is nothing like cheeriness in one's voice. Try never to reach that penetrating, rasping tone that is weariness to follow, and uncomfortable for the listener.

## THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

M. L. BEEVOR.  
THOMAS WILLIAMS.*Andantino espressivo.*

1. Farewell, mother! tears are streaming Down thy pale and ten - der cheek, I in gems and  
 2. Farewell, father! thou art smiling—Yet there's sadness on thy brow, Winning me from  
 3. Farewell, sister! thou art twining Round me in af - fec - tion deep, Wishing joy, but

ro - ses gleaming, Scarce this sad farewell may speak, Farewell, mother! now I leave thee,  
 that be - guiling Ten - der - ness to which I go. Farewell, father! thou didst bless me  
 ne'er di - vining Why "a bless-ed bride" should weep. Farewell, brave and gen - tle brother:

Hopes and fears my bosom swell, One to trust who may de - ceive me; Farewell, mother! fare thee well!  
 Ere my lips thy name could tell; He may wound who can caress me; Father! guardian! fare thee well!  
 Thou'ret more dear than words can tell. Father! mother! sister! brother! All beloved ones, fare ye well!

## THE LOVER'S SIGH.

PAESIKLLO.

*Andante.*

1. All joy flies from my heart, I with impatience grieve. Ah! who my sorrows would believe? I  
 1. Mich fliehen al - le Freuden, ich sterb' vor Un - ge - duld: an al - len meinen Lei - den ist

feel of love the smart! The night brings no relief to me, The days are full of grief to me, I feel of love the  
 nur die Liebe schuld, die quält und nagt mich immerhin, ich weiss vor Angst nicht mehr wohin, wer hatte das ge-

smart! Who would have thought that love, That love could bring such pain, Such joy and mingled pain?  
 dacht! Die Lie - be, ach die Liebe hat mich so weit ge - bracht, hat mich so weit gebracht.

The powers of observation, of comparison, of expression, are all heightened by the study of music. The complex relations of notes to each other, the infinite variety of expression possible in musical forms, call these faculties actively into operation; and abundant and competent testimony is not wanting to the fact that as a mental discipline it is in no respect inferior to the much vaunted science of mathematics. If the employment of a teacher of music in our schools be opposed on

the score of expense, we answer, in the words of DeWitt Clinton, "It cannot be too forcibly inculcated, nor too generally understood, that, in promoting the great interests of moral and intellectual cultivation, there can be no prodigality in the application of the public treasure." A noble exposition of practical statesmanship! Yet, from the most utilitarian stand-point, it will appear a real economy, an investment yielding large returns in kind. Compute the cost to any community of musical instruc-

## EMBARRASSMENT.

Andantino.

FRANZ ABT.

tion given its youth, after the termination of the school-life; take into consideration that it is then attended with peculiar difficulties and discouragements, requiring an increased expenditure of time—more valuable time—with diminished results; that the musical insight gained by early attention to vocal music, which should always precede the study of an instrument, will be likely to save terms, if not years, of expensive private tuition; set against this the cost of a music teacher in the

public schools, the best that can be procured,—and there will be little occasion for further argument. But this is not all. The musical profession is perhaps the best paid in existence. Witness the almost fabulous sums paid to eminent performers, vocal and instrumental. From \$250 to \$1,000 for a single performance is not unfrequently paid. In our schools there are Parepas, Pattis, Nilssons, Kelloggs; but excellence like theirs, without culture in childhood, is impossible—*Eben Tourjee*.

## 'TIS NOT TRUE.

Andante. [NON E VÉR.]

TITO MATTI.

1. I was seated at thy feet, Murm'ring words of fondest love, Thou did'st seem an angel  
 2. Doth not mem'ry tell thee, dear, That my love was fondly true? Now, a - las! like leaflets

sweet, Pure as those that dwell above. *Instrument.* I was  
 sere, Mirth is turned to deepest rue, *p* Dost not

seat - ed at thy feet, *Instrument.* Murm'ring words of fondest love, Ah!  
 mem'ry tell thee, dear, That my love was fondly true? Ah!

no, 'tis not true, Ah! no, No, 'tis not true! no! no! Thou did'st seem an an - gel  
 no, 'tis not true, Ah! no, No, 'tis not true! no! no! Now, a - las, like leaf - lets

sweet, Pure as those that dwell a - bove. No, 'tis not true! Ah!  
 sere,

Mirth is turned to deep - est rue. No, 'tis not true! No, 'tis not true.

## ANGUS MACDONALD.

*Andante con Express.*J. L. RORCKEL.  
F. E. WEATHERLY.

O sad were the homes on the mountain and glen When Angus Macdonald Marched off with his men; O

*teneramente.* *f* *lento.*

sad was my heart When we sobbed our good-bye, And he marched to the battle, May be to die! O

Angus Macdonald, the loch is so drear, And gloomy the mountains, For thou art not near! O

Angus, my own, In the camps over sea, I'm waiting and longing, And praying for thee, I'm

*un poco più lento.*

waiting and longing, and praying for thee! Oh, Father of mercies, humbly I pray, Thou

*rall.* *cres.*

see - est the fight And the camp far away, O watch o'er my Angus And bring him to me, For

*f grandement.* *rit.*  
 Thou canst defend him Where'er he may be, For Thou canst defend him Wher - ev - er he may be. O

*agitato.*  
 hark! there's a stir, there's a stir in the trees! There's a stir in the trees, in the glen!

*joyously.* *sempre più agitato.* *f*  
 There's the call of the pibrochs! The marching of men! There's the call of the pibrochs! The marching of [men! The

*Allegro marziale.*  
 echoes are waking On forest and scar, 'Tis Angus, my own, Coming home from the war! The echoes are

waking On for - est and scar, 'Tis Angus, my own, 'Tis Angus, my own, 'Tis An - gus, my

*allargando.* *f*  
 own, Coming home from the war! 'Tis An - gus, my own, Coming home from the war!

Music in the school reacts with happy influence upon the home, and tends to link the home and the school in kindly reciprocal influence in the common work of elementary education, in which both are important factors. Following the vocal training of the young into the sanctuary, when school days are over, and the duties and responsibilities of adult life are assumed, how much better is it that the whole congregation, coming up from common school training, are able to take part with fervor and enthusiasm in the public worship of God, as represented in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, instead of passively listening to a small minority selected for that purpose! These vocal

efforts bring up the pews into a state of impressible receptivity that meets the occupant of the sacred desk more than half way in his anxious and fervent efforts to drive home his message to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. Instead of trying to magnetize putty, he soon finds that the hearts of his people are throbbing in unison with his own, and his kindling inspiration of utterance and of thought, rewards them for the help they have given him. Instead of a selected few, the whole congregation, like the rushing sound of many waters breaking on the shore, roll forth their songs of praise and thunder their anthems of thanksgiving, lifting the soul as on seraphs' wings to the very portals of heaven.—Hickok.

### ORPHAN BALLAD SINGERS.

HENRY RUSSELL.

1. Oh, wea - ry, wea - ry are our feet, And wea - ry, wea - ry is our way; Thro'  
 2. She was our moth - er's favorite child, Who loved her for her eyes of blue, And  
 3. We have no home, we have no friends; They said our home no more was ours; Our

ma - ny a long and crowd - ed street We've wan - dered mournfully to - day. My  
 she is del - i - cate and mild: She can - not do what I can do. She  
 cot - tage where the ash - tree bends, The gar - den we had filled with flowers, The

lit - tle sis - ter she is pale; She is too ten - der and too young To  
 nev - er met her father's eyes, Al - tho' they were so like her own; In  
 sounding shells our fa - ther brought That we might hear the sea at home, Our

bear the autumn's sul - len gale; And all day long the child has sung.  
 some far dis - tant sea he lies, A fa - ther to his child unknown.  
 bees that in the summer wrought The win - ter's gold - en hon - ey - comb.

The first time that she lisped his name,—  
 A little, playful thing was she,—  
 How proud we were! yet that night came  
 The tale how he had sunk at sea!  
 My mother never raised her head;  
 How strange, how white, how cold she grew!  
 It was a broken heart, they said:  
 I wish our hearts were broken too.

We wandered forth 'mid wind and rain,  
 No shelter from the open sky;  
 I only wish to see again  
 My mother's grave, and rest and die.  
 Alas! it is a weary thing  
 To sing our ballads o'er and o'er,—  
 The songs we used at home to sing.  
 Alas, we have a home no more!

## AN ARBOR DAY SONG.

J. L. MOLLOY.  
WM. CULLEN BRYANT.*Allegro moderato.*

1. Is this a time to be cloudy and sad When all na - ture laughs around? When  
 2. There's a dance of leaves in the aspen bower, Winds play in the beechen tree; And a

ev - en the deep blue heav'n's look glad, And glad is the bloom-sweet ground. There are  
 smile on the fruit and a smile on the flower, And the brook laughs to the sea: And

notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren, And the swal-lows thro' all the sky; And the  
 look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles On the earth as it smiles in his ray, On the

squir - rel all gai - ly chirps near his den As the bee hums mer - ri - ly by, And the  
 leap of the waves and the gay young isles, As he smiles their gloom a - way; On the

squir - rel all gai - ly chirps near his den, As the bee hums mer - ri - ly by.  
 leap of the waves and the gay young isles, As he smiles their gloom a - way.

1. (ROUND.) 2. 3. 4.

Come, girls, come, Sing us a song; One that's sweet, and Not too long.

1. (ROUND.) 2. 3. 4.

Day is gone, Night is come, When the day of life is gone, Heav'n be our home.

The gypsy bands from Hungary, at the Trocadero, at the French Exposition in 1878, made a furore which led to the final solution of the mystery of gypsy music. A good deal has been written on the subject to which Liszt devoted an entire volume, but a Hungarian gentleman settled the question by proving authoritatively that all their melodies are popular tunes of his native country, which the gypsies picked up ages ago on the steppes. This being established, the African character of the gypsy music in Spain is explained, and no doubt the Russian gypsy music can be tested by the same theory, Russia being rich in ancient melodies; it would account too for the absence of music among the English gypsies, England proper having no native music. One of the Hungarian bands played nightly at the Hungarian restaurant at the Paris Exposition of 1889. There was nothing picturesque or military in the aspect of this orchestra, composed of eight or ten men, untidy

and unkempt, but their music was entrancing. There were not a dozen instruments; the leader played the first violin like a master, and the viola, if viola it was, and violoncello were scarcely inferior. They did not play from notes, and often as I heard them I could not discover whether they played by memory, ear, or improvisation. The first violin always took the air; the other musicians who played on instruments which clashed like cymbals, rang like musical glasses, and clattered like castanets, seemed merely to follow. At the beginning of the concert they did not always pull together, there was a lack of sympathy; but as they played, especially if it were one of their national marches or dances, a perfect understanding came about. While the leader rushed along, the second violin neck and neck, like Faust and Mephistopheles on their midnight ride, the others marked the time by a monotonous beat, or pranced off into wild carolings or mad spurts,

### THE QUIET NIGHT.

*Andante sostenuto.*

FRANZ ABT.

1. The ev'ning bells sound clearly, They call the vale to rest; Around falls night's soft stillness, The  
 2. The moon goes softly gliding, Her heav'nly path along; The planets pass her greet-ing, But

sun sinks in the west; A ho-ly si - lence keeping, The stars watch nature sleeping; She's  
 si - lent is their song As rapt in ser - aph numbers Be - low the sweet earth slumbers; She's

come in soft red light, She's come in soft red light, The qui - et night! The qui - et night!

racing back to the theme as to the goal. The melody is wild, but not always frantic; sometimes it is a long, slow rhapsody drawn from the heart of memory and longing, of precious moments missed, of everything by "hopeless fancy feigned;" the voice of the violin grows softer and lower, until it sinks to a whisper, then to a murmur, yet the tones steal into the ear, and thrill the soul with the passion for what is out of reach, past forever, with the persuasion that could one follow the music it would lead to the land of desire. It is the tune the Pied Piper played to the children of Hamelin, and that the gypsy sang to the Duchess. The accompaniment purrs like a brook muffled in rushes. When the charm is at its height, and musicians and listeners are rapt in the same ecstasy, one vibrating stroke of the bow breaks up the sorcery, and the mood changes, frenzy possesses the Hungarians again, and they are flying like a handful of Attila's horde through

the strains of some barbaric march. The hearers sit spell-bound, with burning eyes and bewildered brains, before empty glasses and plates. A train on the Decauville railroad comes shrieking by, hidden in the night, overpowering the music for a moment, everybody jumps up, and they tear themselves away. Yet fickle Parisian fashion went over, at this Exposition, to the Roumanian band. Their instruments are for the most part stringed; there were some reeds, and the pandean pipe. They played in excellent time and tune, with extreme sweetness and tenderness of expression. The airs have not the originality of the Hungarian, nor a spark of their fire; they seem, like the Roumanian language, enfeebled, uncultivated Italian; when they are more distinctly national they are pastoral, with a certain regretfulness that pervades even the lively tunes. It is the music of a conquered people, without the martial despair of the Pole, or the unconquerable turbulence of the Russe.

## NURSERY SONGS.

1. Ding dong! ding dong! The old year will soon be gone, Ding dong! ding dong!  
 2. Ding dong! ding dong! Tell us, year, be-fore you go, Ding dong! ding dong!  
 3. Ding dong! ding dong! Why can't years come back a-gain, Ding dong! ding dong!

And a new one's com-ing on; Ding dong! ding dong! Ring the New Year bells.  
 Why at last you hur-ry so? Ding dong! ding dong! Ring the New Year bells.  
 Just the same as they have been? Ding dong! ding dong! Ring the New Year bells.

## MAMMA'S LOVE.

Gently.

1. The vio - let loves a mos - sy bank, The cow - slip loves the  
 2. The sun - shine kiss - es mount and vale, The stars they kiss the  
 lea, The scar - let creep - er loves the elm, But I love thee.  
 sea, The west winds kiss the clo - ver blooms, But I kiss thee.

## DARLING, GO TO REST.

1. Evening shades are falling; Time to go to rest; Stars are softly call-ing Darling to her rest.  
 2. Time to go to bed, love; Lay thee down to sleep: Weary little head, love, God will safely keep.

Sweet the sleep before thee Till morning light; God in heav'n watch o'er thee, My love, good night.  
 Now the lit - tle kiss, love, Arms clasp so tight; Pleasant dreams of bliss, love; My love, good night.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county there was not a single child in all the reach of a hundred miles. But the Fourth of July came, and the miners were gathered together. They were celebrating the Fourth with oration and poem and a boisterous brass band. While the band was playing an infant's voice was heard crying. All the miners were startled, and the swarthy men began to think of their homes on

the eastern coast, and of their wives and children far away, and their hearts were thrilled with homesickness as they heard that baby cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the infantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his cheeks, got up and shook his fist and shouted, "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." There was pathos as well as good cheer in it.

## FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Farewell!—but when - ev - er you wel - come the hour That a - wak - ens the night-song of  
 2. And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up To the high - est top sparkle each  
 3. Let Fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she

mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too, And for -  
 heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it gloom - y or bright, My  
 can - not de - stroy, Which come in the night - time of sor - row and care, And

got his own griefs to be hap - py with you. His griefs may re - turn, not a  
 soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night; Shall join in your rev - els, your  
 bring back the features that joy used to wear. Long, long be my heart with such

hope may re - main Of the few that have brightened his path - way of pain, But he  
 sports, and your wiles, And re - turn to me beaming all o'er with your smiles, Too  
 mem - o - ries filled! Like the vase in which ro - ses have once been distilled— You may

ne'er will forget the short vision that threw Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you,  
 blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"  
 break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the ro - ses will hang round it still,

## THE SHIP OF STATE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

*Moderato.*

(4.) Are all with thee,— are all with thee'

## SLEEP, DARLING, SLEEP.

MARY B. C. SLADE.

*Tenderly.*

Matthias Keller is best known as the author of the "American Hymn." He was born in Ulm, Germany, in 1813. His love of music was encouraged by his parents who afforded him every opportunity to develop his talent. At the age of sixteen he was admitted as first violin player into the Royal Chapel, where he played under Lindpaintner and Molique for five years. He then went to Vienna, where he studied harmony and counterpoint under Seyfried. His musical culture helped to broaden his views of government and religion. His liberal ideas and Republican principles made him unpopular with the authorities. When he

at last decided to come to America, it was to him indeed an Independence day, and with the warmest love for our institutions, he arrived on our shores in the year 1846. On his way over he became acquainted with the celebrated Ravel Family, and composed for them his "Ravel Polka," which was long one of the most popular piano pieces in this country. He was for some years a leading violinist in the best orchestras in Philadelphia, but he finally settled in New York. Shortly after the civil war began, a prize of \$500 was offered for the best National Hymn. Here was an opportunity for our German-American. His love of lib-

## LOVELY NANCY.

GERMAN AIR.

*p* *Moderato.*

1. Farewell, my lovely Nancy, Ten thousand times adieu; I'm go-ing away to leave you, To  
 2. Farewell, my lovely Nancy, I'm going far from you; And while I am away, my dear, I

seek for something new; Come, change your ring with me, my love, Come, change your ring with me, And  
 know that you'll prove true; I'll wan-der o'er each mountain And I'll travel o'er each hill, And

love-letters I will write to you When I am on the sea, For the secrets of my heart are yours, With the  
 let my form be where it may My heart is with you still; The ships are on the o - cean, And our

best of my good-will, And, let my form be where it may, My heart is with you still.  
 crew will soon be here, And we're all going on board the Bold Pri - va - teer.

erty had grown since his arrival in his chosen land, and at this time his patriotism knew no bounds; so it was but natural that he should have felt himself called upon to compete for the prize, or, what was far more precious to him, the honor of having written the hymn of the American nation. Inspired by such sentiments, he set about his labor of love, which resulted in that outpouring of reverence and love of country now known as the "American Hymn." The words as well as the music were his own, and the spirit of devotion that breathed through the one characterized the other. The following, an extract from a letter written by him, gives

an interesting incident connected with the hymn: "It was privately rehearsed by my orchestra, meeting with a hearty approval; and it was resolved that the hymn should be brought before the public at a concert to be given at the Academy of Music, New York, the project involving an outlay of about \$600, which I had not at hand. My brother at that time had laid aside between \$300 and \$400, for the payment of an instalment on his house, which was then used, together with a borrowed sum of \$200, to give a grand union concert, at the Academy of Music, which brought on a loss of over \$500, the total receipts of the concert having been

only \$42. The consequence of which was, that my brother lost his house, while there was yet to pay the \$200 borrowed from a friend." Says a writer: "But even in this disastrous state of affairs, Keller was not to be disheartened. His whole soul was wrapped up in this one composition, and he felt that the sole cause of his failure had been bad management. He determined to try Boston, and there had it introduced to the public and to the city authorities, by the performance of some of the principal bands. In this manner it soon gained the favor and popularity it so well merited. On every important public occasion here it was the

first on the programme. At the surrender of the battle flags to the State authorities, it was performed by Gilmore's Band, at the request of Governor Andrew. For years on every Independence Day it has been the first piece performed on Boston Common. At the Great Jubilee inaugurated by Gilmore, the hymn was an attractive feature of the programme, and new words, entitled "Angel of Peace," were written for it, expressly for the occasion, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Both are found facing each other, in the fourth Number of the Franklin Square Song Collection. Matthias Keller died in the city of Boston October 13, 1875. He deserves

## THE FARMER'S BOY.

OLD BALLAD.

I. The sun had sunk behind the hill, Across yon dreary moor, When wet and cold there  
 2. My father's dead, my mother's left With four poor children small, And what is worse for  
 3. But if no boy you chance to want, One fa - vor I will ask, To shel - ter me till

came a boy Up to the farmer's door: "Can you tell me," said he, "if  
 moth - er still, I'm old - est of them all, But tho' lit - tle, I'll work as  
 break of day, From the cold wintry blast, And at the dawn of day I

an - y there be, Who would like to give em - ploy, To plough and sow, To  
 hard as I can, If I can get em - ploy, To plough and sow, To  
 will trudge a - way, Else - where to seek em - ploy, To plough and sow, To

reap and mow, To be a farm - er's boy, To be a farm - er's boy?

to be remembered as one of America's composers. Prominent as he is, we learn from his life how intensely loyal to their adopted country foreign-born citizens often are. In truth it may be said of many, that, having experienced oppression at home, they all the more appreciate the sweets of liberty which this blessed land has given them. To this class belongs the writer himself, who says, with all his heart, "God bless America forever and ever! May it never cease to be the land of the free, and the home of the brave."—*Karl Merz.*

I remember finding the children, to whom I was about to give a music lesson, in a most disorderly con-

dition. Something had occurred which had aroused their displeasure, and they were making known their feelings by the various mischievous tricks in which school children are so skilled. The room was too noisy for words, so I took my seat at the piano and began playing a quiet air. The noise gradually subsided, order soon reigned, and in the place of scowls and troubled looks I saw smiling, peaceful faces. The music had done for me what neither coaxing nor scolding could have done so quickly or so well. There is certainly some valuable force in an art that reaches the feelings so readily and with such magic power.

From music teaching, as conducted in Boston, it resulted that on the last day of the Peace Jubilee six thousand children of the public schools of Boston, and the number might have been doubled at will, were massed at the Coliseum and gave what was regarded by many as the most exquisite of all that wonderful series of concerts. And let it be here recorded that a careful examination of the statistics of the past ten years establishes the fact that all this has been achieved at an expense to the city not greater than the cost of a single text-book for each pupil per annum. To the labors of such men as Dr. Lowell Mason and George James Webb, their coadjutors and successors, in the public schools and in that popular

New England institution, the country singing school, the fact is due that, out of the ten thousand five hundred and twenty-eight singers who composed the chorus on that eventful week, above eight thousand six hundred were residents of Massachusetts. Similar and yet greater results may be eventually obtained through the employment of music as an element of common school education. The enjoyments of the social circle will be heightened, the restraints of a cultivated taste interposed to shield our youth from evil influences, our sanctuaries will then resound with strains of universal praise, and we shall present to the nations of the world an example of refinement and of culture without precedent or rival.—Tourjee.

## DEAR SUMMER MORN.

STEPHEN GLOVER.

*mp Allegretto.*

1. How mer - ri - ly, this summer morn. The wind goes sing - ing by, While grace - fully the  
 2. While green leaves dance to ev'ry wind, They give a pleasant sound, And half arrayed in  
 3. Give me no halls of dazzling light; For I shall be con - tent To roam at will from

rustling corn Nods to the mel - o - dy: There's mirth, there's music ev - 'ry - where, A -  
 sun and shade Make pictures on the ground. My heart is gay, my step is light, Birds -  
 morn till night, Nor think my time mis-spent. I mount the hill, and high - er still, Be -

bove, around, be - low; The ve - ry streamlet hath an air Of gladness in its flow. O  
 fly from stem to stem; I feel, too, as I watch their flight, That I could soar with them. O  
 yond the mountain's brow, My spir - its rise, till thro' my eyes The founts of joy o'erflow. O

*dim.* *Chorus.*

*mf*

summer morn, dear summer morn, Thou play'st a charmer's part; Thy ruddy glow is on my brow, Thy

*con anima.*

*ritard.*

sunshine in my heart; Thy ruddy glow is on my brow, Thy sunshine in my heart.

## HOME SO BLEST.

FRANZ AST.  
B. S. MONTGOMERY.

*Maestoso.*

1. The swallow leaves the young within her nest To God's most ho - ly care, Still  
 2. The swallow glad - ly wings her dis - tant way Far o'er the shin - ing foam, And

soaring high where golden sunbeams rest Far off 'mid regions fair! She nears that clime where  
 yet, and yet, methinks, her heart must stray Back to her distant home! To that fair land where

an - gels blest Bend ev - er low in praise and prayer. Oh, home so blest, oh, sheltered nest,  
 sunbeams play, And soft and balmy zephyrs roam. Oh, home so blest, oh, sheltered nest,

Oh, land so fair! When I must die, when I must die, Let me the swal - low be!  
 Far o'er the foam! When I must die, when I must die, Let me the swal - low be!

Soaring so high, Beyond the sky, My soul shall then be free, My soul shall then be free.

Let not grief or pain annoy, Care not for the morrow, While we live let's life enjoy, What's the use of sorrow ?  
 Short, oh, short one mortal life, Much too short for sorrow, What is good enjoy to-day, Wait not for to-morrow.  
 See, how brightly bloom the flow'rs, Fresh each leaf is growing, Wilteth not, because in fall Chilling winds are

blowing.

1. (ROUND.)

2.

3.

A boat, a boat to cross the ferry; For we are bound to Canterbury, To laugh and dance and to be merry.

Paganini, after his eventful career, so full of triumphs and unparalleled successes in certain directions, was a sad victim to melancholy in his later years. This was induced by ill health, and by his trouble in the law courts. He had moved the world with his violin, had seen Rossini burst into tears on hearing him. Courts had showered honors upon him; the world was at his feet. Yet in the last year of his life, he is said to have smiled but once, and that at a concert. This was on the occasion of a grand musicale

given by Zimmerman in Paris. There were present, Herz, Chopin, Thalberg, Franz Liszt, and De Kontski. Each in turn played, and though Paganini was interested his face always wore the same melancholy, mournful look. Suddenly he asked Kontski to play his "Valse Infernale," of which he had heard. This waltz is descriptive of the meeting of the devils in their great hall, illuminated by fire, and opens with the blasts of trumpets, always false. During the council of the devils, truly infernal, suddenly there is heard

## FARE THEE WELL.

W. M. PRAED.  
BOWNES BRIGGS.

*Moderato.*

*mf*

1. Fare thee well, love, fare thee well! From the world I pass a-way, Where the brightest  
 2. Tell of me, love, tell of me, Not a-mid the heartless throng, Not where passion  
 3. Leave me now, love, leave me now, Not with sorrow, not with sighs; Not with clouds, love,

things that dwell, All deceive and all de-cay; Where the brightest  
 bends the knee, Not where pleasure trills the song; Not where passion  
 on thy brow, Not with tears, love, in thine eyes; Not with clouds, love,

things that dwell, All deceive and all de-cay; Cheer-fully I fall a-sleep,  
 bends the knee, Not where pleasure trills the song; But when some most cherished one,  
 on thy brow, Not with tears, love, in thine eyes; We shall meet, we know not where,

As by some mysterious spell, Yet I weep to see thee weep, Fare thee well, love, fare thee well!  
 By your side at eve shall be, Ere your twilight tales are done, Tell of me, love, tell of me!  
 And be blest, we dream not how, With a kiss and with a pray'r, Leave me now, love, leave me now!

the most angelic of strains which come from the innocents, who in some manner have strayed into the halls. For a time the devils are mute and amazed, and listen to the heavenly sounds so in contrast with their own. At last it occurs to them that the innocents will learn their secrets and must be driven out. In all rage and fury they do this, the music describing their action, the trumpets again calling false, when suddenly the portals are heard to close with a crash, and there is silence. So graphically does the music

describe the terrible anger of the devils, and so cleverly are the false trumpets introduced, that in the last frantic storm of strange harmonies, Paganini forgot himself and smiled. It was the last time; for he lived less than a year after, and his last smile, the last ray of sunshine which came from within and played over his face was never forgotten by those present.—*Reminiscences.*

Music is, indeed, the only sensuous gratification in which mankind may indulge to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Joseph Addison*

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

*Andante espressivo.*H. FARNIE.  
CHARLES GOUNOD.

1. Still is the night, low thro' the pine-tree Murmurs the wind, like orphan's wail; Birds on the bough  
2. Ev - er so low, ever so gently, Whispers the angel in mine ear, Teaching me still, chiding me

sleeping, Lamp after lamp fades from the vale! Sad is my soul, weary with thinking, Thinking of never,— Heaven itself is brought more near! Thus at the night, when day is ended, And thro' the

days and friends gone by! Like unto life seemeth the dark pine, Like unto life the wind's low sigh.  
for - est wails the blast, When to the dance calleth gay music, Hold I communion with the past!

O friends of old, why have ye left me? And shall I hearken your voice no more? Vain is my greeting, vain my en-  
Oh, when I feel the present lonely, And cares oppress me, and friends depart, Angels are near me, fail not to

rit. con gravita. moderato affettuoso.

treating, Nor can they leave that farther shore! Yet spirits from high hover o'er me, And  
hear me, And soothe the trouble of my heart. Yes, spirits from high hover o'er me, And

comfort sure they bring! The bright stars of heav'n may be shaded, But 'tis by an an - gel's wing.

The ear is so strange a contrivance that it can catch the sound of fifty thousand or more vibrations in a second. The outer ear takes in all kinds of sound, whether the crash of an avalanche, or the hum of a bee; the sound passing to the inner door of the outside ear halts until another mechanism, divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonelets of the middle ear, and, coming to the inner door of the second ear, it has no power to go farther until another divine mechanism passes it on into the inner ear. Then the

sound swims the liquid until it comes to the rail-track of the brain branchlet, and rolls on and on until it comes to sensation, and there the curtain drops, and a hundred gates shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection: "Thus far and no farther." In this vestibule of the palace of the soul, how many kings of thought, of medicine, of physiology, have done penance of lifelong study, and got no farther than the vestibule. Mysterious home of reverberation and echo! Headquarters to which there come quick

"IF."

CIRO PINZUTI.  
A. C. SWINBURNE.

*Con dolcezza.*

1. If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf, Our lives would grow to-  
2. If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune, With double sound and  
3. If you were April's la - dy, And I were lord in May, We'd throw with leaves for

gether, In sad or sing - ing weather, Blown fields or flowerful clo - ses, Green  
single, De - light our lips would mingle, With kiss - es glad as birds are, That  
hours, And draw for days with flowers, Till day like night were shady, And

*un poco rall.* *rall.* *p* *a tempo.* *cres.*

pleas - ure or grey grief, If love were what the rose is, And I were like the  
get sweet rain at noon, If I were what the words are, And love were like the  
night were bright like day; If you were April's la - dy, And I were lord in

*f* *con passione.* *p* *con grazia.*

leaf, If love were what the rose is, And I were like the leaf!  
tune, If I were what the words are, And love were like the tune!  
May, If you were A - pril's la - dy, And I were lord in May.

\* High notes for third verse, and *f* instead of *p*.

dispatches, part of the way by cartilage, part by air, part by bone, part by water, part by nerve—the slowest dispatch plunging into the ear at the speed of eleven hundred and twenty feet a second. Small instrument of music on which is played all the music you ever hear, from the grandeur of an August thunderstorm to the softest breathings of a flute. Small instrument of music, only a quarter of an inch of surface and the thinness of one two-hundred-and-fiftieth part of an inch, and that thinness divided into

three layers. In that ear musical staff, lines, spaces, bar, and rest. A bridge leading from the outside natural world to the inside spiritual world; we seeing the abutment at this end of the bridge, but the fog of an uplifted mystery hiding the abutment at the other end of the structure. Whispering gallery of the soul. The human voice is God's eulogy to the ear. That voice capable of producing an infinite number of sounds; and all this variety made, not for regalement of beast or bird, but for the human ear.—*Talmage*.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

*Moderato e staccato.*

1. The Christmas chimes are peal - ing high Beneath the sol - emn Christmas sky, And  
 2. In low - ly hut and pal - ace hall Peasant and king keep fes - ti - val, And

blow - ing winds their notes pro - long, Like ech - oes from an an - gel's song; childhood wears a fair - er guise, And tend - er shine all moth - er - eyes;

Good-will and peace, peace and good-will, Ring out the car - ols glad and The a - ged man for - gets his years, The mirth - ful heart is doub - ly

gay, Telling the heaven - ly mes - sage still, That Christ the Child was born to - day. gay, The sad are cheat - ed of their tears, For Christ the Lord was born to - day.

## GOD REST YE.

*Moderato.*

1. God rest ye, mer - ry gen - tle-men, Let nothing you dis - may, For Je - sus Christ, our  
 2. God rest ye, lit - tle children, all, Let nothing you af - fright, For Je - sus Christ, our  
 3. God rest ye, all good Christian men, Up - on this blessed morn, The Lord of all sweet,

Sa - viour dear, Was born on Christmas day, Was born on Christmas day.  
 Sa - viour dear, Was born this hap - py night, Was born this hap - py night.  
 earn - est souls, Was of a Vir - gin born, Was of a Vir - gin born.

My father was gifted with a phenomenal voice—a barytone and tenor rolled into one; a marvel of richness, sweetness, flexibility, and power. He spent his time and money in scientific inventions to little purpose, for well as he had learned to sing, he had not been to any conservatory where they teach one how to invent. So that as he waited "for his ship to come home," he sang only to amuse his wife, as they say the nightingale does; to ease himself of superfluous energy, and to charm the rest of the family, and all and everybody who cared to listen, and last and least (and most!) myself. For this great neglected gift of his, on which he set so little store, was already to me the most beautiful and mysterious thing in the world; and next to this, my mother's sweet playing on the harp and piano, for she was an admirable musician. It was her custom to play at night leaving the door of my bedroom ajar,

and also the drawing-room door, so that I could hear her till I fell asleep. Sometimes when my father was at home, the spirit would move him to hum or sing the airs she played, as he paced up and down the room on the track of a new invention. And though he hummed and sang "pian-piano," the sweet, searching, manly tones seemed to fill all space. The hushed house became a sounding-board, the harp a mere subservient tinkle, and my small, excitable frame would thrill and vibrate under the waves of my unconscious father's voice, and, oh! the charming airs he sang! His stock was inexhaustible, and so was hers, and thus an endless succession of lovely melodies went ringing through that happy period. As when a man is drowning his whole past life is said to be mapped out before his mental vision in a single flash, so seven years of sweet, priceless home love—seven times four changing seasons of

## MY LITTLE VALLEY HOME.

HARRY DEVERE.  
Geo. W. BECKEL.

*p Andante.*

1. In Car'lin'a's clime I spent a happy time With my gentle Rhody Gray: In a little vale 'midst the  
 2. That cherished spot, forget it I shall not, No matter where I roam; 'Twas there with Rhody many  
 3. Poor Rhody Gray has passed a - way; 'Twas on a summer night, Death's icy hand her spirit  
 4. They laid her down in the cold, cold ground; Ever sadly now I roam: But it seems to me, still her

*f Chorus.*

corn-fields prime, Our sweet little cottage lay. That cherished spot is ne'er forgot, No matter where I  
 happy days I spent in my little valley home. That cherished spot is ne'er forgot, No matter where I  
 took away To a home more happy and bright. That cherished spot is ne'er forgot, No matter where I  
 form I see In that sweet little valley home. That cherished spot is ne'er forgot, No matter where I

roam: Many suns may set, still I never shall forget That sweet little val - ley home.

simple, genial child-life; an ideal house, with all its pretty furniture, and shape, and color; a garden full of trees and flowers; a town and its inhabitants; a mile or two of historic river—all lies embedded and embalmed for me in every single bar of at least a hundred different tunes, to be evoked at will for the small trouble and cost of just whistling or humming the same, or even playing it with one finger on the piano—when I have a piano within reach. Enough to last me for a life-time—with proper economy, of course—it will not do to exhaust by too frequent experiment, the strange capacity of a melodic bar for preserving the essence of by-gone things, and days that are no more. Oh, Nightingale! whether thou singest thyself, or, better still, if thy voice be not in thy throat, but in thy fiery heart and subtle brain, and thou makest songs for the singing of many others, blessed be thy name! The

very sound of it is sweet in every clime and tongue: Nightingale, Rossignol, Usignuolo, Bulbul! Even Nachtigall does not sound amiss in the mouth of a fair English girl who has had a Hanoverian for a governess. And indeed it is in the Nachtigall's country that the best music is made. And oh, Nightingale! never, never grudge thy song to those who love it—not waste it upon those who don't. . . . Thus serenaded in childhood, I would close my eyes, and lapsed in darkness and warmth and heavenly sound, be lulled asleep—perchance to dream! For my early childhood was often haunted by a dream, which at times I took for a reality—a transcendent dream of some interest and importance. But many years passed away before I was able to explain or account for it. I had but to turn my face to the wall, and soon I found myself in company with a lady who had white hair and a young face—a

very beautiful young face. Sometimes I walked with her hand in hand—I being quite a small child—and together we fed innumerable pigeons that lived in a tower by a winding stream which ended in a watermill. It was too lovely, and I would wake. Sometimes we went into a dark place, where there was a fiery furnace with many holes, and many people working and moving about—among them a man with white hair and a young face, like the lady, and beautiful red heels to his shoes. And under his guidance I would contrive to make in the furnace a charming little cocked hat of colored glass—a treasure! And the sheer joy thereof would wake me. Sometimes the white-haired lady and I would sit together at a square box from which she made lovely music, and she would sing my favorite song—a song that I adored. But I always woke before this song came to an end, on account of the too insup-

portably intense bliss I felt on hearing it. All I could remember were but two or three of the words. The air, which I knew so well in my dream, I could not recall. It seemed as though some innermost core of my being, some childish holy of holies, secreted a source of super-subtle reminiscence; which, under some stimulus that now and again became active during sleep, exhaled itself in this singular dream, shadowy and slight, with a sense of felicity so measureless and penetrating that I would always wake in a mystic flutter of ecstasy, the bare remembrance of which was enough to bless and make happy many a succeeding hour.—*Du Maurier.*

The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from Westminster Abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses from the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness,

### THE HEART! THE HEART!

GERMAN.

*Allegretto.*

1. The heart, the heart! ah, let it be A true and beauteous thing; As kind - ly warm, as  
 2. The heart, the heart that's tru - ly blest Is nev - er all its own; No ray of glo - ry  
 3. And tho' it throb at gentle touch, Or sorrow's faintest call, 'Twere bet - ter it should

no - bly free, As ea - gle's nestling wing. Oh, keep it like a mi - ser's gold, Shut  
 lights the breast That beats for self a - lone. The heart, the heart! oh, let it spare A  
 ache too much Than nev - er ache at all. The heart, the heart that's tru - ly blest Is

out from all be - side; But let its precious stores unfold In mer - cy far and wide.  
 sigh for others' pain; The breath that soothes a brother's care Is nev - er spent in vain.  
 nev - er all its own; No ray of glo - ry lights the breast That beats for self a - lone.

desertion and obscurity, gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place:

For in the silent grave no conversation,  
 No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,  
 No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,  
 For nothing is, but all oblivion,  
 Dust, and an endless darkness.

Suddenly the notes of the deep laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and re-doubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into

sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to Heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony! I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire; the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom; and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.—*Washington Irving.*

A short time ago one of the most eminent English pianists fulfilled an engagement under very extraordinary circumstances. She had received a letter from a titled lady requesting her to go down to her country seat for a few days and there give some pianoforte performances. On arriving at the house she found that the sister of the writer of the letter was dangerously ill—fast approaching her end, indeed—and had

entreated that in her last hours some of the most beautiful of Beethoven's slow movements might be played to her. A pianoforte was taken into the bedroom, and upon this for several days the artist played Beethoven's loveliest music so long as the dying lady's state permitted of it, in this way soothing her last moments, just as the Countess Potocka did when singing Stradella's "Hymn to the Virgin" by Chopin's bedside.

## THE GOOD TIME COMING.

*Allegretto con Spirito.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

In the present instance the poor lady may literally be said to have passed away to the sound of the sweet music softly heard in that chamber of suffering.

Poetry, accompanied by music, was an attendant upon many scenes of Hebrew life in the Bible. Moses and Deborah celebrated victory with songs; David lamented over Saul and his son Jonathan in like manner; at feasts there was chanting to the sound of

the viol; and in the temple worship chanting of songs formed an important part. Although more than a third of the Old Testament is poetry, the three poetic books are Job, Psalms, and Proverbs; and poetic fragments are found in the historical books of the Bible. The songs of Balaam are eminently lyrical in character, while the mocking ballad in Numbers, xxi., 27, has been conjectured to be a fragment of an old Amorite war song.

## THE ANCHOR'S WEIGHED.

Andante.

J. BRAHAM.  
S. J. ARNOLD.

1. The tear fell gen - tly from her eye, When last we part - ed  
 2. Weep not, my love, I trem - bling said, Doubt not a con - stant

on the shore; My bo - som beat with ma - ny a sigh, To  
 heart like mine; I ne'er can meet an - oth - er maid, Whose

think I ne'er might see her more, To think I ne'er might see her more. "Dear  
 charms can fix my heart like thine, Whose charms can fix my heart like thine. "Go

youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste a - way? My heart will break, a  
 then," she cried, "but let thy con - stant mind Oft think of her you

little moment stay! A - las! I cannot, I cannot part from thee! The anchor's weighed!  
 leave be - hind." Dear maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be! The anchor's weighed!

The anchor's weighed! Fare - well! fare - well! Re - mem - ber me.

## JAMIE!

J. L. MOLLOY.

*Con espressione.*

1. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Jamie! do you hear me calling in the gloaming, Calling to you,  
 2. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ah! if he were never, never more to hear me, Never to come

lad - die, to come home? Long and lone I'm watching, and my heart is wond'ring, Why upon the  
 back to me a - gain! Sure I'm only dream - ing, and I know he's coming, All the same the

hill so late you roam, Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Are you never com - ing To the lit - tle  
 tears will flow like rain. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ah! the fear is on me, And my heart is

*ritard et rall.*

heart that's waiting sad at home? Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie!  
 ach - ing with dull pain. Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie! Ja - mie!

*a tempo.*

Jamie! Do you hear me calling in the gloaming, Calling to you, lad - die, call - ing Ja - mie?  
 Jamie! Do you hear me calling in the gloaming, Calling to you, lad - die, to come home?

*p p ^ joyously.*

3. Ja - mie! echo answer, And it says he's coming, coming down the hill - side, Well I know his

voice, my bon-nie lad, Now I hear him sing-ing to the cattle blithely, And the lit-tle sheep-bells tink-ling glad. Ja-mie! Ja-mie! Ah! the joy is on me, And my heart is go-ing just like mad, Ja-mie! Ja-mie! Ja-mie! Ja-mie!

Welcome to you laddie, welcome in the gloaming, All my heart is crying welcome, Ja-mie!

## SONG OF THE FISHER BOY.

1. Weary winds are hushed to sleep, Upon the deep; O'er the smooth and glassy tide, We slowly glide.  
 2. Brightly shine the stars above, But those we love Watch us on our home-bound way, With brighter ray,  
 3. Light the fisher boy will sleep, Upon the deep; Tempest, wind, and dashing wave, He all doth brave,

Dip, boys, dip the bending oar, Soon we touch the welcome shore, the wel-come shore.  
 Dip, then, dip the bending oar, Soon we touch the welcome shore, the wel-come shore.  
 Rest, then, rest the bending oar, Now we touch the welcome shore, the wel-come shore.

## KEEP A LIGHT HEART.

*Allegro moderato.*

HENRY FASE.

1. There's a something, we're told, is better far than gold; A heart ev - er hope - ful and  
 2. To give way to despair, when there's trouble or care, Turning words kindly meant in - to  
 3. "Good advice," you will say, "but show me the way, How these light, cheerful hearts may be

bright, Thro' good and thro' ill, striving on bravely still, And cheerful from morning to night. That  
 slights, Al - low me to say, is not the best way, For setting a wrong thing to rights. Far  
 won, For I've often heard tell that a thing may seem well, Yet not be so eas - i - ly done" Well,

*ritard.*

grieving can cure a - ny wrongs we endure, This I think you yourself will de - ny, Then tho'  
 bet - ter, I feel, put our strength to the wheel, Lift it out of the rut high and dry, To look  
 this is my plan, for woman and man, One that you safe - ly may try; Nev - er

*a tempo.**ritard.*

Fortune may frown, oh! never be cast down, Tho' Fortune may frown, oh! never be cast down, Always  
 on and delay is not the right way, To look on and delay is not the right way To  
 let a day speed without some kind deed, Never let a day speed without some kind deed, And you'll

*a tempo.*

1st &amp; 2nd.

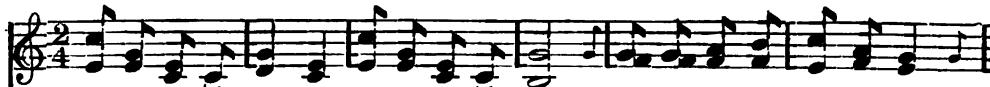
&gt; 3rd.

keep a light heart, A bright, cheerful heart, Keep a light heart— say I.  
 gain a light heart, A bright, cheerful heart, To win a light heart— say I.  
 win a light heart, You'll wear a light heart, You'll keep a light heart— say

I. Never let a day speed, without some kind deed, And you'll keep a light heart— say I.

*ritard.*

## EVER TO THE RIGHT.



1. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right! Give a ready hand and true  
 2. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right; Nev - er let your teach - er say,  
 3. Ev - er to the right, boys, Ev - er to the right; To ev 'ry stu - dy well at - tend, To



To the work you have to do, Ev - er to the righ , Ev - er to the right.  
 "Why my wish - es dis - o - bey?" Ev - er to the right, Ev - er to the right.  
 ev - 'ry schoolmate be a friend: Ev - er to the right, Ev - er to the right.



1. Ho, the boating ! Lightly floating Merrily away ! Winds of summer Sigh and murmur On the sleeping bay;  
 2. Pain and troubles Fleet like bubbles Underneath our keel; Gentle blisses In the kisses Of the wave we feel;



Sing - ing softly to us Songs to charm and woo us, Thro' the beaming, And the dreaming, Of the sunny days.  
 Care no longer teases, Sweet the whisp'ring breezes Thro' the willows, O'er the billows, Fresh and fragrant steal.



If I were a sunbeam I know what I would do; I'd seek the whitest lilies, The rainy woodlands thro'.  
 Stealing in among them, The softest light I'd shed, Until each graceful holly With gladness raised its head.  
 If I were a sunbeam I know where I would go; Into the lowliest hovels, All dark with want and woe.  
 Sad hearts looking upward Would see me shine and shine ! Until they tho't of Heaven, Their own sweet

home and mine.



Land of our fathers, wherever we may roam, Land of our fathers, to us thou still art home.  
 Tho' other lands may brighter hopes ful - fill, Land of our fathers, we'll ever love thee still.  
 Heaven shield our country from ev'ry hostile band, Freedom and plenty e'er crown our happy land!



## THE GOOD ANGELS.

F. GUMBERT.

*Andantino.*

1. Come lis - ten, dear child, while I tell to thee How good the guard - ian  
 2. Now lis - ten, dear child, while I tell thee true The good that the guard - ian  
 3. And wouldst thou, my child, an An - gel see? On earth it is not per -

An - gels be; With beam - ing fa - ces all so bright, As earth and heav'n in  
 An - gels do; When the poor man prays in his ut - most need, They speed - i - ly bring him  
 mit - ted thee; But if thou art good and pure while here, Thou'l be an An - gel,

Spring's sweet light, Their eyes are a - zure blue so fair, And flowers un - sad - ing in  
 dai - ly bread, When the child is sick and the moth - er weeps, They watch the babe till he  
 nev - er fear, And when at length thy dear eye so bright, No more shall open to

gold - en hair, And swift their daz - zling pin - ions gleam, Like silver they glance in the  
 silently sleeps, And if any dangers the bed surround, Be sure the good An - gels  
 earth - ly light, Then Angels of mercy from Heaven's bright dome, Will beckon thee upward to

pale moonbeam. By day and by night, By day and by night, Float the good  
 there are found. There swiftly and mild, There swiftly and mild, There are the  
 follow them home. In realms of light, In realms of light, There wilt thou

Angels in splen - dor bright, Float the good An - gels in splen - dor bright.  
 Angels, my own dear child, There are the An - gels, my own dear child.  
 be, an An - gel bright, There wilt thou be an An - gel bright.

## NURSERY SONGS.

1. Would you know the Baby's skies? Baby's skies are mamma's eyes, Mamma's eyes and smiles to -  
 2. Mam - ma, keep your eyes from tears, Keep your heart from foolish fears, Keep your lips from dull com -  
 3. geth - er, Make the ba - by's pleasant weather, Make the ba - by's pleas - ant weath - er.  
 plain - ing, Lest the ba - by think 'tis rain - ing, Lest the ba - by think 'tis rain - ing.

## LITTLE LIPS.

*Tenderly.*

1. Lit - tle lips, so gen - tly press - ing, Lit - tle fin - gers, soft ca - ress - ing;  
 2. Lit - tle feet so car - ly stray - ing, Lit - tle wills soon dis - o - bey - ing;  
 3. Lit - tle knees our stiff knees sham - ing, Lit - tle lips the Fa - ther nam - ing!

Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er Knows more joy than an - y oth - er.  
 Oh, the bo - som of a moth - er Knows more care than an - y oth - er.  
 Oh, this Father's heart, a moth - er Knows more true than an - y oth - er.

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Our cot - tage vale is deep: The lit - tle lamb is  
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Near where the woodbines creep, Be al - ways like the  
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, Thy rest shall an - gels keep, While on the grass the

on the green With snowy fleece so soft and clean. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 lamb so mild, A sweet, and kind, and gen - tle child. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 lambs shall feed, And nev - er suf - fer want nor need. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

## CHILDREN'S SONGS.

1. Winkum, Winkum, shut your eye, Sweet my ba - by, lul - la - by, For the dews are falling soft,  
 2. Chickens long have gone to rest, Birds lie snug with - in their nest, And my birdie soon will be

Lights are flick'ring up a - lost, And the head-light's peeping over Yonder hill-top capp'd with clover.  
 Sleeping like a chick - a - dee; For with on - ly half a try, Winkum, Winkum shuts her eye.

## THE LITTLE BEE.

1. The lit - tle busy bee Abroad doth roam thro' all the day, On airy wing thro' meadows gay, To  
 2. Who taught it thus to roam Amid the riches of the field? And from the flowers that sweets do yield, To  
 3. It learned from God alone, He put the sweets within the flower, He sends the bee to drain its store, And

bring its honey home, To bring its honey home, To bring its hon - ey home.

## THE CRICKET.

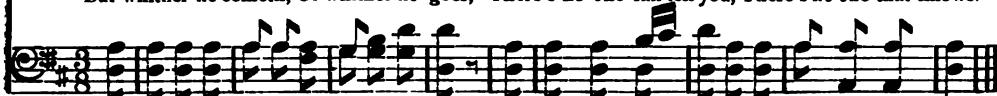
1. { Chirp, chirp, chirp! Soon as fades the light, } Little cricket In the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp!  
 { Chirp, chirp, chirp! Thro' the summer night; } Little cricket In the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp!  
 2. { Chirp, chirp, chirp! While I soundly sleep, } Little cricket In the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp!  
 { Chirp, chirp, chirp! You still waking keep; } Little cricket In the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp!

Little cricket In the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp, Cricket in the thicket, Chirp, chirp, chirp!

## CHILDREN'S SONGS.



Which way does the wind blow, And where does he go? He rides o'er the water, And over the snow!  
 O'er wood and o'er valley, And over the height, Where goats cannot traverse, He tak - eth his flight.  
 He rages and tosses When bare is the tree, As, when you look upwards, You plainly may see.  
 But whither he cometh, Or whither he goes, There's no one can tell you, There's no one that knows.



## BEAUTIFUL SEA.

*Allegretto.*

Beau - ti - ful sea, beau - ti - ful sea, Oh, how I love on thy bo - som to roam,  
 Foaming and free, foaming and free, There is my rest - ing-place, there is my home.  
 O - ver the deep stormy winds sweep, Fly - ing a - way o'er the foam-crested wave.  
 O - ver the deep fierce - ly they leap, But in our good ship the dan - ger we'll brave.



## ROSALIND.



Here cometh Ros - a - lind, chasing the bee, Bright as the sunshine up - on the blue sea.  
 "Ros - a - lind, Ros - a - lind, where have you been?" "O - ver the meadow, and over the green."  
 "Whom are your flowers for? where did they grow? Some like the blue sky, and some like the snow."  
 "Down by the merry brook, there's where they grew; And I have brought them, dear sister, for you."



## OH, BROAD LAND.

*Maestoso.*

Oh, broad land, oh, fair land, Oh, land that gave us birth, Oh, near land, oh, dear land, Our home of all the earth;  
 We honor and praise thee, Oh realm enrich'd by heav'n, We love thee, we bless thee, For priceless blessings giv'n.  
 For freedom, for knowledge, Alike to great and small, For care and protection, And equal rights to all.



## THE FARMER.



I'm glad I am a farmer, the sturdy plough to wield, Or reap and bind the ripen'd grain that waves in yonder field.  
 I'm glad I am a farmer, his heart is always gay As merrily his song rings out amid the new-mown hay.  
 O happy is the farmer, for when the day is o'er, The ev'ning shadows gather round, that he may work no more.  
 How peacefully around him, soft sleep her curtain throws, There's nothing half so tranquil as the laborer's re - pose.



In running our thoughts backward and comparing the present with the past, one of the most gratifying evidences of elevating and humanizing culture and progress, that warms the heart of the patriot and cheers the lover of his race, is the wide-spread attention paid to vocal music in the common schools. This art, once so generally and sadly neglected, is now almost universally recognized as one of the most elevating and potential educational influences that can brighten the school, gladden the home and lend a spiritual charm

to social life. It may not be true in all cases, as Shakespeare says, that "he who has no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" but it is true that they who have no ear for music, or have never had a taste for the divine art cultivated and developed, are shut out from some of the highest enjoyments of which the human soul is capable; and, aside from its passing benediction on fleeting human life, it has an eternal mission in realms of blessedness hereafter, when all material things have faded into nothing.

### THE DAY-STAR IS SHINING.

FRANZ ABT.  
GEORGE LINLEY.

*f Allegretto alla marcia. mf*

1. The day-star is shining O'er mountain and lake, The birds of the for - est From slum - ber a -  
2. As thus thro' the greenwood We wander a - long, And hear the wild linnet Mel - o - dious with  
3. The world's brightest treasures Soon vanish and cloy, Compared with the pleasures Like these we en -

*p*

wake, The dews hang like pearl-drops On wild-rose and thorn, All na - ture re - joic - es To  
song: We seem in its free - dom And gladness to share, Our hearts our unburdened Of  
joy; They soothe and they cheer us, And lighten life's hours, Then welcome the song-birds, The

wel - come the morn, All na - ture re - joic - es To welcome the morn. Tra la la, Tra la la la  
sor - row and care, Are hearts are un - burdened Of sorrow and care. Tra la la, Tra la la la  
greenwood and bow'rs, Then welcome the song-birds, The greenwood and bow'rs. Tra la la, Tra la la la  
la! Tra la la, Tra la la la la! All na - ture re - joic - es To welcome the morn.  
la! Tra la la, Tra la la la la! Our hearts are unburdened Of sorrow and care.  
la! Tra la la, Tra la la la la! Then welcome the song-bird, The greenwood and bow'rs.

ness. Of all the employments and enjoyments of earth, music is the only thing mentioned in the Sacred Volume as being our destined employment and enjoyment in the great hereafter. In this view of the case it is eminently fitting and proper that training in this melodious art should begin in childhood, with the mother's lullaby in the nursery, and then with vocalization in the school-room, and continued through every gradation of school studies until the graduate is ushered into the arena of the world's affairs.—*Henry C. Hickok.*

Some one has said, "Music is the sweetest thing that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into." And another, "Alas for those who never sing, but die with all their music in them." They have lost one of Heaven's best gifts, and nothing else can recompense them. Shall we not then do the best we can with the voices God has given us? Shall we not strive to cultivate them and use them in singing songs that will elevate us, and let nothing that is impure or coarse ever be heard from our lips to desecrate their melody.

## THE KISS OF A LITTLE CHILD.

JOHN HULLAH.  
CHARLES J. ROWE.*Andantino.*

Like the first fresh scent of the vio - let mild, That's kissed by the morn - ing dew; Like the  
lit - le rose - bud lips are met, And the sweet, soft kiss is given, 'Tis as

per - fume sweet of the wild, wild rose, When yet the day is new, When yet the day is  
tho' an an - gel came to earth To lead our thoughts to Heaven, To lead our thoughts to

new; Like the fair - est fra - grace e'er dis - till'd From sweet - est flow - ers  
Heaven, To point the road to Pa - ra - dise From out this tur - moil

wild, Is the in - cense rare that greets the heart In the kiss of a lit - tle  
wild; So sweet the dream that fills the heart In the kiss of a lit - tle

child, Is the in - cense rare that greets the heart In the kiss of a lit - tle  
child, So sweet the dream that fills the heart In the kiss of a lit - tle

1 2 *rall.*  
child. As the child, In the kiss of a lit - tle child.

Berlioz had a perpetual struggle between the overpowering desire to put on paper the ideas pouring into his pen and the impossibility to find time for such work. Unexpected aid came suddenly. He gave a concert in which he conducted the "Childe Harold" symphony. The success was great, and when perfectly exhausted he sat down to rest. A gentleman, thin, long, dark and bony as a skeleton, with deep black hair, and eyes like an inferno, led by a little boy, came on the stage with long strides, advancing towards him. Reaching his seat he knelt down before the whole orchestra and kissed Berlioz' hand. It was Paganini! The next

morning the same little boy, Paganini's son, brought him a letter, and when Berlioz made a movement to open it, the boy stopped him and said: "Papa hopes you will read the letter quietly when you are alone," and immediately left. When he was alone he read the letter, in which Paganini said that Beethoven being dead, Berlioz alone could revive him, and asked him, as a homage to his great genius, to accept the enclosed. The "enclosed" was the following small but weighty little note: "Je prie Monsieur le Baron de Rothschild de vouloir bien remettre a M. Berlioz les 20,000 francs que j'ai deposes chez lui hier." Such unequivocal hom-

## I HAVE LOVED THEE.

Andantino.

age (£800) would certainly flatter the *amour propre* of a cooler man. We leave the reader to imagine the effect it produced on Berlioz, who wrote and tore up four letters one after another, none having fire and flame enough to express his gratitude.—*Temple Bar*.

We are bound by human brotherhood so to choose our words as to sacrifice no one's welfare, to injure no one's good name, to mar no one's happiness, and to do positive good whenever we can. If this is our duty with the language of thought, is it not equally so with the language of feeling? Is it not incumbent on every person to control and guide the tones of his voice with

the same care with which he selects his words? There need be nothing artificial or insincere in the one, any more than in the other. Changes of voice, with their various inflections, are far more numerous and delicate in an intelligent and well-educated man than in a dull and ignorant one, and attention to the accurate interpretation of what is felt, both by speaker and listener, must increase our understanding of and sympathy with each other. There is often as much exaggeration used in the tone of voice as in the words, and as much forced reticence in hiding the feeling as in concealing the thought. Both extremes must be carefully avoided.

## THE MIDSCHIPMITE.

*Con spirto.*STEPHEN ADAMS.  
FRED. E. WEATHERLY.

1. "Twas in fif - ty - five, on a winter's night, Cheerily, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Rooshan  
 2. We launched the cutter and shoved her out, Cheerily, my lads, yo ho! The lubbers might ha'  
 3. "I'm done for now; good-bye!" says he, Steadily, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, never

lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship - mite, Cheeri - ly, my lads, yo  
 heard us shout, As the Middy cried, "Now, my lads, put about!" Cheeri - ly, my lads, yo  
 mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheeri - ly, my lads, yo

ho! "Who'll go ashore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why  
 ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd them tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An'  
 ho! So we hoisted him in, in a ter - rible plight, An' we pulled, ev'ry man with all his might, An'

bless 'ee, sir, come along!" says we. Cheerily, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my  
 down drops the poor little Mid - shipmite, Cheerily, my lads, yo ho! Cheer - i - ly, my  
 saved the poor little Mid - shipmite, Cheerily, my lads, yo. ho! Cheer - i - ly, my

lad, yo ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gaily, boys, make her

go! An' we'll sing to-night To the Mid - shipmite, Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho!

It can be easily seen what office music should serve in the family. The family is the home of our deepest earthly affections. It is here that our whole emotional nature begins its development. Here we find the very fountain whence flow the purest, and strongest, and most lasting feelings of our life. We are in the family by the necessary relations of our being. Far back of any voluntary acts of our own conscious existence it asserts its presence and power. The relation is divinely ordained, and demands, therefore, our most serious regard. Home, where we first live, and move, and have our being—where the soul of each one of us opens up into conscious activity, where the whole being begins to bloom as doth the flower in its inclosing bud—home is the place not only of obedient acts of will,—not only of intellectual nurture and discipline,

but also the place which the beauty of art should adorn,—where the “fair humanities” should reign, where all ennobling sentiments should be cherished, that in every possible way the attention of the household may be drawn from the grossly sensual to the supersensual and ideal. Music, then, when true to its nature as giving form to and thus suggesting sentiments, which are, perhaps, more powerful factors of our life than thoughts,—through the medium of sounds which equally delight childhood and age,—music, we repeat, should bind the fireside together with links of love, and in the throbbing hearts of the little children awaken hallowed thoughts and resolutions, and form a body of lasting associations, expanding the affections of the human soul, “untwisting all the chains that tie the hidden soul of harmony.”—Dr. E. E. Higbee.

## MY LOVE BEYOND THE SEA.

J. P. DOUGLAS.  
A. S. SULLIVAN.

*Allegro moderato.* >

1. I met my love in a dream last night, My love be - yond the sea; His  
2. The morning came, my bright dream fled, Like a star at break of day; But the

cres.

brow was bright with a lau - rel wreath, And bonny and brave looked he. We  
hope with - in my lov - ing heart Will nev - er pass a - way. We shall

rit.

met where the lime-trees shade the dell, And the waters murmur low; 'Twas the trysting spot we  
meet a - gain be - side the spot We used to know so well, Where the summer wa - ters

*1st time.* *f* *2nd time.*

knew so well. In the summers long a - go. mur - mur low, And the lime-trees shade the

cres.

dell, Where the summer wa - ters mur - mur low, And the lime - trees shade the dell.

## CHERRY RIPE.

CHARLES E. HORN.

*Allegretto.*

Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, ripe I cry, Full and fair ones! come and buy. Cherry ripe, cherry ripe,

ripe I cry, Full and fair ones! come and buy, 1. If so be you ask me where they do grow, I

an - swer there, "Where my Julia's lips do smile, There's the land o' Cherry Isle! There's the land o'

Cherry Isle!" 2. Where my Julia's lips do smile, There's the land o' Cherry Isle; There plantations

fully show All the year where cherries grow! All the year where cherries grow! Cherry ripe, cherry ripe,

rall.

ripe, I cry, Full and fair ones! come and buy, Full and fair ones! come and buy.

## ONE MORNING, OH, SO EARLY.

JEAN INGELOW.  
ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

One morning, oh, so early, my be - lov - ed, my be - lov - ed, All the birds were singing  
 blithely, As if never they would cease; 'Twas the thrush sang in the garden, Hear the story, hear the  
 story, And the lark sang "Give us glory," And the dove sang "Give us peace!" Then I listened, oh, so  
 early, My be - lov-ed, my be - lov-ed, To the murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear, the  
 dove; When the nightingale came after, "Give us fame to sweeten duty," When the wren sang "Give us  
 beauty," She made answer, "Give us love!" She made answer, "Give us love!" She made answer, "Give us

*f.* *tempo primo.*

love!" Fair is April, fair the morning, My be - lov-ed, my be - lov-ed, Now for us doth spring's bright

morning Wait up - on the year's in - crease, Let my voice be heard that asketh Not for

fame and not for glo ry, Give, for all our life's dear sto ry, Give us love, and give us

peace, Give, for all our life's dear sto - ry, Give us love, and give us peace."

*piu lento.* *rall. al Fine.*

## CRADLE SONG.

C. M. von WEBER.

*Moderato.*

1. Sleep, my heart's darling, in slumber re - pose; Let the fair lid o'er those blue eyes now close;  
 2. Now, dearest ba - by, is morn's golden time; Not thus thou'l slumber in life's lat - er prime;  
 3. An - gels from heaven, as love - ly as thou, Watch o'er thy cradle and smile on thee now;  
 4. Sleep, my heart's darling, straight cometh the night; Mother doth watch by thy bed with de - light;

All is as peaceful and still as the tomb, Nor shall the gnats wake thee with their low hum.  
 Sorrow and care then will watch by thy bed, Ne'er more sweet peace will there pillow thy head.  
 Angels will tend thee in life's la - ter years; Then they will come to dry manhood's sad tears.  
 Tho' it be ear - ly or late it may be, Mother's love slumbers not, watching o'er thee.

## STORY OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

*Andante con moto.*J. L. MOLLOY.  
From HANS ANDERSEN.

1. A lit - tle nightin - gale his notes at twilight rang, And filled the heart with tears when -  
 2. But courtiers came and wooed the lit - tle bird to sing, With - in the pal - ace walls, be -  
 4. But when they came to look, the nightingale was gone, And thro' the lat - tice wide a

e'er he sang. For when the sun had set and weary peasants heard, They smiled and nodding said, "There  
 fore the King, The King with glist'ning eyes, Was glad with great delight and said, "I ne'er had dreamed of  
 bright star shone; And list'ning thro' the night they heard his little song, As to his woodland home he

sings our lit - tle bird, The King has all the wealth of Chi - na in his hall, But  
 song so sweet and bright, Ask of me what thou wilt, thou'rt first with - in this hall." The  
 winged his flight along. The King was sad with grief and mourned within his hall, And

we have got our lit - tle bird, and that is best of all!" A lit - tle nightin - gale whose  
 bird said, "I have seen your tears, and that is best of all!" A lit - tle nightin - gale whose  
 cried, "Oh, lit - tle bird, come back, for thou wert best of all!" A lit - tle nightin - gale whose

notes at twi - light rang, And filled the heart with tears when - e'er he sang. 3. One

day there came a bird of gold and diamonds made, And when' twas touched, it 'gan to move, and

do. a tempo.

lit - tie tunes it played; The courtiers all went mad with joy at what they heard, And

e'en the king himself forgot the little woodland bird, But said, "Perchance they'll sing to -

rit - - ard - - an - - do. D.C.

geth - er if we try, Go seek the lit - tie woodland bird and hith - er bring him nigh."

## I WILL BE HAPPY TOO.

S. NELSON.  
C. J. JEFFERYS.

1. When Spring arrays the earth with flowers, And blossoms gem the tree; When sweet birds sing their  
 2. When cornfields wear their Autumn garb, To wake the reaper's glee, And glad - den all the  
 3. In ev - 'ry sea - son, ev - 'ry clime, Tho' rich or poor our lot, Con - tent - ment may new

tune - ful lay, I too will hap - py be; When Summer spreads her welcome store, In  
 sons of toil, I too will hap - py be; When Winter chains the streamlet's course, And  
 pleasures give, To pal - ace and to cot; To friends let me my joys im - part, And

na - ture's va - ried hue, When flourish groves, and plains rejoice, I will be hap - py too.  
 snow-wreaths meet my view, Old Christmas has his song and dance And I'll be hap - py too.  
 they their joys to me, And tho' a passing cloud be mine, I still will hap - py be.

THE NIGHTINGALE.—In China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all whom he has about him are Chinamen, too. The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world. Everything in the Emperor's garden was nicely set out, and it reached so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If a man went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood went straight down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail to and fro beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so well that even the poor Fisherman, who had many other things to do, stopped still and listened, when he had gone out at night to throw out his nets, and heard the Nightingale. "How beautiful that is!" he said; but he had to attend to his work, and so he forgot the bird. But the next night, when the bird sang again, and the Fisherman

heard it, he said as before, "How beautiful that is!" From all the countries of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor and admired it, and the palace, and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale they all said, "That is the best of all!" And the travelers told of it when they came home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was spoken of most of all; and all those who were poets wrote great poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake. The books went all over the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read: every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to hear the fine things that were said about the city, the palace, and the garden. "But the Nightingale is the best of all!"—it stood written there. "What's that?" exclaimed the

## FAR O'ER HILL AND DELL.

J. R. PLANCHE.

*Lento.*

Emperor. "The Nightingale? I don't know that at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and in my garden to boot? I've never heard of that. One has to read about such things." Hereupon he called his Cavalier, who was so grand that if any one lower in rank than he dared to speak to him, or to ask him any question, he answered nothing but "T"—and that meant nothing. "There is said to be a strange bird here called a Nightingale!" said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why has no one ever told me anything about it?" "I have never heard it named," replied the Cavalier; "it has never been presented at court." "I command that it shall come here this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor; "all the world knows what I have, and I do not know it myself!" "I have never heard it mentioned," said the Cavalier; "I will seek for it; I will find it." But where was

it to be found? The Cavalier ran up and down the stairs, through halls and passages, but no one among all those whom he met had heard talk of the Nightingale. And the Cavalier ran back to the Emperor, and said that it must be a fable made up by those who write books. "Your Imperial Majesty must not believe what is written. It is fiction, and something that they call the black art." "But the book in which I read this," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and so it cannot be a falsehood. I will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening. It has my high favor; and if it does not come, all the court shall be trampled upon after the court has supped!" "Tsing-pe!" said the Cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the stairs, and through all the halls and passages, and half the court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon. There

was a great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew, but not the people at court. At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen. She said, "The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, how it can sing! Every evening I get leave to carry my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the beach, and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. And then the tears come into my eyes, and it is just as if my mother kissed me!" "Little Kitchen-girl," said the Cavalier, "I will get you a fixed place in the kitchen, with leave to see the Emperor dine, if you lead us to the Nightingale, for it is promised for this evening." So they all went out into the wood where the Nightingale was wont to sing; half the court went out. When they were on the way a cow began to low. "Oh!" cried the court pages, "now we have it! That shows

a great power in so small a creature! I have certainly heard it before." "No, those are cows mooing!" said the little Kitchen-girl. "We are a long way from the place yet." Now the frogs began to croak in the marsh. "Glorious!" said the Chinese Court Preacher. "Now I hear it! It sounds just like little church bells." "No, those are frogs!" said the maid. "But now I think we shall soon hear it." And then the Nightingale began to sing. "That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! and yonder it sits. And she pointed to a little gray bird up in the boughs. "Is it possible?" cried the Cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must certainly have lost its color at seeing so many famous people around." "Little Nightingale!" cried the little Kitchen-maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him." "With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, and sang

## MY NATIVE LAND.

FRANZ ABT.

1. For the bless-ings that surround me, Thanks to thee, my na-tive land! Stronger  
 2. As in joy, so too in sor-row, Still say I to friend and foe, Let us

love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee, with heart and hand. Not alone with words, and sing-ing,  
 all, to-day, to-morrow, By her stand in weal and woe! For the blessings that sur-round me,

To thee will I thankful be; But my deeds will I be bringing As my meed of thanks to thee.  
 Thanks to thee, my native land! Stronger love than e'er hath bound me, Swear I thee, with heart and hand.

so that it was a joy to hear it. "It sounds just like glass bells!" said the Cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it's working! It's wonderful that we should never have heard it before. That bird will be a great success at court." "Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" asked the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present. "My excellent little Nightingale," said the Cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing." "My song sounds best in the green-wood!" replied the Nightingale; still it came willingly when it heard what the Emperor wished. In the palace there was a great brushing up. The walls and the floor, which were of porcelain, shone with many thousand golden lamps. The most glorious flowers, which could ring clearly, had been placed in the halls. There was a running to and fro, and a draught of air,

but all the bells rang so exactly together that one could not hear any noise. In the midst of the great hall, where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole court was there, and the little Cook-maid had leave to stand behind the door, as she had now received the title of a real cook-maid. All were in full dress, and they all looked at the little gray bird, to which the Emperor nodded. And the Nightingale sang so gloriously that the tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and the tears ran down over his cheeks; and then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly; that went straight to the heart. The Emperor was happy, and he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper to wear round its neck. But the Nightingale thanked him, it had already got reward enough. "I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes—that is the real treasure to me. An Emperor's tears have a strange

power. I am paid enough!" Then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice. "That's the most lovely way of making love I ever saw!" said the ladies who stood round about, and then they took water in their mouths to gurgle when any one spoke to them. They thought they should be nightingales too. And the lackeys and maids let it be known that they were pleased too; and that was saying a good deal, for they are the hardest of all to please. In short, the Nightingale made a real hit. It was now to remain at court, to have its own cage, with freedom to go out twice every day and once at night. It had twelve servants, and they each had a silken string tied to the bird's leg which they held very tight. There was really no pleasure in going out. The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird, and when two people met, one said nothing but "Nightingale," and the other said "gale;" and then they sighed, and understood one

another. Eleven storekeepers' children were named after the bird, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day a large parcel came to the Emperor, on which was written The Nightingale. "Here we have a new book about this famous bird," said the Emperor. But it was not a book; it was a little work of art that lay in a box, a toy nightingale, which was to sing like a live one, but it was all covered with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. So soon as the toy bird was wound up, he could sing one of the pieces that the real one sang, and then his tail moved up and down, and shone with silver and gold. Round his neck hung a little ribbon, and on that was written, "The Emperor of Japan's Nightingale is poor beside that of the Emperor in China." "That is capital!" said they all, and he who had brought the toy bird at once got the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale Bringer.

"Now they must sing together; what a duet that will

### SONG OF REST.

J. STRAUSS.

*Allegretto.*

I. Oh, gen-tly, gently sighs the breeze, Soft as a whisper thro' the trees, Soft as a voice of  
 2. Hush! hush! the birds are gone to rest, And all the earth, at night's behest, Now hides her beauties  
 ser-aph bright, Bidding the world "Good night, good night!" While ev'ry hill, and ev'ry glade, Doth in the  
 from our sight, And we, dear friends, must say, "Good night!" "Good night, good night," the ev'ning breeze Still  
 [seems to  
 dusky twilight fade, The whisp'ring breezes seem to say Their o-ri-sons for close of day.  
 whisper thro' the trees; But now the woodland murmurs cease, And all is sweet repose and peace.

be!" And so they had to sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang in its own way, and the toy bird sang waltzes. "That's not its fault," said the Play-master; "it's quite perfect, and very much in my style." Now the toy bird was to sing alone. It made just as much of a hit as the real one, and then it was so much more fine to look at—it shone like bracelets and breastpins. Three-and-thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing a little something. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown away, out of the open window, back to the green woods. "But what is become of it?" asked the Emperor. Then all the courtiers scolded, and thought the Nightingale was a very thankless creature. "We have the best bird after all," said they. And so the toy bird had to

sing again, and this was the thirty-fourth time they had listened to the same piece. For all that, they did not know it quite by heart, for it was so very difficult. And the Play-master praised the bird so highly; yes, he declared that it was better than the real Nightingale, not only in its feathers and its many beautiful diamonds, but inside as well. "For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with the real Nightingale one can never make sure what is coming, but in this toy bird everything is settled. It is just so, and not any other way. One can explain it; one can open it and can show how much thought went to making it, where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows another." "Those are quite our own ideas," they all said. And the Play-master got leave to show the bird to the people on the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, said the Emperor; and they did hear it, and were as much

pleased as if they had all had tea, for that's quite the Chinese fashion; and they all said "Oh!" and held their forefingers up in the air and nodded. But the poor Fisherman, who had heard the Nightingale, said, "It sounds pretty enough, and it's a little like, but there's something wanting, though I know not what!" The real Nightingale was exiled from the land and the empire. The toy bird had its place on a silken cushion close to the Emperor's bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were ranged about it; in title it had come to be the High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer, and in rank, it was number on the left hand; for the Emperor reckoned that side the most important on which the heart is placed, and even in an Emperor the heart is on the left side; and the Playmaster wrote a book of five-and-twenty volumes about the toy bird; it was so learned and so long, full of the most difficult Chinese words, that all the people said

they had read it, and understood it, or else they would have been thought stupid, and would have had their bodies trampled on. So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the toy bird's song by heart. But just for that reason it pleased them best—they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boy sang, "Tsi-tsi-tsi-glug-glug!" and the Emperor himself sang it too. Yes, that was certainly famous. But one evening, when the toy bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed and heard it, something inside the bird said, "Svup!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped. The Emperor jumped at once out of his bed, and had his own doctor called; but what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a good deal of talking, he got the bird into some sort of order, but he said that it must be looked after a good deal,

## COME SING TO ME AGAIN.

Moderato.

M. HOBSON.  
J. H. ECCLES.

Fine.

D. C. al fine.

for the barrels were worn, and he could not put new ones in in such a manner that the music would go. There was a great to do; only once in a year did they dare to let the bird sing, and that was almost too much. But then the Play-master made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said this was just as good as before—and so of course it was as good as before.

Five years had gone by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really fond of their Emperor, and now he was sick, and could not, it was said, live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street

and asked the Cavalier how their old Emperor did. He shook his head. Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great, gorgeous bed; the whole court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay respect to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies' maids had a great coffee party. All about, in all the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no one could be heard go by, and therefore it was quiet there, quite quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet: stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up, a window stood open, and the moon

## STRIKE THE HARP GENTLY.

I. B. WOODBURY.

*Andante affettuoso.*

shone in upon the Emperor and the toy bird. The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was just as if something lay upon his breast: he opened his eyes, and then he saw that it was Death who sat upon his breast, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, and in the other his beautiful banner. And all around, from among the folds of the splendid velvet curtains, strange heads peered forth; a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. These were all the Emperor's bad and good deeds, that stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart. "Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other.

"Do you remember that?" and they told him so much that the sweat ran from his forehead. "I did not know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! music! the great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!" And they kept on, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said. "Music! music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck—sing now, sing!" But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that; but Death kept on staring at the Emperor with

his great hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet. Then there sounded, close by the window, the most lovely song. It was the little living Nightingale, that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's need, and had come to sing of trust and hope. And as it sang the spectres grew paler and paler; the blood ran more and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs; and Death himself listened, and said, "Go on, little Nightingale, go on!" "But will you give me that splendid golden sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?" And Death gave up each of these treasures

for a song. And the Nightingale sang on and on; it sang of the quiet churchyard where the white roses grow, where the elder-blossom smells so sweet, and where the fresh grass is wet with the tears of mourners. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out at the window in the form of a cold, white mist. "Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird! I know you well. I drove you from my land and empire, and yet you have charmed away the evil faces from my bed, and driven Death from my heart! How can I pay you?" "You have paid me!" replied the Nightingale. "I drew tears from your eyes,

## SWISS SHEPHERD'S SONG.

Allegretto.

1. { Day - light clo - ses round us, round us, Eve - ning shades have found us, found us, }  
 Home is far be - fore us, fore us, Moun - tain crags bend o'er us, o'er us, }  
 2. { Vil - lage lights are beaming, beaming, Sil - v'ry lakes are gleaming, gleaming, }  
 Tell - ing home is near us, near us, With bright hope to cheer us, cheer us, }

Hearts in bo - soms kind are beat - ing, For the bliss - ful hour of  
 Hearts no more with fear are beat - ing, Now's the bliss - ful hour of

Chorus.

meet - ing. Sound the Al - pine horn, and a - way, Call our flocks, no lon - ger stay,  
 meet - ing. Sound the Al - pine horn, we are near Our homes, our kindred still more dear.

Ai li oo, li ai li oo, li ai li oo, li ai li oo, li ai li oo.

Sound the Al - pine horn, and a - way, Call our flocks no lon - ger stay.  
 Sound the Al - pine horn, we are near Our homes, our kin - dred, still more dear.

This may be sung, Soprano taking the lines in first brace, then Duet, followed by the Chorus.

the first time I sang—I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that make a singer's heart glad. But now sleep and grow fresh and strong again. I will sing you something." And it sang, and the Emperor fell into a sweet sleep. Ah! how mild and refreshing that sleep was! The sun shone upon him through the windows, when he awoke strong and sound; not one of his servants had yet come back, for they all thought he was dead; but the Nightingale still sat beside him and sang. "You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; and I'll break the toy bird into a thousand pieces." "Not so,"

replied the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could; keep it as you have done till now. I cannot build my nest in the palace to dwell in it, but let me come when I feel the wish; then I will sit in the evening on the spray yonder by the window, and sing for you, so that you may be glad and thoughtful at once. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. I will sing of the good and of the evil that remain hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far around, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far away from you and from your court. I love your heart more than your

## SHED NOT A TEAR.

*Moderato, con espress.*T. H. BAYLY.  
ROSA V. JOHNSON.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, when I am gone;  
 2. Plant ye a tree that may wave over me, When I am gone, when I am gone;

Smile if the slow - toll - ing bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone.  
 Sing ye a song if my grave you should see, When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round my grave, Think who has died His be - lov - ed to save;  
 Come at the close of the bright summer's day, Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,

Think of the crown all the ran - somed shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.  
 Come, and re - joice that I thus passed a - way, When I am gone, I am gone.

crown, and yet the crown has an air of sanctity about it. I will come and sing to you—but one thing you must promise me." "Everything!" said the Emperor; and he stood there in his royal robes, which he had put on himself, and pressed the sword which was heavy with gold to his heart. "One thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then all will go well." And the Nightingale flew away. The servants came in to look on their dead Emperor, and—yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said, "Good-morning!"—Hans Christian Andersen.

The famous Dr. Guthrie loved many of the modern Sunday school hymns. He wanted them sung at his bedside in his illness, and over his grave when he should be buried. In spite of all the criticisms of the children's hymns of the present day, many of them are better than were some of those which our fathers loved. A hymn is to be neither approved nor condemned because it is new; nor should it be counted without merit if it seems in actual use to touch the hearts of the young and the old in many lands, as it finds its way around the world to cheer and to bless.

## HER GENTLE VOICE.

*Con Simplicita.*E. FALCONER.  
M. W. BALFE.

1. Her gentle voice expressed no guile, Its mu - sic haunts me yet, The radiance of her  
 2. Oh! fairer than the summer night, Arrayed with star - ry skies, Upon me beamed the-

sun - ny smile, Oh! ne'er can I for - get; Yes, dear and welcome  
 tranquil light Of those soft, dove - like eyes; More love - ly than the

ev - 'ry tone, As fragrant breathing flowers, Re - call - ing, pleas - ures  
 poet's dream, Whose heart with rapture glows, Re - viv - ing, as the

past sun's and gone, When calm - ly, calm - ly flew life's  
 sun's warm gleam, To some, to some poor droop - ing

hours; She seemed to me a spirit fair, Enchanting and di - vine; Oh! could I call that  
 rose. I gazed as on a spirit fair, Enchanting and di - vine; Oh! could I call that

beauteous form For ev - er, ev - er mine, ev - er, ev - er mine.

*poco accel.* *cres - cen - do.* *riten.*

*dim.*

## THE IVY GREEN.

HENRY RUSSELL.  
CHARLES DICKENS.

*Con espressione.*

1. A dainty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old, Of  
 2. Fast he stealeth, tho' he wears no wings, And a staunch old heart has he, How  
 3. Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed, And nations have scat - tered been, But the

right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold; The wall must be crumbled, the  
 closely he twineth, how closely he clings To his friend, the huge oak tree! And sly - ly he traileth a -  
 stout old I - vy shall nev - er fade, From its hale and hearty green; The brave old plant in its

stones decayed, To pleasure his dainty whim, And the moldering dust that years have made Is a  
 long the ground, And his leaves he gently waves, As he joyously hugs and crowdeth round The  
 lone - ly days, Shall fatten up - on the past; For the stateliest building man can raise Is the

mer - ry meal for him— Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,  
 mold of dead men's graves— Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,  
 I - vy's food at last— Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,

Creeping where no life is seen, A  
 Creeping where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the Ivy green,  
 Creep - ing, creep - ing, Creep - ing, creep-ing,

rare old plant is the I - vy green, Creeping where no life is seen,  
 Creeping where no life is seen, Creep - ing, creep - ing, A rare old plant is the Ivy green.



The pupil should, of course, be taught that a Measure may be filled with other notes than those used in the above examples. Let him fill the measures with notes of different lengths, rests, etc. As will be seen, a piece of music may begin on any part of a measure. When it begins on a fractional part, it ends on a fractional part; and the two parts thus formed equal a complete measure.

**16.** The **Numerator** of the Fraction at the beginning of the above examples indicates the number of beats into which the measure is divided; the **Denominator** indicates the kind of note which will fill each beat. Thus,  $\frac{3}{4}$  shows that there are three beats in the measure, and that a quarter note will fill each beat.

**17.** The *limits or boundaries of Measures*, as has been said, are marked by light vertical lines, called **Bars**, the end of a Part being marked by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar**.

**18.** The end of a line of poetry in hymnal music is also sometimes indicated by a heavy vertical line, or **Double Bar**, which can have no effect upon the measure.

**19.** The end of a piece of music is indicated by a character called a **Close**.

**20. Beating Time** is designating each part of a Measure by a motion of the hand. In Double Measure, the hand moves *down, up*; Triple Measure, *down, left, up*; Quadruple Measure, *down, left, right, up*; Sextuple Measure, *down, left, left, right, up, up*; or in rapid movement, *down, up*. This may vary according to the taste of the instructor, each having his own method of indicating accent.

**21. Counting Time** is designating each part of a Measure by a number. In Double Measure, we count *one, two*; Triple Measure, *one, two, three*; Quadruple Measure, *one, two, three, four*; Sextuple Measure, *one, two, three, four, five, six*; or *one, two*. The exercises of beating and counting time are very valuable, and should be practiced frequently. Beating time requires motions of the hand at exactly equal points of time; counting time requires counts at exactly equal points of time. It is common to speak of tones "as so many beats long," or "so many counts long." When the leader tells which way the hand is moving, he is said to be *describing the time*. Select melodies from the book for the purpose of affording variety of practice. Let the class be divided into parts, singing and counting or beating time alternately. Ability to count *inaudibly* should be acquired as soon as possible, for this is essential to success.

**22. Accent** is a stress given to certain parts of the Measure. In Double Measure, the *first* part is accented; in Triple Measure, the *first* part; in Quadruple Measure, the *first* and *third* parts; in Sextuple Measure, the *first* and *fourth* parts. In measures containing two accents, the *first* is the principal and therefore *louder*. The accents may fall away when followed by a rest, and may be changed when followed by a longer note, this note receiving the accent and being therefore called a Syncopated note. These rules are, however, becoming somewhat obsolete in vocal music, the accented syllables and emphatic words determining the parts to be accented.

**23. A Syncopated Note**, then, is one that begins on an unaccented part of a measure and continues on an accented part. Thus, in |  $\text{P}$   $\text{P}$   $\text{P}$  | the second is a *Syncopated Note*, or a *Syncope*, and should always be accented, that is, expressed forcibly, as if so marked.

**24.** The length of the beats in each Measure is

indicated by certain Italian words, sometimes modified by other words added thereto, of which the following are the most common:

**Adagio**—Very slow movement.  
**Allegretto**—Cheerful, not so fast as **Allegro**.  
**Allegro**—Quick, lively, vivacious.  
**Andante**—Rather slow, gentle, distinct.  
**Andantino**—Somewhat quicker than **Andante**.  
**Largo**—Very slow and solemn.  
**Larghetto**—Less slow than **Largo**.  
**Lento**—Slow.  
**Moderato**—Moderate.  
**Presto**—Very quick.  
**Prestissimo**—With greatest rapidity.

## MELODICS: Pitch of Tones.

### THE STAFF.

**25.** The **Staff** is used to represent the relative pitch of Tones. It consists of five lines and four spaces, each line and space being called a **degree**. Thus the staff contains **nine degrees** and the sentence, "Name the degrees on which these notes are found," means "Name the lines and spaces on which these notes are found."

**26. Added lines** are used to represent tones which are too high or too low to be represented upon the Staff. They may be placed above and below the staff to any extent desired, as they are simply a continuation of the staff, the note immediately above or below the Staff being in a *Space*.

**27.** The lines and spaces of the Staff are named from the lowest upwards, *1st line*, *1st space*, *2d line*, *2d space*, etc.

**28.** The added lines and spaces are named from the first line, *space below*, *1st line below*, etc.; and from the fifth line, *space above*, *1st line above*, etc.

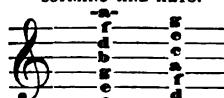
1st line above.	2d space above.
5th line.	1st space above.
4th line.	4th space.
3d line.	3d space.
2d line.	2d space.
1st line.	1st space.
1st line below.	1st space below.
	2d space below.

**29.** Each degree is designated by one of the first seven letters of the alphabet, the position of the letter never changing unless the Clef be changed.

**30.** Instead of placing a letter on the staff to show the abstract pitch, certain characters are used called **Clefs**, which show how the letters   are applied. Thus, the Treble clef marks the position of C on the staff, in the *third space*; and the Bass clef, marks the position of C in the *second space*.

**31.** In four-part songs the Soprano and Alto are written in the **Treble**, and the Tenor and Bass in the **Bass Clef**. There are other clefs used by certain orchestral instruments, as the Alto clef, marking the position of C on the *third line* (viola), and the Tenor clef, marking the position of C on the *fourth line* (trombone).

### SOPRANO AND ALTO.



### TENOR AND BASS.



The C on the first line below the Treble Staff, and the C on the first line above the Bass, represent the same tone. It is called *Middle C*. The tones of the

**Female voice are an octave higher than those of the Male, hence a Soprano solo sung by a Tenor sounds an octave lower than the notes in which it is written.**

**32.** The different parts are commonly represented in music by two or more staves, united by a **Brace**, and called a **Score**.

**33. The Absolute Pitch of Tones** (the pitch independent of scale relationship), is designated by the letters naming the degrees of the Staff; as, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The position of these letters is fixed and unchangeable while the clef remains unchanged.

**34.** The difference of pitch between any two tones, as from A to B, from A to E, from C to G, etc., is called an **Interval**. A true knowledge of intervals can only be communicated through the **Ear**. The pupil must listen carefully to tones and compare them constantly. Without this practical acquaintance with the subject, names, definitions and illustrations are of little account.

35. In the *regular succession* of the Natural Tones, there are two kinds of intervals, larger and smaller. The larger intervals are called **Tones** and the smaller **Semi-Tones**. The successive tones of the major scale, in all the keys, occur in the following order: Between one and two, a *tone*; between two and three, a *tone*; between three and four, a *semi-tone*; between four and five, a *tone*; between

five and six, a *tone*; between six and seven, a *tone*; and between seven and eight, a *semi-tone*. These two half-tones in the octave afford infinite variety in music. Were the eight natural sounds in the octave *equidistant* one from another, there being no semi-tones, the keys would differ only in acuteness and not in *quality*, as now. Choose melodies from the book in the different keys and give the pupils exercise in reading these intervals of tones and semi-tones.

**36.** Between any two tones of the Staff having the interval of a step, another tone may be inserted, dividing the step into two half-steps. Thus, a tone may be inserted between C and D, etc. Some singers of Southern Europe add a certain brilliancy of effect by again dividing the half-step; but ability to do this is not possessed by the people of Central or Northern Europe, or of America.

37. The degrees of the Staff represent these inserted tones by the aid of characters called *Sharps* and *Flats*. Thus, a tone inserted between C and D, is named *C sharp*, or *D flat*.

**38. A Sharp, #, placed on a degree, raises the pitch of a tone a half-step; a Flat, ♭, placed on it, lowers the pitch of a tone a half-step below that named by the letter.**

39. The power of a sharp or a flat may be cancelled by a character called a **Natural**,  $\natural$ .

**Range of the Human Voice.**—The compass of every human voice for singing must fall somewhere within the wide range of notes given herewith. But, of course, no single voice has ever been equal to these thirty-one notes at any one period in life. The boy who sings a high soprano may take nearly all the upper notes, but when grown to manhood his voice "changes," and he has ability to sing only in the three lower octaves. As to the range of notes here found, it requires a phenomenal Bass to reach the lowest (Great Double C), and a Soprano only less remarkable to sing the highest (e'') with confidence and musical effect. If the reader has not learned the compass of his own voice, it will be both interesting and satisfactory to test, with piano or organ, for its highest and lowest notes, as well as for those tones in which it is strong and full, or weak and uncertain. By intelligent practice the compass may be increased and the tones improved.



The Staff in the Bass clef extends from G to A. Three notes intervene between this and the staff in the Treble, which, as will be seen, may be written in either clef, above the Bass or below the Treble. Of these, the middle note (C) is known as "Middle C" because midway between the two clefs. The treble clef extends from E to F'. All the letters below G in the bass and E in the treble, occupy places in successive order downwards on the added lines and spaces below the staff; all above A in the bass and F' in the treble on the added lines above the staff. "Middle C" (C) corresponds to the fourth note on the G string of the violin at ordinary concert pitch, or to Middle C on piano or organ. Great Double C, or Contra C, as it is called, having about thirty-three vibrations to the second, the next higher C doubles that number; and so on, each octave higher doubling the number of vibrations of the octave next below it.

The entire range of the human voice in music—from lowest Bass to highest Soprano—may be reckoned from  $E\flat$  below the staff in the bass clef, four octaves, to  $E\sharp$  above the staff in the treble clef. Vocal sounds lower or higher than this seem to have little power of expression in any sense. Voices are usually considered under three divisions for the male, and four for

the female sex; Bass, Barytone, and Tenor; Contralto, Alto, Mezzo Soprano, and Soprano. The usual range of the Bass is from **F** or **E** below the bass clef, rarely lower, two octaves to **f**; Barytone, from **G**, on first line of bass clef, two octaves, to **g**; Tenor, from **C**, two octaves, to **c'**; Contralto, the deepest female voice, from **F** to **c''**, being two and one-half octaves; Alto, two octaves, from **F** to **f'**; Soprano, from **A** to **a'**; and Soprano from "Middle C" (**C**), two octaves to **c''**, which is also indicated as **c<sup>2</sup>**. Middle C has about 132 vibrations to the second, and is produced by sound waves from eight to nine feet apart. Waves at half that distance apart, produce a tone one octave higher, half that again the next higher octave, and so on. In large organs, **C**, an octave below Contralto **C**, with 16½ vibrations per second, is reached, but the effect is imperfect. The piano reaches **a<sup>4</sup>**, with 3,520 vibrations per second, and sometimes **c<sup>5</sup>**, with 4,224 vibrations. The highest note taken in the orchestra is probably **d<sup>6</sup>**, on the piccolo flute, with 4,752 vibrations. The practical range in music is from 40 to 4,000 vibrations per second, embracing seven octaves. The human ear is, however, able to compass eleven octaves, that is to say, it notes vibrations ranging from 16½ up to 38,000 in a single second of time.

**40.** A **Double Sharp**,  $\sharp\sharp$ , is used on a degree affected by a sharp, to represent a tone a half-step above the one affected by the sharp; its power may be cancelled by a sharp and natural,  $\sharp\natural$ . A **Double Flat**,  $\flat\flat$ , is used on a degree affected by a flat, to represent a tone a half-step below the one affected by a flat; it may be cancelled by a flat and natural,  $\flat\natural$ .

**41.** The **Signature** of a Staff is the part between the clef and the fraction; it is named from the number of sharps or flats which it contains. If there is no signature, the notes correspond with the white keys of piano or organ.

**42.** A sharp or a flat in the signature applies not only to the degree on which it stands, but also to all others which represent the same pitch.

**43.** A sharp, a flat, or a natural, placed outside the signature, is called an **Accidental**,—appearing “accidentally” in the measure—and applies only to the degree on which it stands.

**44.** If not cancelled, as stated above, the significance of a signature extends to the end of the Staff; that of an accidental—whether flat, sharp or natural—extends no farther than the measure in which it appears, except when the last note of a measure is flat or sharp, and the first note of the following measure is the same letter; then, if it is syncopated, the influence of the accidental extends to that note.

#### THE DIATONIC SCALE.

**45.** The *Relative Pitch* of tones is indicated by a **Scale**, or Tone Ladder.

**46.** The **Diatonic Scale**, generally called the **Scale**, consists of a regular succession of intervals from the key-note to the octave, 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, or octave, it having been found most agreeable to join to the seven sounds of one group the first of the next higher, making eight in all. The key-note is the first note in the Scale. This Scale is also called the **Major Scale**, to distinguish it from another scale, having its semitones in different order, and called the **Minor Scale**. In the compass of the scale there are five whole tones or degrees and two semi-tones or half-degrees. Commencing on C, that is making C one of the scale, these semi-tones are found between the **3d** and **4th** and **7th** and **8th** degrees. Here we find between the 1st and 3d degrees two whole tones, making a “major” or *greater* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the **major** keys; and this scale can only be formed from the notes in their natural order by commencing on C. There is, however, another series of notes, equally well-fitted for expressing musical ideas, which is formed by commencing on A instead of C, and which, in the natural order of tones, can begin only on A. In this scale the semi-tones always fall between **2** and **3** and **5** and **6**. Here between the 1st and 3d degrees there are not two whole tones, but only a tone and a half, making the “minor” or *lower* third. All music written on the scale when so constructed is said to be in the **minor** keys, which are often most expressive.

**47.** The tones are named by Numbers and also by Syllables, the latter to afford greater variety of vowel sounds for practice, as well as to form an easy association of degree name and relative pitch of tone—the same syllable being always used in singing the same tone. *Do* is always *one*, *Re* always *two*, and so on. The numbers and syllables are as follows:

By numbers: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
By syllables: Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.  
(Pronounced Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.)

The names of the notes, *Do*, *Re*, *Mi*, etc., vibrate throughout the scale, their places depending wholly upon the location of the Key-note, which is always called *Do*, and numbered *one*.

**48.** There are, as has already been said, two kinds of intervals in the Diatonic scale: *Steps* and *Half-steps*, the intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, being half-steps, while all the others are steps. The half-steps, or semi-tones, should always be sung “sharp,” the voice being slightly pressed or driven above, rather than permitted to fall below the tone indicated by the note upon the staff.

**49.** In writing the Scale, any tone may be taken as *one*, or *Do*; when this is determined, the others must follow in regular order. In the examples below, *one* or *Do* is placed on C, as the intervals of the staff, beginning with C, correspond with those of the scale. All the steps in the key of C are therefore natural steps. As shown in the following examples, the scale is *extended* upwards, by regarding *eight*, or the octave above one, as *one* of an upper scale; and downwards, by regarding *one* as *eight* of a lower scale.

**50.** The Scale, as written upon the staff, in the key of C, in both clefs, is as follows:—

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 1, 2, 3.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, re, mi.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 or 8.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, sol, mi, do.

#### THE TONE LADDER.

**51.** The fact that these Eight Degrees include every possible distance except the *none* and *decime* (ninth and tenth), at which musical tones can be placed from each other, was discovered some centuries ago in Italy. When sung consecutively the thought of ascending or descending a ladder was naturally suggested, and the term “Scale” (Italian word *Scala*, meaning “ladder,”) was adopted. The propriety of the name has caused it to be retained by musicians. The order of tones being a “ladder,” the distances between them are naturally called *steps*. The tones of the Scale can only be learned by imitation.

The Scale or Tone Ladder may be drawn or neatly painted on the blackboard for permanent use in the form here shown, six or eight inches wide and eighteen high, which will afford spaces three inches in height to represent tone intervals, and one and a-half inch spaces for the semi-tones. Let the scale names and numbers be given as here. The exercises should be written by the side of the scale in **bold figures**. Commas may be used after the figures to indicate short notes, and the dash for notes prolonged. With the pointer, the teacher can direct the work of the class more readily, singing the exercises backwards as well as forwards, by numbers, by syllables, by letters, and by simple vowel sounds.

The following exercises which may be placed upon the board, as well as sung from the page, will afford much variety of useful practice. They may be greatly varied, and supplemented by others to almost any extent. But it is advised that, at first, they be taken in the order here presented, *in short lessons*, so that nothing is passed that is not well learned. Let this drill exercise be pleasantly varied by rote singing—attractive songs and familiar hymns being preferred—

all of which may afterwards be written in the numerals. These figures can be so written as to represent three octaves, by placing a dash *above* those that fall below the staff, *below* those that are above the staff, and before and after those *upon* the staff—the dash all the while representing the Staff.

(8)	Do	1, 2- 2, 1-
(7)	Si	
6	La	1, 2, 3- 3, 2, 1-
5	Sol	1, 2, 3, 4- 4, 3, 2, 1-
(4)	Fa	1, 2, 3, 4, 5- 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
(3)	Mi	
2	Re	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6- 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
1	Do	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 - 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1-

## II.

1 2 8 4	1 4 2 8	2 8 1 4	8 1 2 4	8 4 1 2	4 2 1 8
1 2 4 8	1 4 8 2	2 8 4 1	8 1 4 2	8 4 2 1	4 2 8 1
1 3 8 4	2 1 8 4	2 4 1 8	8 2 1 4	4 1 2 8	4 8 1 2
1 3 4 2	2 1 4 8	2 4 8 1	8 2 4 1	4 1 8 2	4 8 2 1

## III.

5 6 7 8	6 5 7 8	7 5 6 8	8 5 6 7	1 8 5
5 6 8 7	6 5 8 7	7 5 8 6	8 5 7 6	1 5 8
5 7 6 8	6 7 5 8	7 6 5 8	8 6 5 7	8 1 5
5 7 8 6	6 7 8 5	7 6 8 5	8 6 7 5	8 5 1
5 8 6 7	6 8 6 7	7 8 6 5	8 7 6 5	5 1 8
5 8 7 6	6 8 7 5	7 8 6 5	8 7 6 5	5 8 1

## III.

1 8 5 8	1 8 3 5	8 5 1 8	5 1 8 8	5 8 1 8	8 8 1 5
1 8 8 5	1 8 5 8	8 8 5 1	5 1 8 8	5 8 8 1	8 8 5 1
1 5 8 8	8 1 5 8	8 8 1 5	5 8 1 8	8 1 8 5	8 5 1 8
1 5 8 8	8 1 8 5	8 8 5 1	5 8 8 1	8 1 5 8	8 5 8 1

## IV.

1 4 6 8	1 8 4 6	4 6 1 8	6 1 4 8	6 8 1 4	8 4 1 6
1 4 8 6	1 8 6 4	4 6 8 1	6 1 8 4	6 8 4 1	8 4 6 1
1 6 4 8	4 1 6 8	4 8 1 6	6 4 1 8	8 1 4 6	8 6 1 4
1 6 8 4	4 1 8 6	4 8 6 1	6 4 8 1	8 1 6 4	8 6 4 1

## V.

1, 2, 1, 8, 1, 4, 1, 5, 1, 6, 1, 7, 1, 8-	8, 1, 7, 1, 6, 1, 5, 1, 4, 1, 3, 1, 2, 1-
1, 3, 2, 4, 3, 5, 4, 6, 5, 7, 8-	8, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 5, 8, 4, 2, 3, 1-
8, 6, 7, 5, 6, 4, 5, 8, 4, 2, 3, 1-	

## VI.

1, 8, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5-	5, 5, 6, 5, 5, 4, 2-
8, 2, 1, 8, 5, 8, 5-	5, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-
1, 8, 1, 8, 5, 8, 5-	5, 8, 7, 6, 5, 8, 5-
5, 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 5-	5, 8, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-

## VII.

8, 2, 1, 8, 5, 8, 5-	1, 3, 5, 8, 7, 6, 5-	1, 1, 8, 8, 4, 2, 1-
5, 8, 5, 5, 4, 8, 2-	5, 5, 6, 5, 4, 8, 2-	1, 8, 5, 8, 5, 4, 8-
2, 8, 4, 2, 8, 4, 5-	2, 8, 4, 2, 8, 4, 5-	4, 8, 2, 4, 2, 4, 5-

## VIII.

8, 8, 3, 2, 8, 4, 5-	1, 1, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5-	8, 7, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 8, 2-	5, 8, 1, 8, 5, 4, 2-	8, 1, 2, 8, 4, 2, 2
8, 8, 3, 2, 8, 4, 5-	2, 5, 1, 5, 6, 7, 8-	4, 2, 8, 1, 4, 2, 2
6, 7, 8, 1, 8, 2, 1-	8, 1, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1-	8, 8, 8, 1, 5, 5, 1

## MELODIES IN FIGURES.

8, 1, 6, 5, 4, 8, 2-	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5-	1, 3, 5, 8, 6, 8, 5
8, 1, 5, 5, 4, 5-	4, 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, 1-	5, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2
3, 2, 1, 6, 5, 4, 8-	: 5, 5, 4, 4, 3, 2, 1:	4, 8, 6, 5, 6, 7, 8
8, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1-	1, 1, 5, 5, 6, 6, 5-	8, 6, 5, 1, 8, 2, 1

It is of prime importance that there should be a feeling of confidence and prompt readiness—"sure touch"—in passing from one degree of the Scale to another. This can be acquired most readily, as ex-

perience has shown, by frequent exercises upon the numerals, alternating with the names of notes, etc., and hence much of this practice is here condensed into little space. The Scale should be regarded as the *unit* in thinking sounds, and should be taught *as a whole*. The practice of the sounds as relative mental objects, should then form a part of each lesson until these relative sounds are familiar in every ordinary relation to each other.

Simple melodies and familiar tunes may be written on the blackboard in *numerals*, followed by commas or dashes, as the notes are short or long. Pupils may thus be familiarized with the third, fourth, fifth or other intervals, by associating them with like intervals in tunes with which they are perfectly familiar. This will be found a hint of much practical value. No other country gives so much attention to music as Germany, and this, with German teachers, is a favorite method of fixing in the mind certain scale intervals.

Too little attention is directed to developing tone perception in the minds of pupils. The teacher who sings should frequently sound the key-note, then sing *ah* or *la* to any tone or tones in the scale, and have the pupils name the number and syllable, and (when the key is announced), the letter. The same training can be given by sounding the key-note, and having a part of the class sing the tones indicated by the pointer, while the rest of the class, with their backs turned, name the tones that have been sung. To know the name of the note is a very different matter from being able to *sense the tone*, and much less important. This practical knowledge of tones is essential.

The teacher should cultivate a soft, distinct, and pleasing quality of tone. A good style of singing can only be acquired by imitation, and that of the teacher should be worthy to be imitated. In these exercises the numerals, or names of the sounds, may be sung first; then the syllables, Do, Re, Mi, etc.; then the letters or the pitch of the sounds, and finally the syllable *ah*, or *la*, for each note. Be careful that every tone is sung with precision. Use D as *one*, throughout the above exercises, afterwards the scale of E $\flat$ , E, and C. Be sure that the *pitch* is correct. Test frequently for correct pitch, with tuning fork, pitch-pipe, piano, or organ. The "scale" is sung by the *Syllables*; the names of the successive sound intervals by the *Numerals*; the pitch of the sounds (the key being known) by the *Letters*—a distinction which will be of interest to intelligent pupils. This should be so well known to the class that there can be no mistake as to what is meant when the teacher uses the terms, "Scale," "Name," "Pitch," as words of command during the singing exercise.

Teachers who are not familiar with the scale can, of themselves, by the aid of the organ or piano, readily master the succession of tones found in these exercises. The difficulty is not great, and the pleasure and profit to teacher and school will be positive and lasting—each step forward giving courage for another.

Observe the following directions for singing: 1. Let the body be erect, avoiding stiffness or restraint. 2. Take breath easily and naturally, without raising the shoulders. 3. Let the mouth be well opened, taking care to avoid rigidity of the muscles of the throat and neck. 4. Aim at *purity* of tone, rather than mere power. 5. Practice frequently, singing the vowel *a* (*ah*), endeavoring to produce the sound in the front part of the mouth. It is recommended to preface the *a* (*ah*) with the vowels *oo*, *o*, singing them rapidly and uniting them with the *a*, and dwelling upon the *a*; thus, *oo*, *o*, *a*. This prevents the sound from being made too far back in the mouth. 6. Articulate

distinctly, but without apparent effort. 7. In singing loud passages, be very careful to avoid shouting.

#### THE KEY-NOTE.

52. The **Key-note** is *One* of the Scale, and is called the **Tonic**. A minor third above the tonic characterizes the Minor scale; a major third, the Major.

53. The **Fifth** of the Scale is the **Dominant**.

54. The **Fourth**, the **Sub-Dominant**.

55. The **Key** of a piece of music is the *fundamental tone*, or *one* of the Scale in which it is written, and it is indicated by the signature. (See Art. 41.) It is always *Do*, and is in music "what the foundation is to a house, home to the traveler, or a port to the sailor, from which he takes his departure and to which after his voyage he hopes to return"—the melody always ending with the *Key-note*. The peculiar characteristic of this note *Do*, in the Major keys, is that above it, successively, are always first two whole tones, then a semi-tone, followed by three whole tones and a semi-tone; then *Do* again, and order of intervals as before. The key of *C* has no signature. The signatures of the keys that follow are as here shown:

G, one sharp —	F $\sharp$ .
D, two sharps —	F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ .
A, three sharps —	F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ , G $\sharp$ .
E, four sharps —	F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ , G $\sharp$ , D $\sharp$ .
B, five sharps —	F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ , G $\sharp$ , D $\sharp$ , A $\sharp$ .
F $\sharp$ , six sharps —	F $\sharp$ , C $\sharp$ , G $\sharp$ , D $\sharp$ , A $\sharp$ , E $\sharp$ .
F, one flat —	B $\flat$ .
B $\flat$ , two flats —	B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ .
E $\flat$ , three flats —	B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ .
A $\flat$ , four flats —	B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , D $\flat$ .
D $\flat$ , five flats —	B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , D $\flat$ , G $\flat$ .
G $\flat$ , six flats —	B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , D $\flat$ , G $\flat$ , C $\flat$ .

In singing a tune, the first thing to be done is to find the Key-note as a starting point. The order of the keys in the sharps may very easily be remembered from the initial letters in the sentence, "Good Deeds Are Ever-Blooming Flowers," the last key being F $\sharp$  instead of F. The order of the keys in flats is had by reading the sentence backwards, the first key being F, and each of the others adding the flat (b), as B $\flat$ , E $\flat$ , A $\flat$ , D $\flat$ , and G $\flat$ . In Minor tunes, the key-note is always a minor third, (three semi-tones), below the place named for *Do* in the above Major keys. That is, the key-note is major C or minor A; G major or E minor; D major or B minor, etc.

"Next letter above last Sharp," is also a simple rule for getting the Key in sharps. One sharp being on F, the next letter above is G, the *key-note*; two sharps, last sharp C, next letter above is D, the *key-note*; and so on. In the flat keys, count four notes *back*, including the note made flat; as B $\flat$ , back four notes to F, the *key-note*, and so on.

#### INTERVALS.

56. An **Interval** is the difference of pitch between any two tones in the scale.

Unisons are of the same pitch. A **Major Second** consists of a step; a **Minor Second** of a half-step. A **Major Third** consists of two steps, a **Minor Third** of a step and a half-step. A **Perfect Fourth** consists of two steps and a half-step; an **Augmented Fourth** of three steps. A **Perfect Fifth** consists of three steps and a half-step; a **Diminished Fifth** of two steps and two half-steps. A **Perfect Sixth** consists of four steps and a half-step; a **Diminished Sixth** of three steps and a half-step; a **Major Seventh** consists of five steps and a half-step; a **Minor Seventh** of four steps and two half-steps. A **Perfect Octave** consists of five steps and two half-steps. These are called *Diatonic Intervals*, as they are all found in the Diatonic Scale. Other intervals, called *Chromatic Intervals*, may be formed by the use of sharps and flats. When the lower note of the two representing an interval is placed an octave higher, or the upper one an octave lower, the interval is

said to be *Inverted*. The degrees of an interval are counted upwards, unless the opposite is stated; and the degrees occupied by the note, as well as the ones between them, are counted.

#### CHROMATIC SCALE.

57. The **Chromatic Scale** is a regular succession of semi-tones.

58. The tones of the Chromatic Scale are named from the tones of the Diatonic Scale, or the letters of the staff; the intermediate ones taking their names from one or the other of the tones between which they occur, with the addition of the word "sharp" or "flat." Thus, the tone inserted between C and D, when named with respect to Absolute Pitch, is called *C Sharp* or *D Flat*; and with respect to Relative Pitch is called *Sharp One*, or *Flat Two*. This Scale is here given, both Ascending and Descending:



Permanent names,

C, C $\sharp$ , D, D $\sharp$ , E, F, F $\sharp$ , G, G $\sharp$ , A, A $\sharp$ , B, C, etc.

Syllable Names,

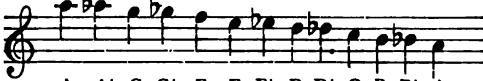
Do, Di, Re, Ri, Mi, Fa, Fi, Sol, Si, La, Le, Si, Do.

Pronounced,

Do, Dee, Ray, Ree, Mee, Fah, Fee, Sol, See, La, Lay, See, Do.

Numerical names,

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, etc.



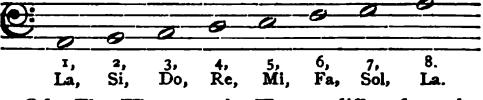
A, A $\flat$ , B, G, G $\flat$ , F, E, Eb, D, Db, C, B, B $\flat$ , A. La, Le, Sol, Se, Fa, Mi, Me, Re, Ra, Do, De, Si, La. 6, b6, 5, b5, 4, 3, b3, 2, b2, 1, etc.

#### THE MINOR SCALE.

59. The **Minor Scale** is a Diatonic Scale, and is named from its third, which is a minor third; the third of the **Major Scale** being a major third. The minor third is a semi-tone lower than a major third.

60. The Minor Scale has various forms. In the **Natural Form** the half-steps occur between two and three, and five and six. Hence, the Natural Minor Scale is formed from the Major Scale, by taking the last two notes above and placing them below.

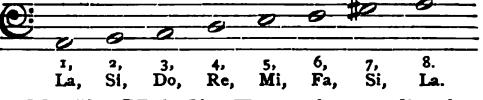
#### NATURAL MINOR SCALE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

61. The **Harmonic Form** differs from the **Natural** form by the introduction of sharp-seven.

#### HARMONIC MINOR SCALE.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.  
La, Si, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

62. The **Melodic Form** in ascending has sharp-six and sharp-seven, while it usually descends by the **Natural** form.

63. The Minor Scale, based upon six of the Major Scale, is called its *relative minor*; and the Major Scale, based upon three of the Minor Scale, is called its *relative major*. The signature of a minor piece of music is the same as its relative major, the additional sharps or flats being introduced before the proper notes in the piece. Thus, a minor piece in the key of E has the signature of G major, that is F $\sharp$ ; and D $\sharp$  is used instead of D.

**64. Transposition** is changing from one key to another, that is, moving *Do*, or *one*—the foot of the Tone Ladder—to a higher or lower place on the Staff.

**65.** The *Transposition of the Scale* is changing it from one pitch to another—the entire scale being transposed—the intervals between the tones, however, remaining the same. In order to keep the intervals of steps and half-steps in the same order as in the key of C—represented by the white keys of Organ or Piano—it is necessary to use flats or sharps—represented on the key-board by the black keys—at each transposition, according as one or another degree of the staff is made *one* of the Scale.

**66.** All scales are, in a general sense, alike natural. Whether the key is C, with neither flats or sharps, or E with its four sharps, the singer needs to have no consciousness of the fact. He simply sings the scale, with no change of thought or impression—its intervals being the same in all the keys. It is upon this fact that the Tonic Sol-Fa system is based.

#### METHOD OF TRANPOSITION.

**67.** The Scale may be transposed from one pitch to any other. It is found to be simplest to transpose by *fifths* and *fourths*; that is, to change the key-note so that *five* or *four* of the old scale will become *one* of the new scale.

**68.** If *one* of the scale is placed on C, the intervals between the tones named by the letters correspond to those of the scale, as will be seen by the following: Intervals marked by a  $\sim$  are half-steps.

C, D, E,  $\sim$  F, G, A, B, C.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The key of C therefore requires no sharps or flats, and is called the Natural key.

**69.** If, however, any other letter be taken as *one* of the scale, it will be seen that the intervals do not correspond. For example, beginning with G, which is the *fifth* of the key of C:

G, A, B, C, D, E,  $\sim$  F, G.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

From this it will be seen that if one is placed on G, F, the *fourth* of the key of C is a half-step too low, and hence the intermediate tone between F and G, or F $\sharp$ , must be taken, thus:

G, A, B, C, D, E, F $\sharp$ , G.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of G is therefore F $\sharp$ .

**70.** Beginning with D, the *fifth* of the key of G, and substituting F $\sharp$  for F:

D, E, F $\sharp$ , G, A, B, C, D.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be observed that C, the *fourth* of the key of G, is a half-step too low, and hence the tone a half-step higher, or C $\sharp$  must be used, thus:

D, E, F $\sharp$ , G, A, B, C $\sharp$ , D.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of D is therefore F $\sharp$  and C $\sharp$ .

**71.** From the above explanations, we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fifths*:

To transpose by *Fifths*, make the fifth of the old scale the key-note of the next scale, and use *sharp-four* in place of four of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Sharp-four* transposes a fifth.

**72.** Again: placing one on F, which is the *fourth* of the key of C:

F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be found that B, the *seventh* of the key of C, is a half-step too high, and hence the intermediate tone between B and A, or B $\flat$ , must be taken, thus:

F, G, A, B $\flat$ , C, D, E, F.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of the key of F is therefore B $\flat$ .

**73.** Beginning with B $\flat$ , the *fourth* of key of F,

B $\flat$ , C, D, E, F, G, A, B $\flat$ .  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

It will be seen that E, the *seventh* of the key of F, is a half-step too high, and hence the tone a half-step lower, or E $\flat$  must be used, thus:

B $\flat$ , C, D, E $\flat$ , F, G, A, B $\flat$ .  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

The signature of key of B $\flat$  is therefore B $\flat$  and E $\flat$ .

**74.** By an examination of the above explanations we may derive the following *Rule for Transposition by Fourths*: Make the fourth of the old scale the key-note of the new scale, and use *flat-seven* in place of seven of the old scale. This rule is briefly stated thus: *Flat-seven* transposes a fourth.

**75.** In transposing by fifths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more sharps; in transposing by fourths, those keys are reached whose signatures are one or more flats.

#### MELODY, PASSING TONES, Etc.

**76.** A *Melody* is a single succession of tones.

**77.** Tones not essentially belonging to a melody, called *Passing Tones*, are often introduced. They are usually represented by small notes.

**78.** A passing tone that precedes an essential tone on an accented part of a measure is called an *Appoggiatura*; one that follows an essential tone on an unaccented part of a measure, an *After-Tone*.

**79.** A rapid alternation of a tone with the one next above it is called a *Trill* or *Shake*. It is indicated by  $\#$ .

**80.** A tone sung in rapid succession with the tones next above and below it is called a *Turn*. It is indicated by  $\circ$ . The Trill and the Turn do not belong to chorus singing.

**81.** Dots placed across a staff before a bar are called a *Repeat*, and indicate that the preceding passage is to be repeated. The influence of a Repeat extends back to dots placed after a bar; or, if these are omitted, to the beginning.

**82.** *Da Capo*, or *D. C.*, indicates a return to the beginning. *Dal Segno*, or *D. S.*, indicates a return to a character called a *Sign*,  $\S$ .

**83.** *Fine* indicates the place to end after a *D. C.* or a *D. S.*

**84.** The *Hold* or *Pause*,  $\sim$ , signifies that the sound should be prolonged, and the beating suspended until the singer is ready to proceed.

**85.** If two or more tones of a melody are to be sung to one syllable, the notes representing them are generally connected by a character called a **Slur**. The Slur is also used to indicate a **Legato** movement.

**86.** If a syllable is to be sung to a tone represented by two or more notes, these notes are usually connected by a **Tie**. (See Art. 11.)

### DYNAMICS: Power of Tones.

**87.** The power of tones may be indicated by the following Italian words, marks, or abbreviations:

<i>Mezzo</i> , . . . .	<i>m</i> , . . . .	medium.
<i>Piano</i> , . . . .	<i>p</i> , . . . .	soft.
<i>Forte</i> , . . . .	<i>f</i> , . . . .	loud.
<i>Pianissimo</i> , . . . .	<i>pp</i> , . . . .	very soft.
<i>Fortissimo</i> , . . . .	<i>ff</i> , . . . .	very loud.
<i>Mezzo Piano</i> , . . . .	<i>mp</i> , . . . .	moderately soft.
<i>Mezzo Forte</i> , . . . .	<i>mf</i> , . . . .	moderately loud.
<i>Crescendo</i> , . . . .	<i>cres.</i> , or $\nearrow$ , . . . .	gradual increase.
<i>Diminuendo</i> , . . . .	<i>dim.</i> , or $\searrow$ , . . . .	gradual decrease.
<i>Swell</i> , . . . .	$\swarrow$ $\searrow$ , . . . .	increase and decrease.
<i>Sforzando</i> , . . . .	$\prec$ or <i>sforz.</i> , . . . .	an explosive tone, with sudden decrease.

**88.** The following words and characters are also sometimes used to indicate proper delivery of tones:

*Legato*,  $\smile$ , tones smooth and connected.

*Staccato*,  $\dagger \dagger$ , tones very short and disconnected.

*Semi-Staccato*, or *Marcato*,  $\bullet \bullet$ , tones moderately short and disconnected.

**89.** Vocal Utterance, or the Emission of tone, should be instantaneous, decided, and firm; and the tone should be free, open, round, full, pure, and as resonant as possible.

**90.** A necessary quality of good singing is the proper articulation and pronunciation of the words. Avoid singing a word without properly speaking it; or speaking a word without properly singing it. Do not sing with a too exact, machine-like correctness. Be careful and accurate, but put expression, soul, and intelligent personality into your work.

**91.** Breath should be taken at such places as will not mar the sense; at pauses and after emphatic words.

### MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

**92.** The following list includes ordinary marks of expression, with certain other terms used in music:

*Accelerando*, or *accel.*, accelerate the time, gradually faster and faster; *ad libitum*, or *ad lib.*, at pleasure; *animato*, or *con anima*, animated, with animated expression; *affetuoso*, tender, affecting; *agitato*, with agitation, anxiously; *amoroso* or *con amore*, affectionately, tenderly; *a tempo*, in time; *Bon marcato*, in pointed, well-marked manner; *bis*, twice; *brillante*, gay, brilliant, sparkling; *brio* or *con brio*, with brilliancy and spirit; *Cantata*, a composition of several movements, comprising airs, recitations and choruses; *coda*, a close, or additional ending of a composition; *con affetto*, with expression; *con dolore*, mournfully, with grief and pathos; *con energia*, with energy; *con expressione*, with expression; *con fuoco*, with ardor, fire; *con grasia*, with grace and elegance; *con moto*, with agitation, emotion; *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *Declamando*, *declamato*, in a declamatory style; *dolce*, soft, tender, sweet; *doloroso*, tender and pathetic; *Energico*, with energy; *espressivo*, with expression; *Forzando*, with sudden increase of power; *Grave*, with slow and solemn expression; *Lentando*, gradually slower; *loco*, passage to be played exactly as written in regard to the pitch—it usually occurs after the sign *8va* . . . which means

that the note or passage thus marked has been raised or lowered an octave; *Maestoso*, with dignified, majestic expression; *mesto* or *mestoso*, pensive, sad, mournful; *mezzo*, in medium degree, as *mezzo forte*, rather loud, *mezzo piano*, rather soft; *mezzo voce*, with moderation as to tone; *molto*, much or very, as *molto voce*, with a full voice; *Non*, not; *non troppo*, not too much; *Piu*, more; *piu mosso*, with more motion, faster; *poco*, somewhat, rather, as *poco piano*, somewhat soft; *poco presto*, rather quick; *Rallentando*, (*rallent.* or *rall.*) gradually slower and softer; *recitando*, a speaking manner of performance; *recitative*, musical declamation; *rinforzando*, suddenly increasing in power; *ritardando*, (*ritard* or *rit.*) a retarding of the movement; *Sostenuto*, sustained; *sotto*, under, below, as *sotto voce*, with subdued voice; *spirito* or *con spirito*, with spirit, animation; *spiritoso*, with great spirit; *Tutti*, the whole, full chorus; *Vigoroso*, bold, energetic; *veloce*, with rapidity; *vivace*, quick and cheerful; *vivo*, lively, animated; *voici subito*, turn the page quickly.

### CHORDS AND HARMONY.

**93.** A **Chord** is a pleasing combination of tones sounded together.

**94.** **Harmony** is a succession of chords, according to the rules of progression and modulation.

**95.** The **Common Chord** is formed by combining any tone with its third and fifth. If the third of the chord is a Major third, the chord is a **Major chord**; if Minor, it is a **Minor chord**.

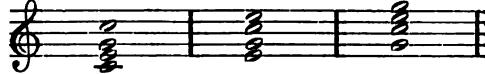
**96.** The chord founded upon the Key-note, or Tonic, is called the **chord of the Tonic**; the chord founded upon the Dominant is called the **chord of the Dominant**; and the chord founded upon the Sub-Dominant is called the **chord of the Sub-Dominant**.

**97.** The **Chord of the Seventh** is the common chord with the minor-seventh added. This chord is generally founded upon the Dominant. If founded on G, the Dominant of C, it is composed of the tones G, B, D, F.

**98.** Either the fifth or the octave of a chord may be omitted, but the third must always be present, except in the dominant seventh chord.

**99.** The different forms of a chord can be made by placing either the key-note, or third, or fifth, in the bass, the first being the first position, the second the second position, and the third the third position of the chord. The positions of the chord of C are:

1st Position. 2d Position. 3d Position.

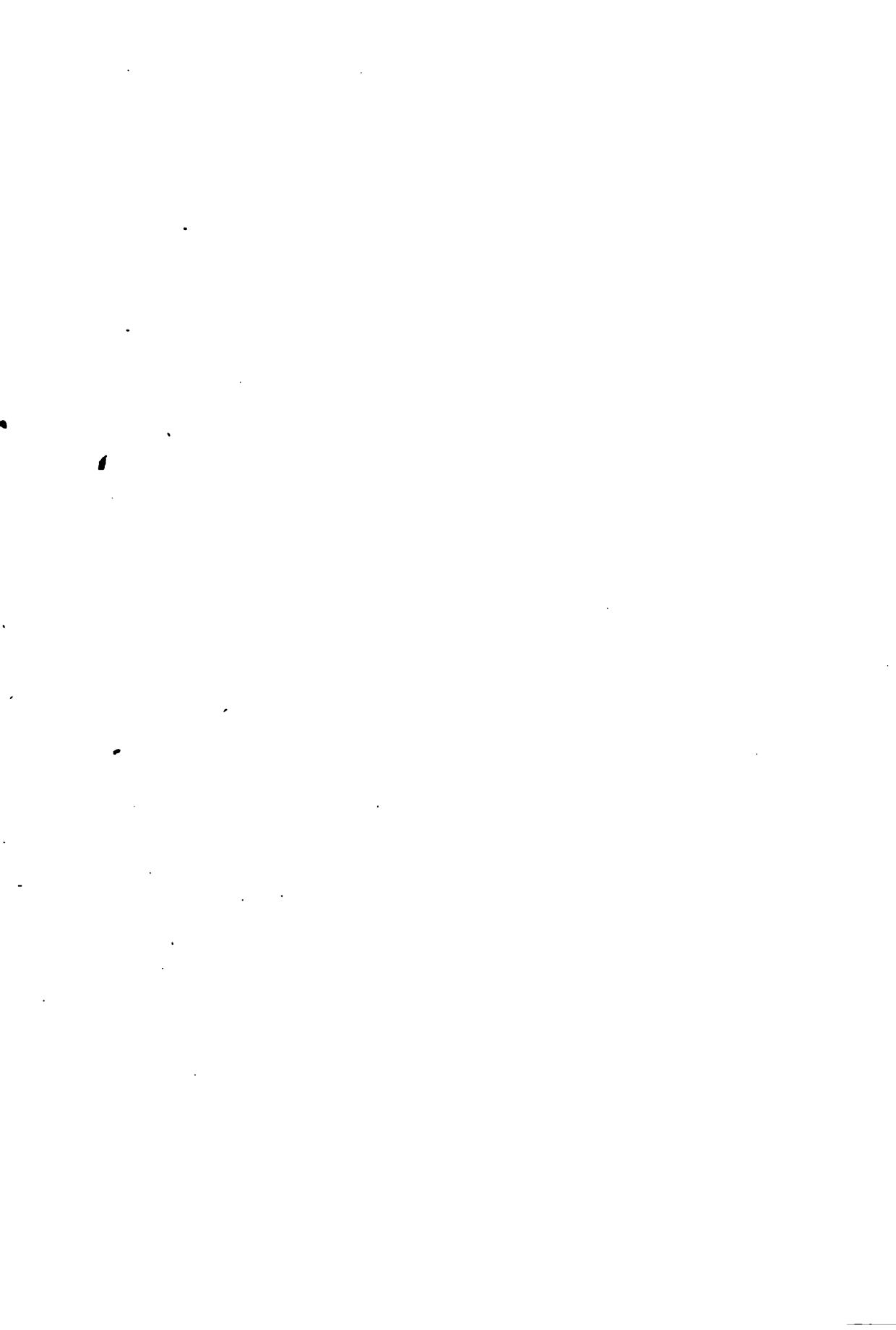


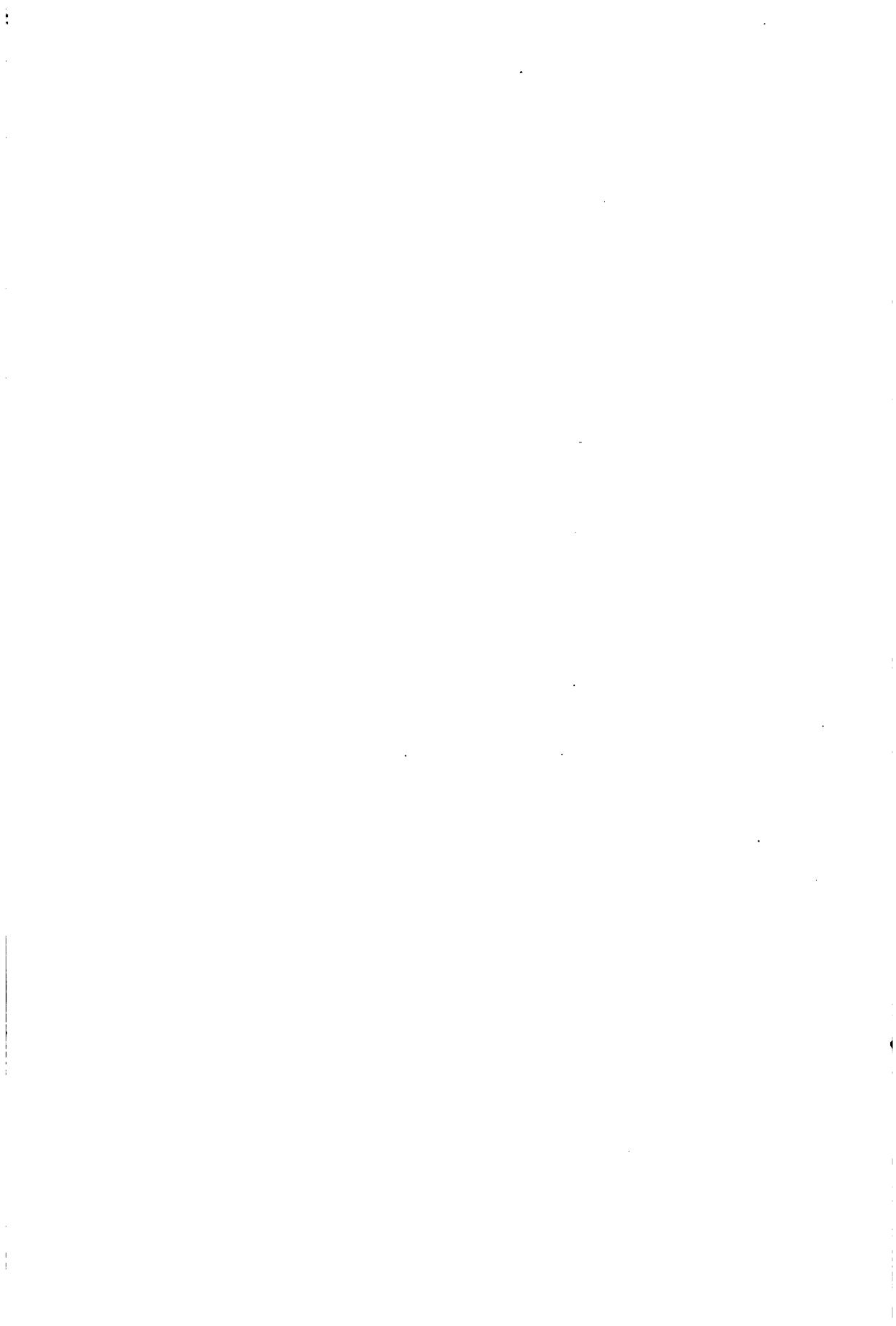
**100.** The positions of the chord of the dominant seventh are as follows:

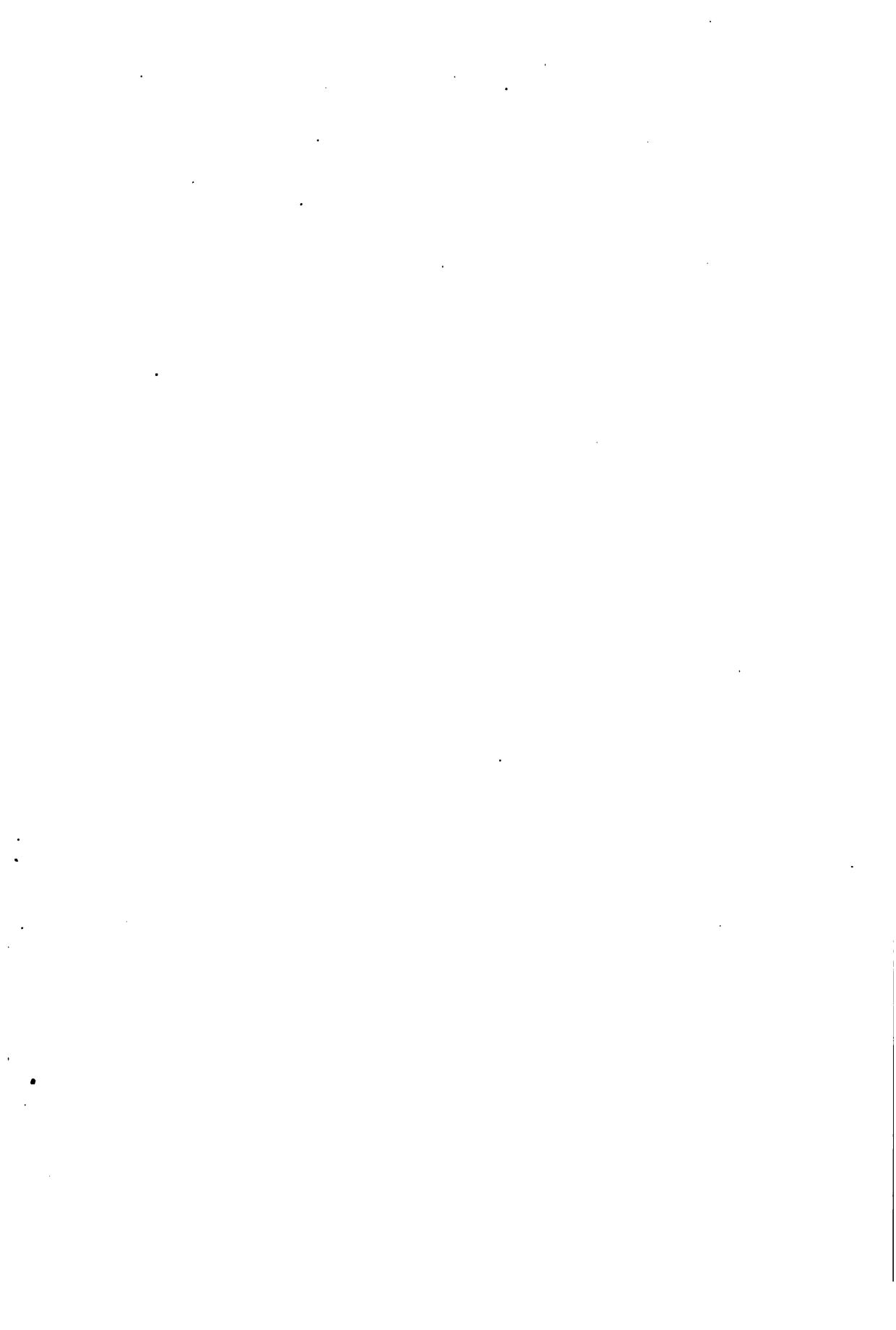
1st Position. 2d Position. 3d Position. 4th Position.



The above positions are in the key of C. It will be found to be of advantage for the teacher to explain them in all the keys, and to require pupils to write them, giving the Tonic, Dominant, Sub-Dominant, and Chord of the Seventh, in the different keys. A correct knowledge of the laws of Harmony is essential to the arrangement of music for voices or instruments. As it is not possible to treat this subject at any length in these pages, the student is referred to more extended works for its discussion, and to individual or class training by a competent instructor.







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